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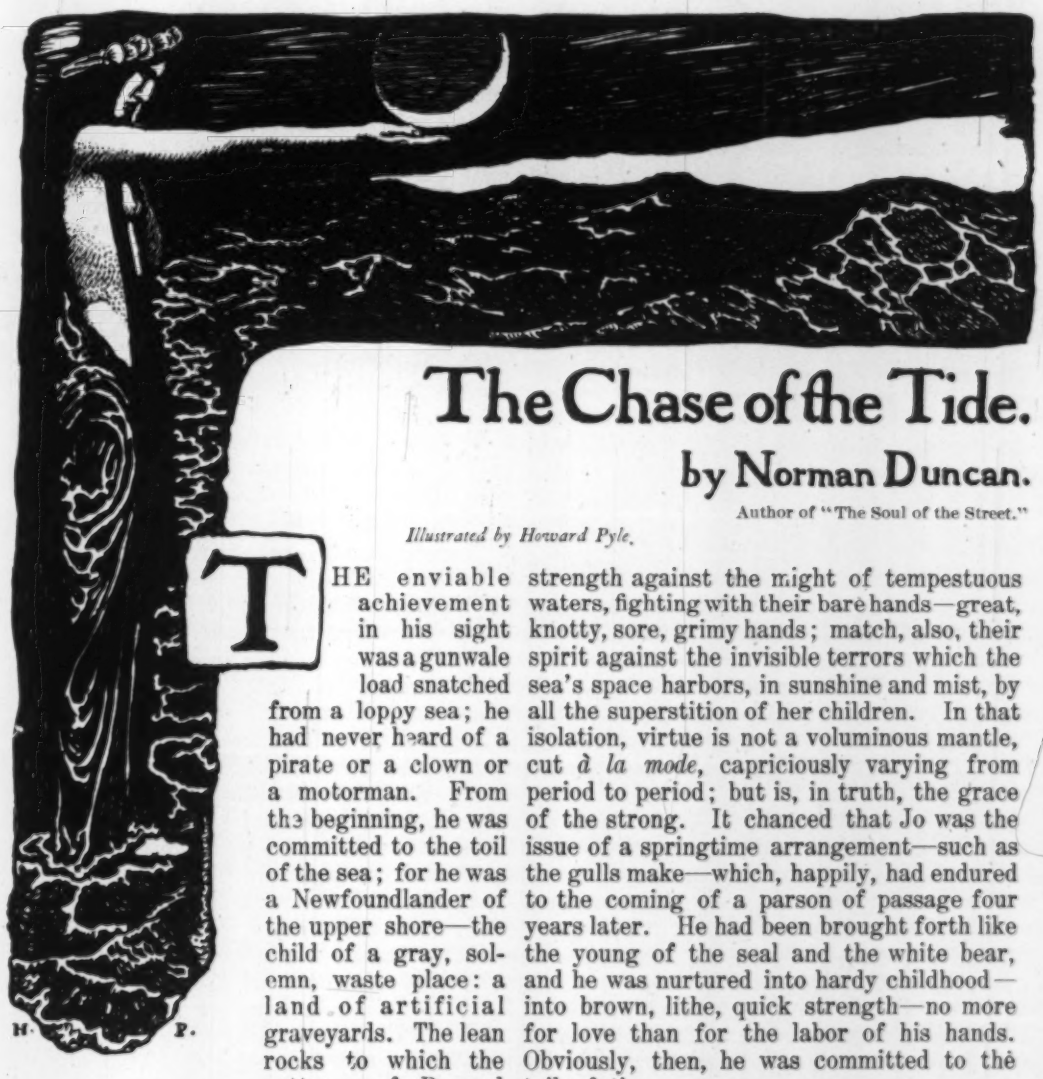

The Chase of the Tide.

by Norman Duncan.

Author of "The Soul of the Street."

Illustrated by Howard Pyle.

THE enviable achievement in his sight was a gunwale load snatched from a loppy sea; he had never heard of a pirate or a clown or a motorman. From the beginning, he was committed to the toil of the sea; for he was a Newfoundlander of the upper shore—the child of a gray, solemn, waste place: a land of artificial graveyards. The lean rocks to which the cottages of Ragged Harbor cling like barnacles lie, a thin, jagged strip, between a wilderness of scrawny shrubs and the sea's fretful expanse. They deny, even, place for the dead to rot in decency: hence, inevitably, from generation to generation, the people of that barren match their strength against the might of tempestuous waters, fighting with their bare hands—great, knotty, sore, grimy hands; match, also, their spirit against the invisible terrors which the sea's space harbors, in sunshine and mist, by all the superstition of her children. In that isolation, virtue is not a voluminous mantle, cut *à la mode*, capriciously varying from period to period; but is, in truth, the grace of the strong. It chanced that Jo was the issue of a springtime arrangement—such as the gulls make—which, happily, had endured to the coming of a parson of passage four years later. He had been brought forth like the young of the seal and the white bear, and he was nurtured into hardy childhood—into brown, lithe, quick strength—no more for love than for the labor of his hands. Obviously, then, he was committed to the toil of the sea.

This was disclosed to him—this and the sea's enmity—while he was yet in a pinafore of hard-tack sacking, months distant from his heritage of old homespun clothes.

"I 'low I cotches moare fish 'n Job Luff when I grows up," he boasted to Sammy

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Arnold, who had fished out of Ragged Harbor for sixty years, and was then past his labor. "I 'low I salts un better, too."

Sammy chuckled.

"I 'low," the child pursued, steadily, "I cotches moare'n you done, Uncle Sammy."

"Hut, b'y!" the old man cried in a rage. "They be moare quintals t' my name on Manuel's books 'n they be—'n they be—folk in the—the warld!"

They were on Lookout Head, waiting for the fleet to beat in from a thickening night; from this vantage Uncle Sammy swept his staff over the land, north to south, to comprehend the whole world.

"Iss?" said Jo doubtfully. It was past his understanding; so he crept to the edge of the cliff to watch the black waves roll ponderously out of the mist, and shatter and froth over the lower rocks.

"The say do be hungry for lives this even," Uncle Sammy sighed.

"For me?" the boy screamed. "Is un?" He shrank from the abyss, quivering.

"He do be hungry this day."

Jo strode forward, as in wrath; then boldly he faced the sea, bearding it, with clinched hands and dilated nostrils.

"'Tis good for un," Uncle Sammy laughed.

"The say woan't cotch me!" the boy cried. "I woan't let un cotch me!"

"He've not cotched me," Sammy said serenely. He peered seaward; and for him it was as though the mist were the dust of past years.

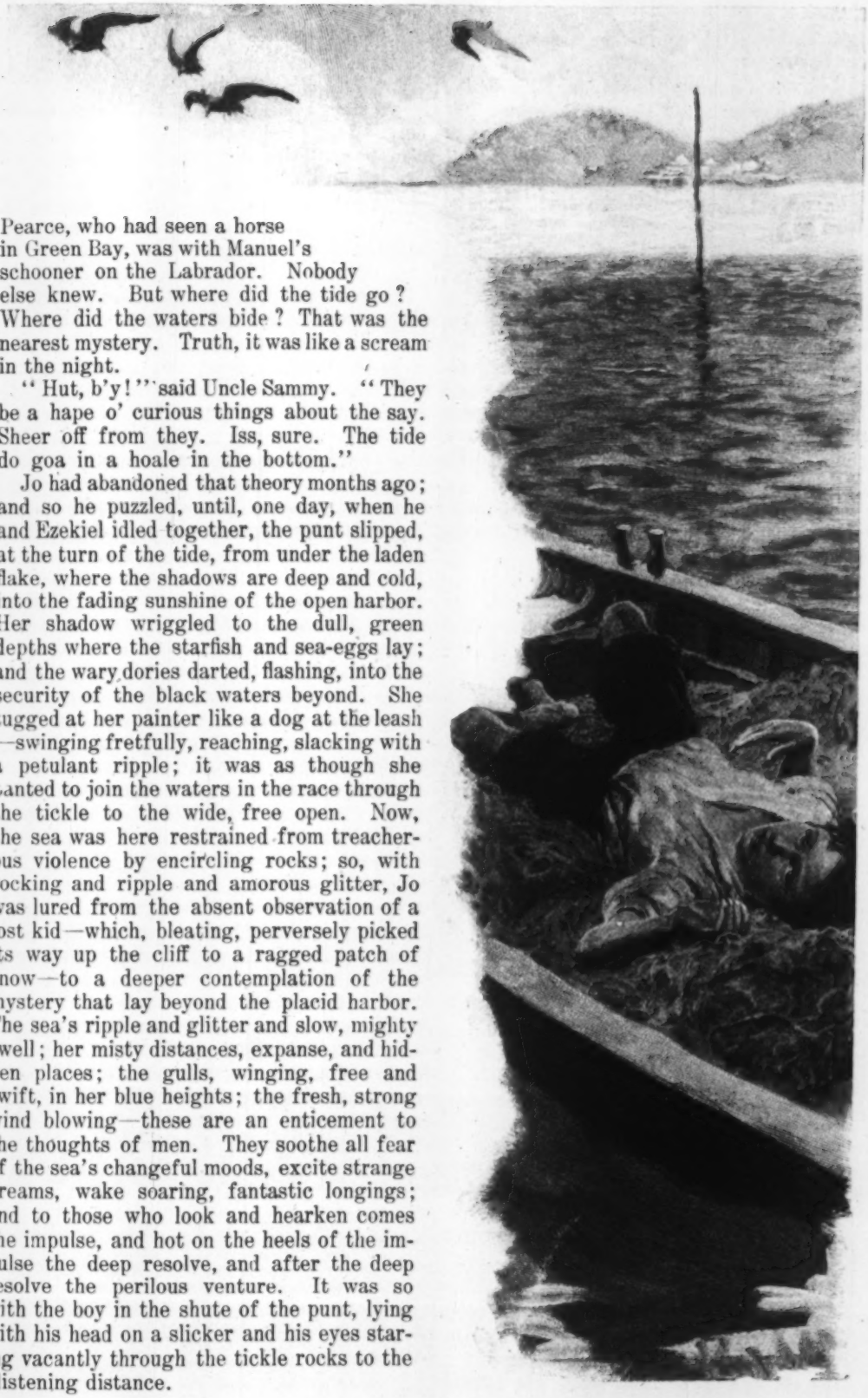
"I woan't let un cotch me!" the boy cried again. He stumbled, in blind fright, to Uncle Sammy, and took his hand. "I woan't!" he sobbed. "I woan't . . . I woan't!"

It was the Mystery! "Skipper Jo, b'y," the old man whispered, "you be one o' they poor folk that can't 'bide the say. Little Skipper," he said, crooking his arm about the lad's waist, "never care. Iss, sure—you be one o' they the say cotches—like your fawther—iss, sure."

Thereafter Jo knew the sea for his enemy. But the perception was not always present with him; it was, indeed, to his spirit, like the eternal sound of the breakers to his senses—overshadowing, obscured, lost. For, as of course, in the years of idleness—numbering, from the suckling months, five—he had all the wisdom of children to glean and winnow and store; and that, in but small part, concerns many things—the ways of lobsters and tom cod, the subtle craft of dories, the topography of the wildernesses under broad flakes, the abiding places of starfish and prickly sea-eggs, the significance of squid-squalls, and the virulence of the squids that pursue them. In the years that browned his face and yellowed his hair and brought him boots of goatskin, a jew's harp, and a slicker, he had to learn of the activities of life much of a kind with this: In the morning—soon as the light spreads from the inland hills—men go out to fish, and, when they have fished many days, their wrists are swollen and festered, and the cracks in the palms of their hands are filled with hard, black blood; women never go out to fish, but, rather, stay ashore to milk goats, make boots, spin the sheep's wool, split wood, tend babies, spread the fish on the flakes, gather soil for the gardens, keep the stages clean, and cook potatoes and bruise; children stand on tubs at the splitting table, to cut the throats of cod, and when, in the depths of night, they nod, through weariness, a man with a bushy white beard cries, "Hi, b'y! I'll heave a head at ye if ye fall asleep"—a cold, slimy, bloody cod head.

"They be a time comin'," was the burden of his thought in those days, "when I can't bide awake." So thinking, he would shudder.

Thence, to his tenth year, when all things were suddenly revealed, he wondered concerning many things; and chief among his perplexities was this: Where did the tide go? Where did the waters bide until they ran back through the tickle to cover again the slimy harbor bottom? It was a mocking mystery; ultimately, as shall be set down, it was like a lure to adventure cast by the sea. He wondered, also, what lay beyond the hills that rose, softly blue, far, far beyond the rocks where the baked-apples and juniper berries grew. The land was undiscovered; the wilderness between impenetrable. Who made God? God was uncreated, said the parson. That was incomprehensible. Did they use squid or caplin for bait in the storied harbor called New York? Heigh, oh! The stranger had gone. Where did the tide go? Day after day it slipped out and crept back: and as, returning, it gurgled over the bottom, it mocked him again; and, as it turned and stole away, it enticed him to follow—far as need be. Oh, well! How could flour grow on blades of grass, as the stranger had said? Again, the stranger had gone. Was a horse as big as two dogs put together—big as Bob and Bippo? Tom



Pearce, who had seen a horse in Green Bay, was with Manuel's schooner on the Labrador. Nobody else knew. But where did the tide go? Where did the waters bide? That was the nearest mystery. Truth, it was like a scream in the night.

"Hut, b'y!" said Uncle Sammy. "They be a hape o' curious things about the say. Sheer off from they. Iss, sure. The tide do goa in a hoale in the bottom."

Jo had abandoned that theory months ago; and so he puzzled, until, one day, when he and Ezekiel idled together, the punt slipped, at the turn of the tide, from under the laden flake, where the shadows are deep and cold, into the fading sunshine of the open harbor. Her shadow wriggled to the dull, green depths where the starfish and sea-eggs lay; and the wary dories darted, flashing, into the security of the black waters beyond. She tugged at her painter like a dog at the leash—swinging fretfully, reaching, slacking with a petulant ripple; it was as though she panted to join the waters in the race through the tickle to the wide, free open. Now, the sea was here restrained from treacherous violence by encircling rocks; so, with rocking and ripple and amorous glitter, Jo was lured from the absent observation of a lost kid—which, bleating, perversely picked its way up the cliff to a ragged patch of snow—to a deeper contemplation of the mystery that lay beyond the placid harbor. The sea's ripple and glitter and slow, mighty swell; her misty distances, expanse, and hidden places; the gulls, winging, free and swift, in her blue heights; the fresh, strong wind blowing—these are an enticement to the thoughts of men. They soothe all fear of the sea's changeful moods, excite strange dreams, wake soaring, fantastic longings; and to those who look and hearken comes the impulse, and hot on the heels of the impulse the deep resolve, and after the deep resolve the perilous venture. It was so with the boy in the shute of the punt, lying with his head on a slicker and his eyes staring vacantly through the tickle rocks to the glistening distance.

"Now, b'y," Jo said abruptly, "I knows!"

"Iss, b'y?" little Ezekiel answered from the bow.

"I 'low he heaps hisself up; an' 'twill be like climbin' a hill t' paddle t' the top."

"Iss, b'y?" Ezekiel was patiently sure of Jo's wisdom.

"The tide—he do."

"They be nar a hill t' the say," Ezekiel cried with scorn.

"You be oan'y a lad," Jo persisted. "I 'low he heaps hisself up."

"Where do he?"

"T'other side o' the Grapplin' Hook grounds, where he've no bottom."

"'Tis barbarous far." Ezekiel regretfully glanced at the little schooner he had made. He had just rigged the jib with pains; he wanted to try the craft out in the light wind.

"'Tis not so far as the sun's hoale."

"Huh! 'Tis not so handy as Tailor's Nose."

Jo stirred himself. "Be your caplin spread, b'y?"

"Iss."

"Be un *all* spread, b'y?"

"Iss," plaintively.

"Us'll goa. Cast off!"

Ezekiel hesitated. "Be *your* caplin spread?" he demanded. Then, stern as a prophet, "God'll damn you t' everlastin' fire 'n you lie."

"You be cursin' God, Ezekiel Sevior!" Jo exclaimed. "God'll damn *you*. 'Tis marked down this minute—iss, sure." With impatience, "Us'll goa. Cast off!"

Ezekiel loosed the painter and sprang to the rowing seat; and Jo bent his strength to the scull oar, and sent the punt clear of a jutting rock. Now, in these parts the tide has a clutch; the water gripped the boat and drew her out—swift and sly as a thief's hand. Soon the grip was fast; had the young strength—that now spent itself in guiding, to escape wreck on the Pancake—been turned to flat resistance, it would have been as potent as a cry of protest against an element. The waters hurried, leaping, eddying, hissing; they tightened their grip as they ran past Aunt Phœbe's flake, where Aunt Phœbe herself was piling her fish, against the threat of rain over night—past the skipper's stage and net-horse, where the cod trap was spread to dry in the sun, with a new and unaccountable rent exposed—past Jake Sevior's white-washed cottage, set on a great rock at Broad Cove, where the pigs and chickens were amicably rioting with the babies in the kitchen. And the tide as it ran may here be likened to the hand of a woman on a victim's arm: to her winks and empty clatter as she leads him from a broad thoroughfare to an alley that is dark, whence a darker stair leads to a place where thieves and murderers wait; for the north wind was heaping up a bank of fog behind Mad Mull, which stretched far out into the sea, and would soon spread it the length of the coast below. But to the children's sight the sea was fair; so they were swept on, singing:

The fire bust out in Bonavist' Bay.
Fol de rol, fol de rol!
Where was the fish and the flake nex' day?
Fol de riddle rol, de-e-e-e!

An' 'tis Nick, bully Nick, Mister Nicholas;
An' 'tis Nick, Mister Nicholas, O!
An' 'tis Nick, Mister Nick, Skipper Nicholas;
An' 'tis Cap-tain Penny, heigh oh!

Who made the fish for the fire to eat?
Fol de rol, fol de rol!
Whose was the room what the fire swep' neat?
Fol de riddle rol, de-e-e-e!

An' 'tis Nick, bully Nick, Mister Nicholas;
An' 'tis Nick, Mister Nicholas, O!
An' 'tis Nick, Mister Nick, Skipper Nicholas;
An' 'tis Cap—

"Lookit!" Ezekiel exclaimed, pointing to the shore. He was scared to a whisper.

"'Tis Bob," Jo said. "Hark!"

Bob, a frowsy old dog with the name of a fish thief, was in the shadow of a flake, howling and madly pawing the shingle.

"'Tis the sign o' death!" Jo gripped the gunwale.

The dog howled for the third time; then he slunk off down the road with his clog between his legs.

"Josiah Butts—'tis he, sure!" Ezekiel exclaimed.

"Noa; 'tis——"

"Iss; 'tis Josiah. He've handy t' five yards too much t' the spread o' his mains'l."

"'Tis Uncle Job Luff, b'y," Jo said knowingly. "I heered un curse God last even."

Ezekiel started. "What did un say, b'y?" he insinuated.

"I heerd un say—" Jo came to a full stop. "Huh!" he went on, cunningly. "Think o' all the cursin' you ever heered."

"Noa!" Ezekiel said quickly. "Sure 'tis a sin t' think o' cursin'."

Jo grinned. Then, sadly, he said: "'Tis Uncle Job—iss, sure. Poor Aunt 'Melia Ann!"

Ezekiel mused. "I 'low *'tis* Uncle Job," he agreed at last. "He've a rotten paddle to his punt."

Jo spread the sail, stretched himself in the stern, with his feet on the gunwales and a lazy hand on the scull oar, and took up the song again:

An' 'tis Nick, bully Nick, Mister Nicholas;
An' 'tis Nick, Mister Nicholas, O!
An' 'tis Nick, Mister Nick, Skipper Nicholas;
An' 'tis Cap-tain Penny, heigh oh!

The sun was dropping swiftly, puffing himself up in his precipitate descent to the ragged black clouds that were mounting the sky, taking on a deepening, glowing crimson, the color of flame in dense smoke. The wooly clouds in the east were flushed pink, mottled like a salmon's belly—a borrowed glory that, anon, fled, leaving a melancholy tint behind. Soon the whole heaven, from the crest of the black hills, far in the unknown inland, to the black horizon in the mysterious expanse beyond the Grappling Hook fishing grounds, was aglow: splashes of pink and gray and blue, thin streaks of pale green, heaps of smoky black and of gold, glowing, and of purple and violet and fiery red. The coast, high and rugged, with a low line of frothy white, and a crest of stunted spruce sloping to the edge of the precipice, was changed from dull green and duller gray to blood-red and purple and black; but this glorious mantle was soon lifted. In the white line there was one black space, the harbor mouth, whence the tickle led to the basin; and that space was like a rat hole. On either side, from the tip of Mad Mull to the limit of vision in the south, the coast rocks were like a wall, sheer, massive, scowling, with here and there, at the base, great shattered masses, over which the sea frothed. The boat was headed for the sun; it was slipping over a gentle lop in a light wind. The weird, flaring sky—its darkening colors—the expanse of dull, red water, upon which the little boat bobbed as upon an ocean of thick cod blood—the isolation and impending night: all awed the boys. Their singing gave way to heavy silence, long continued, and silence to the talk of twilight hours.

"Rede me a riddle," said Ezekiel.

The demand startled Jo. The great descending night oppressed him; and he had been thinking of the tide, now a cold, frowning mystery. He eased the sheet and scanned the sea ahead. The sea was flat; there was no hill to be seen. He sighed, and said in a distracted way:

As I went up t' London Bridge,
I met me brother Jan;
I cut off his head an' sucked his blood,
An' let his body stan'.

"Jewberry," said Ezekiel with lack of interest.

"Uh-huh!" said Jo. Then, bethinking himself; "Oh!

As I went up t' London Bridge,
I saw a mighty wonder;
Twenty pots a-bilin',
An' no fire under.

It was a new riddle in Ragged Harbor! "Who give it you, b'y?" Ezekiel cried.

"Granny Sevior," said Jo. "Iss, sure; when I took her some trouts. She do say she heered un when she were a maid. 'Tis a brook bubblin'."

Ezekiel marveled.

From the body of fog that lurked behind Mad Mull, there dammed in its course from the north, a thick, gray mass overflowed and settled to the surface of the sea. A cloud, high lying, attenuated, impenetrable, rounded the point and crept seaward with

the deviated current of the wind, its outmost parts swerving to the south, advancing slowly, implacably. Along shore, hugging the surface, a second silent cloud, impenetrable also, and immense, swept over the face of the waters to the Rocks of the Three Poor Sisters. The light scud, detached from the main body and driven before it, obscured the breakers, which, hitherto, had been in sharp contrast with rock and sea; the body that dragged itself after absorbed the distinguishing color altogether, and thereafter nothing remained to mark the place. I may write: It was as though the sea's ally were relentlessly about its business—the one division stealthfully intent on interposing its opacity between the punt and the lurid sky, which was now glowing like the embers of a conflagration; the other swiftly proceeding to give ambush to the breakers, and to hide the entrance to the harbor. Or, if you will, the fog was in the form of a gigantic hand, shaped like a claw, being passed cautiously over a table, to close on a careless fly.

"They be nar a hill t' the say, b'y," Ezekiel said impatiently. He glanced apprehensively shoreward.

It had come to Jo that the abode of the tide was hidden of design—an infinite, terrible mystery. In the consciousness of presumption he quaked; but he gripped the scull oar tighter and held the boat on her course for the sun.

"They be nar a hill 'tween here an' the sun," Ezekiel plainted.

They were sailing over the Grappling Hook grounds; and, as far as sight carried, the graying sea was flat.

"Us'll goa hoame, now, Jo," Ezekiel pleaded. "'Twill be barbarous hard t' find the goaats in the dark."

"They do be a hill further out," said Jo. "Keep a lookout, b'y."

A rift in the clouds disclosed the sun as it sank—as it went out like a candle in a sudden draft. The arm of fog closed in on the boat; the shoreward cloud crept past the harbor and reached for Gull's Nest Point, a mile to the south, the last distinguishable landmark. The boys were silent for a long time. Ezekiel watched a whale at play to leeward; he wondered concerning his fate if it should mistake the punt for its young, as had happened to Uncle Sammy Arnold long ago, when there were more whales, and they were much, much bigger, as Uncle Sammy had said. Jo was sunk in the bitterness of realizing failure; he saw nothing but a surface of water that was flat—flat as the splitting table.

"'Tis past the turn o' the tide," said Jo at last, like a man giving up hope.

"Iss, sure!" said Ezekiel blithely. "Us'll come about."

"Us'll come about," said Jo.

The theory had failed. Jo headed the boat for shore. He shaped the course by Gull's Nest Point, measuring the shore from its fading outline to the probable location of the harbor; then he noted the direction of the wind, feeling it with his ear, his cheek, and the tip of his nose: fixing it, thus, in his mind. When he looked to Gull's Nest Point again, the black mass had vanished.

"Job Luff do say," said Ezekiel, "that the tide bides in a hoale in the say."

"Noa!" said Jo sharply.

"I 'low," Ezekiel said with some deference, "he've a hoale t' goa to."

"Noa, b'y!" Jo exclaimed fretfully.

"I 'low he do," Ezekiel persisted, with deepening politeness.

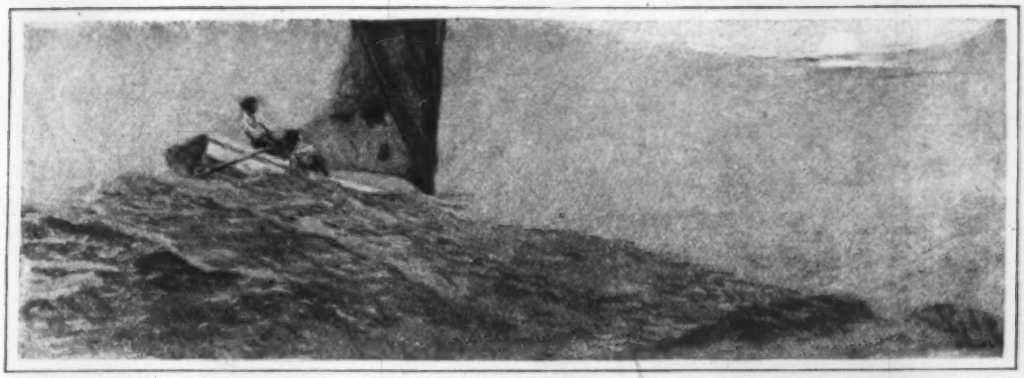
"Huh!" said Jo. "What 'ud come o' the fires o' hell?"

"Iss, sure, b'y," Ezekiel said in awe. "The tide 'ud put un out."

"Put un out," Jo echoed sagely.

Ezekiel accounted for the heresy of Job Luff's theory thus: "Huh! Job Luff do be Seven Days 'Ventis'. Hell be for un—iss, sure."

The fog thickened. Night came on, an untimely dusk. Fog and night, coalescing, reduced the circumference of things material to a yet narrowing circle of black water. The feel of the fog was like the touch of a cold, wet hand in the dark. The night was heavy; it was, to the confusion of sense, *falling;* it seemed to have been strangely vested with the properties of density and weight; it was, in truth, like a great pall descending, oppressing, stifling. Here is an awesome mystery; for the night has no substance; the mist, also, is impalpable! The fog, like the dark, is a hiding-place for shadowy terrors; it covers up familiar places—headlands and hills and coves and starry heavens—and secludes, in known vacancy, all the fantastic monsters that enter into and possess the imaginings of children in lonely times. Ezekiel, cowering in the bow, searched the mist for ghostly dangers—for one, a gigantic lobster, with claws long as a schooner's spars, and eyes like the Shag Rock light. But Jo had no time for terror; he was fighting a fight that was already old, of which the history was written on the hand



on the steering oar—a hand too small to span the butt, but misshapen, black at the knuckles, calloused in the palms, with the blood of cod congealed under the nails, and festering salt-water sores on the wrist. Time for visions of frothing lobsters? Jo had none. He was true son of that shore, and he had the oar and the sheet in his hands.

"Thick's bags," Jo remarked, alluding to the fog.

Ezekiel was silent.

Jo was steering by the wind; but the wind veered, scarce perceptibly, and the boy did not perceive the change at all. A crafty enemy! Thus was his childish inexperience turned against him. He had laid his course cunningly for the harbor, before Gull's Nest Point had been wiped out; the course was now to the north by half a mile. With the deviation and drift he would meet the coast at the Rocks of the Three Poor Sisters, where his father had struck in a blizzard years ago. The boy planned to take the punt within sound of the surf, then to ship the sail and creep along shore to the harbor. That was the one way; but it was a perilous way, for the surf, being hidden, and sounding near at hand, has no location. Its noise rises and subsides through long distances; its strength is here, there, elsewhere, everywhere, nowhere; it is elusive, confusing as a great noise. The surf also has a clutch; a foot beyond its grasp and it is to be laughed at, an inch within its eager fingers and it is irresistible. The breakers of the Rocks of the Three Poor Sisters are like long arms—their reach is great; their strength and depth and leap are great. There was no peril in the choppy sea over which the boat was now pushing; the peril was in the breakers. Watchfulness could evade it; but with every boat's length of progress Jo was plunged in deeper wonder. He was evolving a new theory of the tide, which was a subtle distraction. Was the spell of this mystery to undo him? Thus Jo; as for Ezekiel, he was afraid of the monsters he had conjured up in the mist, so—as his people invariably do in dread and danger—he turned to his religion for consolation. He thought deeply of hell.

"Is you been good the day, b'y?" Ezekiel asked dreamily.

"Noa," Jo answered indifferently. "I 'low I hasn't spread me caplin quite—quite straight."

The wind was stirring itself in the north. The dusk was thick and clammy. The sound of the surf had risen to a deep, harsh growl.

"Be you 'feared o' hell?"

"Noa," said Jo. "Lads doan't goa t' hell."

Momentarily Ezekiel thought himself in the company of the damned. He looked in new fright at the water, through which, his experience had taught him, most men found their exit from life.

"'Tis a sin," he cried, "t' say it!"

"Sure, o' such be the kingdom o' heaven," said Jo, in continued serenity, maintaining his position with the word of the Book.

"Iss, sure!" Ezekiel was comforted.

The breakers seemed very near. Jo peered long into the tumultuous darkness ahead. Soon they could hear the hiss of broken waves. Jo freed the sheet and sprang for the mast. They furled the sail and stowed the mast. Jo took his place in the shute; he propelled the boat by the scull. Then, Ezekiel's sight did not reach seven oar lengths from the bow.

"Be you sure——"

"You be not goain' t' hell, Ezekiel Sevior!" Jo exclaimed, lifting his voice above the sound of the surf. "Doan't worry me."

The boat was advancing slowly, for the

"'THE SEA—HE'VE COTCHED US!'"

strength in the oar was slight. They were secure for the time, and they were not unused to the predicament; but at such other times the oar had been in larger hands, the lookout kept by more discerning eyes. They thought the harbor tickle was ahead, perchance some fathoms to the south or to the north. The wind had confused them utterly; the breakers were not the breakers of the Pillar and the Staff, but of the Rocks of the Three Poor Sisters. But they were not perturbed, so they fell again into thought and long silence; and for Jo thought was the old, disquieting wonder.

"Ezekiel!" Jo's voice was husky, solemn; it had the thrill of triumph in it.

"Iss, b'y? Does you see the shoare?"

"*Ezekiel!*" Jo was exultant, like an investigator who beholds in wonder the beautiful issue of his research.

"Iss?"

Jo swung from side to side on the oar with a vigor stimulated by his exultation.

"I knows—iss, sure," said he.

"Where the tickle be? Does you?"

"Where the tide goas."

"Where do un goa?" Ezekiel asked in mournful disappointment.

Jo pointed to the wash in the bottom of the boat as it slipped from stem to stern with the risen lop. Now the waters covered the boy's feet and gurgled and hissed under the stern seat; now they swirled to Ezekiel's boots, sweeping along a chip and a spare thole pin. Now the stern looked like the harbor basin at flood tide; then the water receded, disclosing rusty nail heads, which may be likened to the uncovered rocks, and a brown, slimy accumulation, which may be likened to seaweed and ooze.

"'Tis like the tide—'tis like un," Jo whispered.

The eyes of both boys were intent on the bottom of the punt, straining through the dusk. Jo still swung from side to side on the oar, an animate machine.

"Aye, b'y, sure," said Ezekiel.

"I found un out meself," Jo went on solemnly. "I c'n tell Job Luff, now. He thought un were a hoale." Jo laughed softly. "'Tis noa hoale. 'Tis noa hill. 'Tis like *that*."

Ezekiel watched the water ebb and flow. Jo watched the water ebb and flow. Both were in the grip of the mystery—of the great solution which had been yielded to them of all the world.

"When 'tis ebb in Ragged Harbor," said Jo, "'tis the flood in—in—other pairts."

The discovery had fascinated their attention. Lookout and headway were forgotten.

"Where, b'y?" said Ezekiel.

"Pa'tridge P'int," Jo answered readily. "What you sees from the Lookout in a fine time."

"It do be too handy; it——"

"Twillingate, then, I 'low," said Jo. "Where Manuel's trader comes from. 'Tis further'n any place."

Ezekiel turned to resume the lookout. Jo gloated in a long, low chuckle.

"Port! Keep un off!" The ring of terror was in the scream. "Port! Port!"

"Aye, b'y," firmly spoken.

Ezekiel rose in the bow and raised his hands as though to push the boat back from a danger.

"Port! Port!"

"Aye, b'y."

The Rock of the Third Poor Sister took black, towering form in the mist, before and overhead. The punt paused on the crest of a declivity of rushing water. The white depths were like an abyss; she was like a man clinging to the fringe of a precipice. It was a time for the strength of men; in that swift pause the strength of a child's arms was as no strength.

"The sea've cotched us!" Jo muttered. "The sea—he've cotched us!"

The wave ran its course, broke with slow might, fell with a crash and a long, thick hiss.

Ezekiel sunk to the seat and covered his eyes with his hands; but Jo dropped the oar, and bearded the rock and the wave as he had done in the days when he wore a pinafore of hard-tack sacking, and he clinched his hands, and his nostrils quivered

"The sea—he've cotched me," he said again; and it was like a quiet admission of defeat at the hands of a long-fought enemy.

The returning body of water slipped like oil under the boat; it fastened its grip at the turn, lifted the boat, lost it, caught it again, swept it with full force onward and downward.

"Mother!"

Ezekiel had forgotten his God. He cried for his mother, who was real and nearer. God had been to him like a frowning shape in the mist.

How shall we interpret? Where is the poet who shall now sing the Sea's song of triumph? Who shall ascribe glory to her for this deed? Thus, in truth, she bears

herself in the dark corners of the earth. These children had followed the lure of her mystery, which is, to the people of bleak coasts, like the variable light in false eyes, like a fair finger beckoning. It was as though the Sea had smiled at their coming, and had said to the mist and the wind, "Gather them in." Neither strength nor understanding had been opposed to her treacherous might. They had been overwhelmed. Was there honor in this triumph? In the wreckage and little bodies that the waves flung against the rocks for a day and a night, lifting them, tossing them? In the choked lungs? In the bruised faces? In the broken spine? In the ripped cheek? In the torn scalp? In the glazed blue eyes? The triumph was cruel as vanity; or, if it were not of the pride of strength, such as is manifest in an infant spit on a lifted spear, but, rather, of greed, it was wanton as gluttony. If there be glory to the Sea, it was glory of hidden mercy; indeed, isolation and toil are things to escape. But if there be no glory, whose is the reproach? Thine, O Sea!

A VEHICLE OF LOVE.

By George Hibbard,

Author of "The Governor and Other Stories," "Nowadays," "Iduna," etc.

"NOW this is very unfortunate," fussed old General Scrymgeur, as he finished reading the note that the man had handed to him when he stepped on the platform of the station. "I am compelled to go to the Club at once, and I cannot put you in the train for Lenox as I promised our good hostess. Really I am distressed, but it's a most important matter."

"Indeed, I can take care of myself," said the girl quickly.

"No, Miss Sally," continued the General, "I can't hear of it—positively can't hear of it. Now, fortunately, we have Brooke with us."

"Oh, no—no!" exclaimed the girl, turning her eyes involuntarily on the young man who had been standing meekly in the background, and then instantly averting them.

"Why not?" urged the General. "I am sure he will be delighted."

The young man made some inarticulate sound, whether of assent or dissent it would be difficult to determine.

"I am responsible for you; and if I didn't put you in good hands to be taken to the Grand Central Station, I should not feel satisfied—positively shouldn't dare to look the Tavistocks' front door in the face again. So that is all arranged. I'll just see you both safely started, and then I can go and attend to this troublesome business."

The General hurried ahead, and the young man and the young woman followed slowly and reluctantly—more like two young persons who were being taken to the dentist by an energetic guardian than anything else.

They had all been staying at a country house, and had come up in the morning train together—Miss Sally Ingle to go to Lenox, the General to a yacht down in the bay, and Arthur Brooke to parts unknown. At least he had somewhat gloomily indicated that he had no wish to disclose his future whereabouts, and implied rather pointedly that he did not know—or care—where he was to be. This was the more surprising as he had accepted an invitation to stay at the very house to which Miss Ingle was going, and had changed his plans only very abruptly. And now they followed the General laggingly from the ferry-station, dragging against his moral propulsion very much like dogs against a leash.

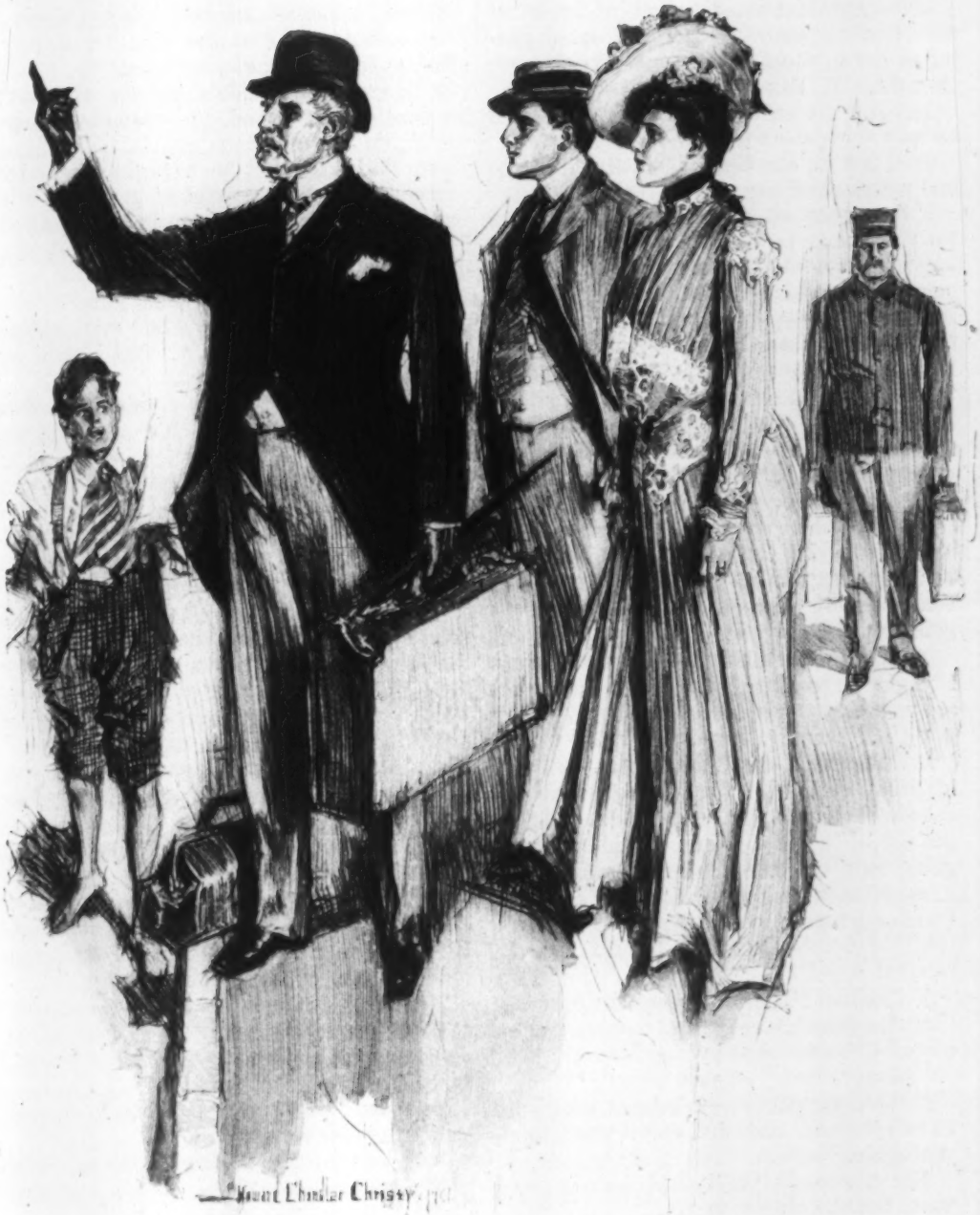
"Nothing here," exclaimed the General in distress. "Outrageous!"

"But what does it matter?" pleaded the girl.

"A great deal," fumed the General. "Though—I say, see there! It's all right. Here's this."

"Oh, that!" cried the girl.

"That," as it rounded the corner and brought up before them, would once have been deemed a sufficiently curious-looking object. With a body that might have been begun for a Black Maria and then sliced off, placed upon gouty-looking wheels, it stood before them—an automobile hansom, the man in his elevated pedestal looking inquiringly down.



"'HERE'S THIS.'"

"Yes, the very thing," said the General. "Get in at once. You know that you haven't much time to lose."

Miss Ingle hesitated, a look of profound reflection on her vivid face. Brooke, gazing at her in silent distress, could read every thought. It was August. The town was deserted. No one could see them. It would be only for a short time and distance.

She got in, the General putting in bags and wraps after her.

"Now jump up, Arthur," he said, taking the young man by the arm, and almost pushing him into the vehicle. "In my time young men didn't hang back like that." And as the young man sat down reluctantly the General swung together the flaps, and then, giving the driver the directions, stood back and waved a farewell.

The machine started with the vast hum of a hoarse bumblebee, and for a moment both were silent. Then the girl turned on the young man indignantly.

"Now," she exclaimed, "do you call this kind? Do you call this nice? Following me! Do you think it is the way you should behave—after what happened—when I was going away on purpose?"

"But I didn't know that you were going. I might as well say," he went on desperately, "that you were following me."

"Oh!" she exclaimed in horror.

"Of course I don't mean that," he said in great distress, "but I knew that you hated the sight of me, and I was going to get out of the way. Then I found you were going too; and after I'd said I was leaving it would have looked strange if I'd stayed. I was only trying to avoid you, and you know that I'd not be here if it hadn't been for General ——"

"The idiot!" she commented vigorously.

"I've done my very best to save you annoyance," pleaded the young man.

"Annoyance!" she exclaimed.

"Well, persecution—whatever you choose to call it—and, indeed, I didn't want to see you again."

For a moment she looked fiercely indignant, but she did not speak.

"I can't see how I could have made such a mistake," he went on.

"You can hardly think that it can be comprehensible to *me*," she announced, looking away from him.

"You know, as I told you, that I never should have dreamed of such a thing."

"But you did it," she said unrelentingly.

"It was in the dark," he urged; "and if I did kiss you, when you were so indignant I explained at once that I thought that you were some one else."

"Oh," she cried furiously, "Betty Wylde, I've no doubt, or Miss Fastnet! It is very pleasant to be mistaken for them."

"Of course I couldn't say who it was," he continued. "And the moment afterward, when I saw how you felt, I'd have given the world not to have done it. Of course I've always thought of you as so different—so out of reach, you know—and yet I was just beginning to hope, to think you liked me a little."

"I hate you—I always hated you."

"I know that now," he said sadly. "Otherwise you wouldn't have been so furious."

"And you pretended to care for me, and yet—oh, I hate myself for ever having listened to you."

"You can't think that I care for them—for any one else in the world," he said anxiously. "You must not make that mistake."

"Then why did you do as you did?"

He hesitated a moment.

"I wish I could tell you the truth, but you would only hate me the more."

With something like a groan he threw himself into the corner of the automobile, which buzzed steadily on its way.

"As if there could be anything worse," she said. "But it is strange. Here we, at daggers drawn, are sitting so quietly side by side."

"It won't be for long," he replied. "We'll soon be there."

"And a very good thing," she said; "for, though the town is deserted, some one might see us and talk. As we can never be friends again, that would be so unfortunate."

"I've no doubt," he responded grimly. "Oh," he continued, "it's maddening. Here we are, and soon you'll leave me, and it will be the end. Oh, if I only had the time I could make you understand—I could make you—like me again."

"Never," she exclaimed, "never, after that happened as it did! Why, I thought these automobiles were much faster!"

"You'll be free from me quickly enough," he replied. "It won't be many minutes more."

"And I'm very glad, for you know that they had begun to talk before this happened; and now, as we are never to see each other again, it would be the height of foolishness to be discovered driving about town together like this. Why doesn't he go faster?

There! I thought that was some one I knew."

"I'll get out if you say so," he offered.

"No, it's only a few minutes—but what a slow old elephant it is—and good-by, Mr. Brooke. And since this is undoubtedly the last time that we shall speak to each other, I can tell you how sorry I am—how much I liked you at first."

"Oh, hang it—give me another chance," he cried.

"No," she said, "I was mistaken; I have been seriously disappointed."

"I won't let you go," he exclaimed eagerly. "I can't see you slipping from me in this way."

"But what can you do, Mr. Brooke?" she said serenely. "The station is only two blocks away. I shall get out there, and I *forbid* you to follow me."

"Why isn't it some other century, when I could have run away with you?" he said desperately. "But there's no chance nowadays. Nothing ever happens," he groaned, "and I love you. I do. And there's never anything I shall want in all the world except for you to marry me."

"It's—it's insulting," she broke forth. "I want to get out, but we'll be there in a moment. Oh, what is that?"

It was only the click of the trap above her head. She glanced up and saw a red, disturbed face peering intently down, and heard a strong voice lowered into mild persuasiveness.

"Don't be frightened, Miss," said the man insinuatingly. "There'll be no trouble."

"Oh, what—what is it?" cried Miss Ingle.

"Why, it's this, Miss," said the driver. "I've got the ould sewin'-machine under me perfect control—don't be doubtin' that—but I can't stop it."

Miss Ingle gazed at the man in mute inquiry.

"There's somethin' out of order, but it's all right. All that there's to do is to go straight on, and they'll be nothin' an' nobody harmed."

"But run it into your stables and have it stopped," suggested Miss Ingle.

"An' how could I do that? There'd be a brick wall interposin' and smashin' the hul of it to bits, to say nothin' of ourselves."

"And do you mean," asked the girl, the truth of the situation beginning to dawn upon her, "that I have got to ride about in this affair until it makes up its mind to stop itself?"

"That's it, Miss. There's no way of lassoin' it now, and no good callin' for help. You see it's goin' at a quiet, decent enough gait, and we'd better keep on until the power gives out."

"And how long will that be?" asked the young man.

"It's charged for something like five hours still; but don't you mind, sir, it's an elegant day, and it'll be a pleasant ride for you," the man concluded, shutting down the trap.

"Well," said Brooke under his breath, as he glanced at his companion.

She had not spoken for a long time, but at length she broke the silence.

"That is the third time we have passed the Club," she said wrathfully.

"So it is," he replied, as he threw up the trap and turned to speak to the man. "Hi! don't, I say, draw us up and down the Avenue like an advertisement. Take us out in the country somewhere."

"Very sorry," said the man, bending forward and gazing through the aperture in a sidewise and parrot-like manner, "very sorry, sir, but I can't tell what's the matter no way, nor how soon there might be a smash in the works, and I shouldn't like bein' too far away."

"So we've got to make a perambulating show of ourselves for the whole town?"

"Very sorry, sir," repeated the man.

"Oh!" cried the girl, shrinking still further into her corner. "There is old Mrs. Trewavas. What will she think and say?"

"The worst old cat between the Bronx and the Battery," muttered Brooke. "We are in for it."

"Can't he—can't he," asked Miss Ingle plaintively, her spirit almost broken, "can't he at least take us on a side street?"

"Hi!" cried Brooke, again raising the trap and getting a view of the man. "Take us off Fifth Avenue at least."

"Beg pardon, sir," replied the driver. "But you see the Noah's Ark bein' out o' order, I don't like to risk breakin' somethin' on them stone pavements. However, I'll just run you down Thirty-fourth Street, and take you up and down Madison Avenue a bit."

"Madison Avenue for a secluded neighborhood!" fretted Brooke.

"Oh!" cried Miss Ingle again, as the automobile turned a corner, and they were swiftly borne eastward along the intersecting street. "Is it—oh—is it—it *is* Aunt Susanna. She must have just come over

"'DO YOU IMAGINE THEY'LL THINK WE ARE ENGAGED?'"

from Philadelphia. I hope she doesn't see us."

Both fixed their eyes intently on the massive figure of a tall and impressive lady who was slowly advancing over the pavement. Would she recognize her niece? The answer came all too soon, for when the reluctant runaways were still a goodly distance from her they saw by the quick turn of the head that they could not hope to escape unobserved.

"I believe—oh—I believe she is stopping," cried Miss Ingle, as with a stately lurch the impressive figure veered a little toward the curbstone. "She wants to speak to us. What shall we do?"

"We simply can't do anything," replied Brooke grimly.

"And Aunt Susanna is so very particular and so very sensitive."

They were almost abreast of the lady, who now stood smiling amiably on the edge of the pavement. The automobile swept on, came up with the figure, and passed it. A changing succession of expressions, as her aggrieved niece clearly saw, played over the old lady's face as the situation developed: first, interested and cordial welcome; then, as the automobile did not diminish its speed, gloomy and perplexed surprise; finally, as it was clear that the vehicle was going to pass without stopping, increasing displeasure and growing anger.

"Oh, Aunty," Miss Ingle cried, wildly waving her hand as the edge of the window cut from her sight the furious countenance of a very irate old lady.

The automobile sped on.

"To meet her in the street," moaned Miss Ingle, "and not stop to speak to her. She will never—never forgive me. Oh, I feel like one of those people in the Inferno whirled and whirled about without being able to stop."

"By Jove!" he said vigorously. "It is a—an Inferno—and I said nothing ever happened nowadays."

"Well, it's something," she commented, "that couldn't have happened at any other time."

Suddenly he laughed.

"Do you know there is a funny side to it?"

"I am very glad you see it," she replied severely.

"Why, don't you think that it's rather amusing for two people, who have just said good-by forever, to be ignominiously drawn about together in the full sight of the multitude, every one believing that what they are doing is of their own free will and pleasure?"

"I could cry," said Miss Ingle despondently.

"It really is a bit diverting, you know."

"It is awful!" said Miss Ingle. "Think how every one will talk! Oh, there is Tom Kennedy. That's the fourth time I have seen him; and see, he is stopping—he is so astonished to find us going on and on. I don't wonder."

"It's a bad job, certainly," admitted Brooke. "But is there any reason why we should not make the best of it?"

"There isn't any best," she said positively. "It's all worst."

"At least," he continued, "we are now companions in misfortune, talking very pleasantly to each other, which we were not doing an hour or two ago."

"Of course it would be ridiculous for me to refuse to speak to you."

"You see we are getting on," and he smiled. "Do you know I've read that in Switzerland, a long time ago, they had a custom of shutting two people up together for a week, when they wanted to be divorced. At the end of the time it usually happened that they were reconciled."

"I don't see the application," said Miss Ingle stiffly.

"Why, you see, if we were kept in here, who knows——"

"If you mean for a week," she interrupted, "why, it seems a year already. Oh!"

The automobile, in turning a corner, had jarred against an apple-cart propelled by an old woman who was slowly plodding on her way. The shock was not sufficient to overturn the cart, but, lifting it slightly on one side, sent the few apples it contained rolling in the gutter.

"The poor old thing!" exclaimed Miss Ingle. "We can't leave her that way. Please," she said, opening the trap in the top, "I must speak to the woman."

"There ain't no way," replied the man, "but to go round the block, Miss, and if you have anything to say, why, say it in passin'."

The automobile circled the block, and coming round the first corner, bore down on a little group that was helping the peddler to recover her apples.

"We must give her something."

"I should think so," replied Brooke, as he took from his pocket a bill marked with a generous figure. "Now then."

The woman, raising her head, recognized the original cause of her misfortune, and, straightening herself up, prepared to denounce the machine and its occupants in no measured terms.

"Here!" cried Brooke, flinging the bill from the carriage as they dashed past, and dropping it at the right moment before the astonished vendor.

"It's enough to buy out not only all her apples, but her apple-cart. She ought to be satisfied," said Brooke, settling back against the cushion.

He had hardly taken a more comfortable position when his attention was attracted by a sharp call near at hand.

"Hi! Pull up!" said the voice of one evidently speaking with authority.

Glancing out, the two saw that a policeman was hotly pursuing them on a bicycle.

"Hold on, there——"

"Don't I wish I could?" said the driver. "Do you think I'm just takin' the air?"

"I say," said the policeman, who was now a little in advance of the machine, "tell your man there to stop, or I'll arrest the lot of you."

"But we can't," answered Brooke helplessly. "The thing is running away with us."

"Don't you try to give me that," answered the policeman gruffly. "I tell you that won't do with me. Hold on, now!"

"But really, Mr. Officer," said Miss Ingle, "we can't do anything, and we only wish we could."

The policeman gazed at Miss Ingle's pretty face, and her aspect or her accent evidently carried conviction.

"Well," said the man in his astonishment, dropping for a moment out of sight.

"Oh, isn't it awful!" said the girl, clasping her hands, and in her distress appealing directly to Brooke for sympathy.

He glanced at her reassuringly.

"I'll have to keep an eye on you, anyway," said the policeman, appearing for a moment round the corner of the automobile and again disappearing.

"See," said Miss Ingle, "how they stare! The people are stopping to look. Oh, some of them are calling. They think he is chasing us. Have we got to go on like this? It is fearful, and I *could* cry."

"I've lost my train," she said.

"Never mind," he answered, "there's one later, and you can get that one when we stop."

"If we *ever do* stop!" she suggested.

"Yes," he said despondingly, "if we ever do stop."

"And I am getting hungry," she continued. "I am starving."

"Really, who ever heard of such a thing?" he replied. "To be so near friends and food, and not be able to reach either."

Suddenly she laughed for the first time.

"Oh, do you know of what this makes me think, with all the people staring at us, and you and me solemnly riding on?"

"No," he said.

"Really, though, I don't know that I'll tell you—but it is so absurd. Why, a wedding in the Bois!"

"By heaven!" he said vigorously, "I wish it were a wedding—*here*."

"As you said," she admitted, "it has its funny side—and the policeman is still following us and all the people are staring."

"I'm past minding that now."

"I do believe that we've met every one I ever saw in all my life before. The town empty in August! Why, absolutely every one is here. And every one will tell every one else."

"I'm awfully sorry," he said. "Of course it will be disagreeable for you, and I should have tried to jump out long ago."

"And broken your leg or something, so that I should have had to see about taking care of you. That would have been *worse*."

"And now you will hate me more than ever," he groaned.

"No one will believe that I do after I have been seen riding about with you like this for hours."

"What a mockery!" he cried. "And how can I bear the irony of it when they begin to congratulate me?"

"Oh," she exclaimed suddenly, "do you believe they will dare—do you imagine they'll think we are engaged?"

"Certainly," he replied with conviction.

"How horrible!" she said, again shrinking back into the corner. "Oh, what shall we do?"

"There is one way that would be very simple."

"And what is that?" she asked meekly.

"Really become engaged," he answered boldly.

"Oh!" she cried in consternation.

"You know how I love you. And now this has happened—why—it would save you a lot of annoyance."

"I should never become engaged to any one to save myself from annoyance, Mr. Brooke."

"And I'll *make* you love me—you know that you liked me a little before that happened."

"I am glad you reminded me of it. All that *has* happened, and for a moment I had forgotten. No, you cannot expect that I can forget that. Oh, don't you think, perhaps, that the machine is going a little slower?"

"Not a bit," he answered uncompromisingly. "But it was only such a little thing."

"A little thing!"

"Well," he continued, "I can imagine your being angry, if you thought I had tried to kiss *you*, for you are so different—so far above and beyond all the rest. I can understand that you might never have forgiven me, then."

"I can't forgive you now," she answered.

"And is this really to be the end?" he asked her, leaning forward as if to take her hands, and then, as he remembered the pursuing policeman and the gaping crowd, drawing back.

"Oh, it must be, indeed," she gasped, "if this ever stops."

"Then I'm going to tell you the truth," he said, with the air of one who has reached a desperate resolve. "It will only make you hate me more and more, but you might as well understand. It was false when I said that I mistook you for some one else."

"Oh!" she murmured.

"Yes," he went on resolutely. "I knew that it was you all the time, but I was madly in love with you. Then when you were so indignant—so very furious—I was in consternation—awfully rattled, you know—and I thought about you as being on a pedestal, you see—so that what I had done was a profanation—and I said anything to get out of it. I couldn't bear to have you think that I could have been so bold—so mad as to think of kissing you—so I told you what I did. But I've told you the truth now, and I know you loathe me, and you need not say anything."

It evidently did not please Miss Ingle to answer, for she sat in silence, looking thoughtfully before her. And when she spoke, it was not to say anything bearing upon the subject under discussion.

"Really," she observed at last with singular gentleness, "I believe that at last we *are* actually going slower."

Indeed, it was the fact. Gradually, with weakening force, the wheels revolved, dragging over the pavement as if weary of the long journey. The power was nearly spent, and as the speed diminished it almost seemed as if tired muscles and sinews were giving out, instead of wheels and bars ceasing to work. At last the huge vehicle came to a standstill.

"I'll have to take your names, you know," said the policeman, coming up, getting slowly from his bicycle, and wiping his brow, while the crowd gathered in thick and close.

"All right," said Brooke, and drawing him aside for a moment he spoke to him in an undertone; then he quickly returned to Miss Ingle.

"Can't we get out of this?" she cried. "There," she exclaimed, "is a cab! Put me in that."

Brooke signalled to the watching cabman, and the vehicle was quickly drawn up before them, while the crowd fell back a little, urged by the breathless policeman.

Miss Ingle jumped in, the bags and wraps were put in after her, and she had nearly closed the door when she paused, still holding it open a little, and looked at Brooke.

"Yes," he said, "I suppose it is good-by at last. And please don't think any worse of me than you must."

"And you are sure," demanded the girl suddenly, "that it was *I* that you meant to kiss. It was very dark, with only the fire-light."

"Sure?" cried Brooke indignantly. "I should think I was! Hadn't I watched you and followed you into the library? Do you suppose I could have been thinking of anybody else? Of course it was you; and you know the truth, and you must hate me for such madness, and—that's all of it."

"Why," said Miss Ingle slowly, "of course if that is certainly so, and you are sure—positively sure—why——"

"Yes," he said despondently.

"Why," she said swiftly, "you are asked to stay with the Auchinlecks, and you had better come with me, for I am sure they will be delighted to have you—and—and so shall I!"

"And you are not angry with me?" exclaimed the young man, tearing open the door and precipitately entering the cab.

"*I was*," said Miss Ingle enigmatically; "but I'm not *now*."

"Oh!" exclaimed Brooke fervently, "bless the automobile and all its kind."

"Indeed," said the girl, "it was a nice bumbly old thing."

THE WILD HORSE OF TARTARY.

By Clara Morris.*

BUT there! Just as I start to speak of my third season, I seem to look into a pair of big, mild eyes that say, "Can it be that you mean to pass *me* by? Do you forget that 'twas I who turned the great-sensation scene of a play into a side-splitting farce?"—and I shake my head and answer truthfully, "I cannot forget. I shall never forget your work that night in Columbus, when you appeared as the 'fiery untamed steed' (may Heaven forgive you!) in 'Mazeppa'!"

Mr. Robert E. J. Miles—or "All-the-Alphabet Miles," as he was frequently called—was starring at that time in the "horse" drama, doing such plays as "The Cataract of the Ganges," "Mazeppa," "Sixteen-String Jack," etc. "Mazeppa" was the favorite in Columbus, and both the star and the manager regretted that they had billed the other plays in advance, as there would have been more money in "Mazeppa" alone. Mr. Miles carried with him two horses; one, for "The Wild Horse of Tartary," was an exquisitely formed, satin-coated creature, who looked wickedly at you from the corner of her blazing eye: who bared her teeth savagely, and struck out with her forefeet, as well as with her hind ones. When she came rearing, plunging, biting, snapping, whirling, and kicking her way on to the stage, the scarlet lining of her dilating nostrils and the foam flying from her mouth made our screams very natural ones, and the women in front used to huddle close together, or even cover their faces.

One creature only did this beautiful vixen love—R. E. J. Miles. She fawned upon him like a dog, and did tricks for him like a dog, but she was a terror to the rest of mankind. It was really a thrilling scene when *Mazeppa* was bound, his head tailward, his feet maneward, to the back of that maddened beast. She seemed to bite and tear at him, and when set free, she stood straight up for a dreadful moment, in which she really endangered his life; then, with a wild neigh, she tore off up the "runs" as if fiends pursued her, with the man stretched helplessly along her inky back. The curtain used to go up again and again, it was so very effective.

The other horse who traveled with Mr. Miles was an entirely different sort. He would have been described—according to the State where he happened to be—as a piebald, a skewbald, a pinto, or a calico horse. He was very large, mostly of a satiny white color, with big absurdly-shaped markings of bright bay. He was one of that breed of horses which in livery stables are always known as "Doctor" or "Judge." Benevolence beamed from his large, clear eyes, and he looked so mildly wise, one half expected to see him put on spectacles. The boy at the stable said one day, as he fed him, "I wouldn't wonder if this ol' parson of a hoss asked a blessin' on them there oats—I wouldn't!"

I don't know whether Old Bob, as he was called, had any speed or not, but if he had it was useless to him; for alas! he was never allowed to reach the goal under any circumstances. He was always ridden by the villain, and therefore had to be overtaken. Besides that he generally had to carry double, as the desperado usually fled, holding the fainting heroine before him, and though Old Bob successfully leaped chasms thus heavily handicapped—for truly he was a mighty jumper—nevertheless he was compelled to accept defeat. Mr. Miles always came rushing up to the rescue on the black horse, when Bob was very lucky, indeed, if he didn't have to roll about and die; and he was a very impatient dead horse, often amusing the audience by lifting his head to see if the curtain was not down, and then dropping dead again, with a sigh the whole house could hear.

Anyway, being continually pushed back into second place, and compelled to listen to

* Selections from Clara Morris's "Recollections of the Stage and Its People" have appeared in McClure's Magazine for January, February, May, June, and July, 1901.

the unearned applause bestowed upon the beautiful black, Old Bob lost all ambition professionally, and he simply became a gourmet and a glutton. He lived to eat. A woman in his eyes was a sort of perambulating storehouse of cake, crackers, apples, sugar, etc.; only his love for children was disinterested. The moment he was loose he went off on a search for children, no matter whose so long as he found some; then down he would go on his knees, and wait to be pulled and patted. His habit of gathering very small people up by their back breadths, and carrying them a little way before dropping them, always filled the air with wild shrieks of laughter. In the theater he walked sedately about before rehearsal began, and though we knew his attentions were entirely selfish, he was so urbane, so complaisant in his manner of going through us, that we could not resist his advances, and each day and night we packed our pockets and our muffs with such provender as women seldom carry about in their clothes. All our gloves smelled as though we worked at a cider mill.

While the play was going on, Old Bob spent a great part of his time standing on the first of the screened platforms connecting the runs, and as every one of us had to pass him on our way to dress, he demanded toll of all. Fruits, domestic or foreign, he received with gentle eagerness. Cake, crackers, and sugar—the velvety nose snuffed at them approvingly, and if a girl, believing herself late, tried to pass him swiftly by, his look of amazement was comical to behold, and in an instant his iron-shod foot was playing a veritable devil's tattoo on the resounding board platform. If that failed to win attention, following her with his eyes, he lifted up his voice in a full-chested, "Neigh—hay—hay—*haay!*" that brought her back in a hurry with her toll of sugar. And that piebald hypocrite would scrunch it with such a piteously ravenous air, that the girl quite forgot the satirical words her landlady had directed against her recently-acquired sweet tooth.

The dreadful night of disaster came late in the week. I don't recall the name of the play, but in that one piece the beautiful, high-spirited black mare had to carry double up the runs. John Carroll and Miss Lucy Cutler were the riders. Mr. Carroll claimed that he could ride a little, and though he was afraid, he was ashamed to own it. Mr. Miles said in the morning: "Now if you are the least bit timid, Mr. Carroll, say so, and I will fasten the bridle reins to the saddle-pommel, and Queen will carry you up of her own accord as true as a die and as safe as a rock; but if you are going to hold the bridle, for God's sake be careful! If it was Old Bob, you could saw him as much as you liked, and he would pay no attention, but Queen, who has a tender mouth, is half-mad with excitement at night, and a very slight pressure on the wrong rein will mean a forty or fifty-foot fall for you all!"

Miss Cutler expressed great fear, when Mr. Miles surprisedly said: "Why, you have ridden with me twice this week without a sign of fear?" "Oh, yes," she answered, "but *you* know what you are doing—*you* are a horseman!"

It was an unfortunate speech, and in face of it Mr. Carroll's vanity would not allow him to admit his anxiety. "He could ride well enough, and he would handle the reins himself," he declared.

During the day his fears grew upon him. Foolishly and wickedly he resorted to spirits to try to build up some Dutch courage. Then when the scene came on, half-blind with fear and the liquor—which he was not used to—as he felt the fierce creature beneath him rushing furiously up the steep incline, a sort of madness came upon him. Without rhyme or reason he pulled desperately at the nigh rein, and in the same breath their three bodies were hurling downward like thunder-bolts. It was an awful sight! I looked at them as they descended, and for the fraction of a second they seemed to be suspended in the air. They were all upside

"Over in the entrance Old Bob, surrounded by the four men who were supposed to restrain him, stood calmly."

down. All, without turning or twisting, fell straight as plummets—the horse, the same as the man and woman, had its feet straight in the air. Ugh! the striking. Ugh! never mind details. The curtain was rushed down. Miss Cutler was picked up dazed, stunned, but without a mark. Mr. Carroll crept away unaided amid the confusion, the sorrow, and the tears, for splendid Queen was doomed. Though Mr. Miles had risked his own life in an awful leap to save her from falling through a trap, he could not save her life, and the almost human groan with which she dropped her lovely head upon her master's shoulder, and his streaming eyes as he tenderly wiped the blood from her velvety nostrils, made even the scene-shifters rub their eyes upon the backs of their hands. While Queen was half-carried to the fire-engine house next door (her stable was too far away), some one went before the curtain and assured the audience that the accident was very slight, and that the lady and gentleman would both appear presently. The audience applauded in a rather doubtful manner, for several ladies had fainted, and the carrying out of a helpless person in a place of amusement always has a depressing effect upon the lookers-on. Meantime Mr. Carroll was getting his wrist bandaged and a cut on his face patched up, while a basket of sawdust was hurriedly procured that certain cruel stains might be concealed. The orchestra played briskly, and the play went on. That's the one thing we can be sure of in this world—that the play will go on. Late that night, beautiful Queen died, with her head resting on her master's knee.

"Stretched out his neck and sniffed at the leader of the orchestra."

Now "Mazeppa" was billed for the next night, and there were many consultations held in the office and on the stage. "The Wild Horse of Tartary" was gone. It was impossible to find a new horse in one day. "Change the bill!" said Mr. Miles. "And have an empty house," answered Mr. Ellsler.

"But what can I do for a horse?" asked Mr. Miles. "Use Old Bob," answered Mr. Ellsler.

"Good lord!" groaned Bob's master. They argued long, but neither wanted to lose the good house, so the bill was allowed to stand, and "Mazeppa" was performed with Old Bob as "The Wild Horse of Tartary." Think of it—that ingratiating Old Bob, that follower of women and playmate of children! Why, even the great bay blotches on his white old hide made one think of the circus, of paper hoops, and of *training*, rather than of wildness. With the hope of making him at least impatient and restless, he had been deprived of his supper, and the result was a settled gloom, an air of melancholy, that made Mr. Miles swear under his breath every time he looked at him.

The play moved along nicely, the house was large, and seemed pleased. *Mazeppa* fell into his enemy's hands, the sentence was pronounced, and the order followed, "Bring forth the fiery, untamed steed!"

The women of the audience began to draw close to their escorts. Many of them remembered the biting, kicking entrance of the black, and were frightened beforehand. The orchestra responded with incidental, creepy music, but that was all. Over in the entrance, Old Bob, surrounded by the four men who were supposed to restrain him, stood quietly. But those who sat in the left box heard "get-ups!" and "go-ons!" and the clucking of many tongues. The mighty *Khan of Tartary* (who could not see that entrance) thought he had not been heard, and he roared again, "Bring forth the fiery, untamed steed!" Another pause; the house tittered; then some one hit Old Bob a crack across the rump with a whip, at which he gave a switch of his tail, and gently ambled on to the stage. He stopped of his own accord at the center, and, lowering his head, stretched out his neck and sniffed at the leader of the orchestra, precisely as a dog sniffs at a stranger. It was deliciously ridiculous. We girls were supposed to scream with fear of the "wild horse," and alas! we were only too obedient; crowding down at the right, clinging together in attitudes of extremest fright, we shrieked and screeched until Old Bob pricked up his ears, and looked so astonished at our conduct, that the audience simply rocked back and forth with

"Old Bob ambled up the first run. . . . . Mr. Miles's foot could be plainly seen kicking with the regularity of a piston-rod."

laughter. And all the time *Mazeppa* was saying things that did not seem at all like prayers. Finally he gave orders for the men to surround Bob, which they did, and then a sharp little spike was used—that was to make him dance about pretty lively. It pricked him on the shoulder, and the "wild horse" stood and switched his tail. It pricked him again; he switched his tail again. The men had by this time grown careless, and when the spike was finally used at his mane, he suddenly kicked one of them clear off the stage, and then resumed his unruffled calm. The public thought it was having fun all this time, but pretty soon it knew it. Nothing under heaven could disturb the gentle serenity of that dog-like old horse. When *Mazeppa* was brought forward to be bound upon Old Bob's back, instead of pulling away, and rearing and fighting against the burden, his one and only quick movement was his violent effort to break away from his tormentors and welcome his master joyously.

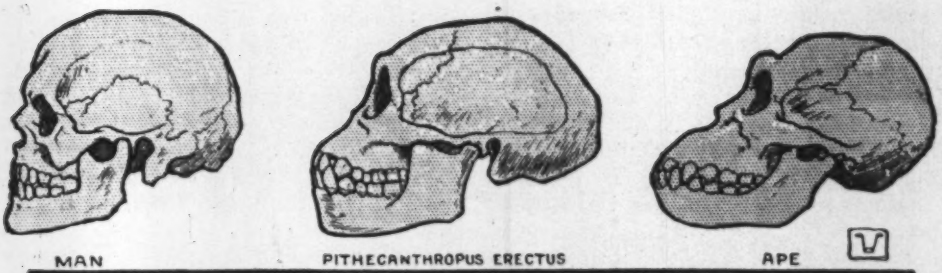
"Oh!" groaned Miles, "kill him, somebody, before he kills me!"

While *Mazeppa* was being bound on the "wild horse's" back, our instructions were to scream; therefore we screamed as before, and, being on the verge of insanity, Miles lifted his head from the horse's back, and said, "Oh, shut up, do!" The audience heard, and—well, it laughed some more, and then it discovered, when the men sprang away and left the horse free to dash madly up the mountain, that *Mazeppa* had kept one foot unbound to kick Old Bob with; and truly it did seem that the audience was going into convulsions—such laughter, pierced every now and then by the shrill scream of hysterics. Old Bob ambled up the first run all right, but, alas! for poor *Mazeppa*, as the "wild horse" reached the first platform, a woman passed on the way to her room, and hungry Bob instantly stopped to negotiate a loan in sugar. Oh, it was dreadful—the wait—and when finally he reappeared, trotting—yes, trotting up the next run—Mr. Miles's foot could be plainly seen kicking with the regularity of a piston-rod, while his remarks were—well, they were irregular in the extreme!

Of course the play was hopelessly ruined. The audience laughed at the slightest mention of the "wild horse," and when the shepherds found horse and man, lying at the foot of the mountain, worn out and exhausted, the building seemed to shake with the laughter.

When the play was over at last, Old Bob walked up to his master and mumbled his hand. Mr. Miles pushed him away with pretended anger, crying: "You infernal old idiot, I'd sell you for a three-cent stamp with gum on it!"

Bob looked hard at him a moment; then he calmly crossed behind him and mumbled his other hand, and Mr. Miles pulled his ears, and said that he, himself, was the idiot for expecting an untrained, unrehearsed horse to play such a part, and Old Bob agreeing with him perfectly, they were, as always, at peace with each other.



The Search for the Missing Link

By Ray Stannard Baker

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE WORK OF PROFESSOR ERNST HAECKEL.

IT needed no more than the announcement that Professor Ernst Haeckel had gone to Java (in September, 1900) to reawaken the keenest interest of every student of evolution in the problem of the "missing link." About five years ago (in 1894) the attention of the entire scientific world was attracted by the announcement of the extraordinary discoveries made by a Dutch army surgeon, Dr. Eugène Dubois, in an ancient rock formation of Java. He had found some fossilized bones, which upon careful examination proved to be the remains of a hitherto unknown animal partaking of some of the characteristics of the ape and some of man. Dr. Dubois gave this animal the name *Pithecanthropus erectus* (ape-man), and upon its exhibition at the zoölogical congress at Leyden in 1895 a number of the world's greatest zoölogists and paleontologists at once declared that it was of a certainty one of the "missing links" connecting man with his ape-like ancestors. Judged by the length of the femur, or thigh-bone—that of the left leg—the creature must have been nearly equal in size to a modern man. But the shape of the skull indicates that he was only a little more intelligent than the apes, the size of his brain being only about two-thirds that of a civilized man, although equal to that of a modern Veddah woman of Ceylon, the human being lowest in the scale of intelligence. This ancestor of ours was probably well covered with hair, was tailless like the present-day baboons and men, and had the power of walking upright. His arms were doubtless long, so that he might climb and swing about among the trees of his native jungle. Curiously enough, also, certain growths on the thigh-bone of this ages-dead creature indicate that during life he was lame, suffering from a malady to cure which in man requires the most careful hospital treatment. And yet there are evidences that the creature recovered, though possibly remaining lame, and it may have been that it was on account of this serious handicap in life that his skeleton reached the place where it was preserved through all the centuries, while his fellow ape-men wholly disappeared.

In the jungles of southeastern Asia and the islands near by, which have long been known to science as the cradle of the human race, and which are still inhabited by the very lowest orders of human beings, the *pithecanthropus* lived with the elephant, tapir, rhinoceros, lion, hippopotamus, gigantic pangolin, hyena, and other animals, remains of which were found round about him. It has been computed that this ancestor lived somewhere about the beginning of our last glacial epoch, some 270,000 years ago. In other words, about 17,000 generations have been born and have died between him and ourselves. It will assist our understanding of what this relationship really means to know that merely 250 generations carry us back beyond the dawn of history, 5,000 years ago.

To the discovery of these few bones the scientific world attached the utmost importance, as giving indisputable visual evidence of one of the steps by which the ape-form of creature has developed through the processes of evolution to the man-form. Yet the dis-

covery, though immensely significant, was meager enough. Here were two bits of bone, a skull-cap and a femur and two teeth, very dark of color and thoroughly petrified—all too little to satisfy the knowledge-seeking appetite of the zoölogist. Consequently Dr. Dubois pursued his investigations in Java, spending much money in making further excavations, but to no purpose so far as the discovery of other remains of the ape-man was concerned. And finally Professor Haeckel himself determined to go to Java, hoping, yet hardly expecting, to find some further evidences of the "missing link."

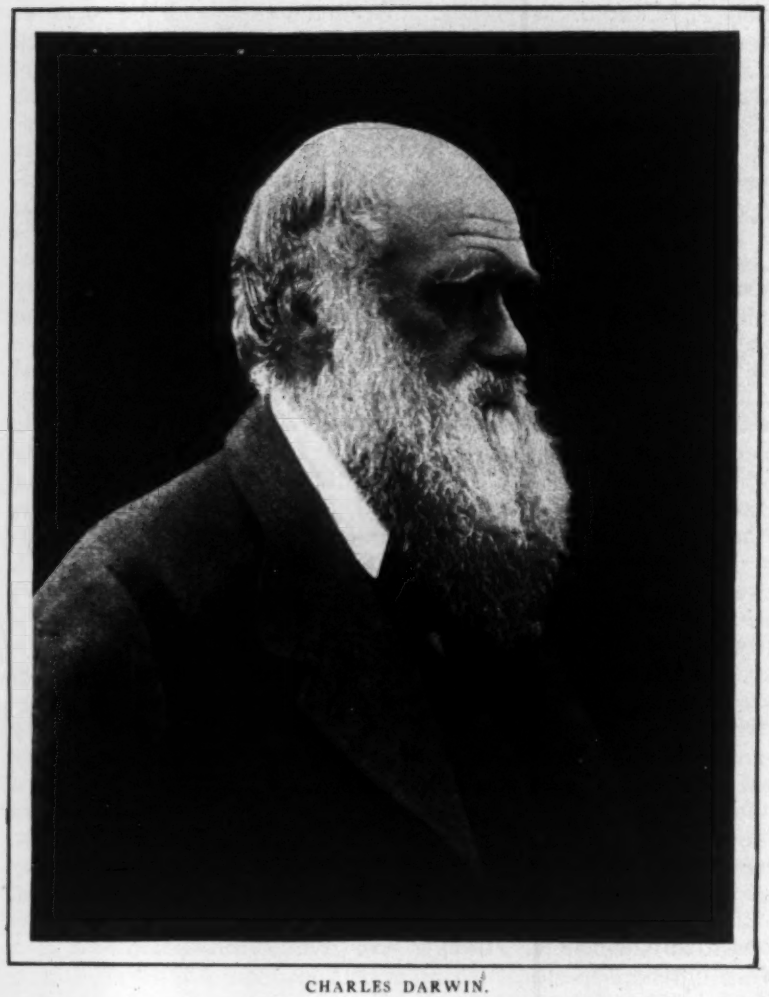
It is significant that, although he is now in the land of the *pithecanthropus* on such an errand, Professor Haeckel has long asserted that the story of the origin of man is complete in all of its essential details: all that remains to be done is to fill in here and there such concrete evidences as paleontological and zoölogical research shall reveal. This belief in the thorough establishment of the law of development is vigorously expressed in all of Professor Haeckel's later books, especially in his great work, "Systematic Phylogeny," which comprehends in three volumes, on an immense scale, a systematic arrangement of the vegetable and animal worlds, living and extinct, on the basis of the law of evolution—a vast pedigree-tree with man at the top and the lowest, non-nucleated cell at the bottom. To such a scientist as Professor Haeckel, therefore, there is in theory no "missing link": the scheme of creation is complete. If there are links between different species of animals which have been lost in the lapse of the ages—and there are many such—the scientist may name and describe them with great accuracy, fitting them into his pedigree as hypothetical species. The "search for the missing link," therefore, becomes a search either for the actual fossil bones of missing species, or else for the living representative of those species, already anticipated by scientists. Twenty-five years before Dubois unearthed the bones of the ape-man in Java, Professor Haeckel had foreseen just such a creature, and had given it in his pedigree the name *Pithecanthropus allalus*. In an address delivered in August, 1898, before a distinguished audience gathered at the International Congress of Zoölogists at Cambridge, Professor Haeckel said:

"The direct descent of man from some extinct ape-like form is now beyond doubt, and admits of being much more clearly traced than the origin of many another mammalian order. Of course this fact cannot be proved *exactly*. We cannot explain all the innumerable physical and chemical processes, all the physiological mutations, which have led during untold millions of years from the simplest monera and from the unicellular protista upward to the chimpanzee and to man. But the same consideration applies to all historical facts. We all believe that Aristotle, Cæsar, and King Alfred did live; but it is impossible to give a proof within the meaning of modern exact science. We firmly believe in the former existence of these and other great heroes of thought, because we know well the works they have left behind them, and we see their effects in the history of human culture. These indirect arguments do not furnish stronger evidence than those of our history as vertebrates. We know of many Jurassic mammals only a single bone, the under jaw. We all believe that these animals possessed also an upper jaw, a skull, and other bones. But the so-called "exact school," which regards the transformation of species as a hypothesis not proven, must suppose that the jaw was the only bone in the body of these curious animals."

When one recalls the fact that forty years ago the theory of evolution was totally unknown even to the most advanced scientists, and that even twenty-five years ago it was looked upon askance by almost the entire world and bitterly opposed by the influential clergy, its present almost universal acceptance seems unbelievingly strange. No great revolutionary idea ever made a quicker conquest of the world. Thirty-five years ago Haeckel was one of the few thinkers in Europe who supported the theories set forth in "that extravagant book," "On the Origin of Species." Now almost any boy in the schools will tell glibly how man got his ears, and why the fine hair of his forearm curves upward instead of downward. So thoroughly, indeed, has the theory been accepted that a considerable proportion of the world's best thinkers are now engaged in applying it in departments of human knowledge widely separated from biology.

And yet, though the theory of evolution is so new, the search for the "missing link" has been going on for nearly a hundred years, at first slowly and dimly, and yet none the less certainly.

One of the most difficult things which science, as well as the world at large, has had to learn is the law of change—that nothing is fixed or stable, that everything is constantly changing. For centuries the civilized world believed implicitly the biblical



CHARLES DARWIN.

story of creation. It was clear, simple, and positive, and it was a firm foundation for the human mind to rest upon. Before the time of Linnæus, whose great work, "Systema Naturæ," appeared in 1735, much was known about animals and plants, but it was a confused aggregation of facts, without arrangement or significance. Linnæus sorted out this information; he saw that various kinds of plants and animals were related to other kinds, as families are related, so he divided them into groups and classes, gave each family a surname, as human beings are named, and each member of that family a given name. For instance, he called the cat family Felis; the common cat he named *Felis domestica*, the lion *Felis leo*, the panther *Felis pardus*, and so on. It seems simple enough now, but it was a great step in advance, and it was the study of these family relationships which finally produced the theory of evolution. Linnæus believed, in accordance with the biblical story, that each different species was separately created by an infinite Being. In other words, he believed in the unchangeableness of the species.

He was followed in this belief by the great Cuvier, whose chief work was done over eighty years later, in the beginning of the present century. Cuvier was a profound student of the anatomy of animals, and he was able to establish relationships unknown to Linnæus, and to devise a much more perfect system of classification. It was he who first recognized in some degree the importance —to science— of the fossil remains of animals; but having no idea of development or evolution, he devised another theory to explain the presence of these fossils. He imagined that the history of the earth was divided into a number of distinct periods. In each lived certain kinds of animals created by an infinite Being, and each was ended by some fearful catastrophe or cataclysm, which annihilated all the living animals and plants: rain, like the flood of the Bible; inundation by the sea, or volcanic action. When a cataclysm was over, other forms of life were created, each of its kind. Cuvier's theories spread the world over, and his fame carried everything before it.

Yet, while Cuvier was at the height of his work, two other scientists were already on the very borders of the great discovery of evolution, but owing to the overshadowing influence of Cuvier, who frowned upon them, the scientific world paid little attention to either. In the year that Darwin was born (1809) Lamarck published his now famous "Philosophie Zoologique," which laid the foundation for Darwin's theory. He assumed

that life had a spontaneous origin, and suggested that all animals and plants have arisen from low forms, by constant changes. He declared that a new want demands of an animal new exertions, perhaps of parts not hitherto used, and that the satisfaction of this want develops these parts and gradually produces a different species. Here was clearly the germ of the whole theory, but partly because Lamarck did not have at hand enough observed facts to give his theories the rigidity of proof, partly because he was misunderstood, and partly because the great Cuvier looked with contempt upon him, his conclusion failed to gain any credence, and he finally died in blindness and poverty in 1829. The other scientist who saw dimly the great truth was Geoffroy St. Hilaire, whose theory was that there is in nature a law of compensation; that is, if one organ begins to develop strongly it does so at the expense of other parts. Years later the poet Goethe, with prophetic imagination, declared the same view. In other words, the doctrine of change and development was beginning to gain a foothold in the world of science.

ERNST HAECKEL.

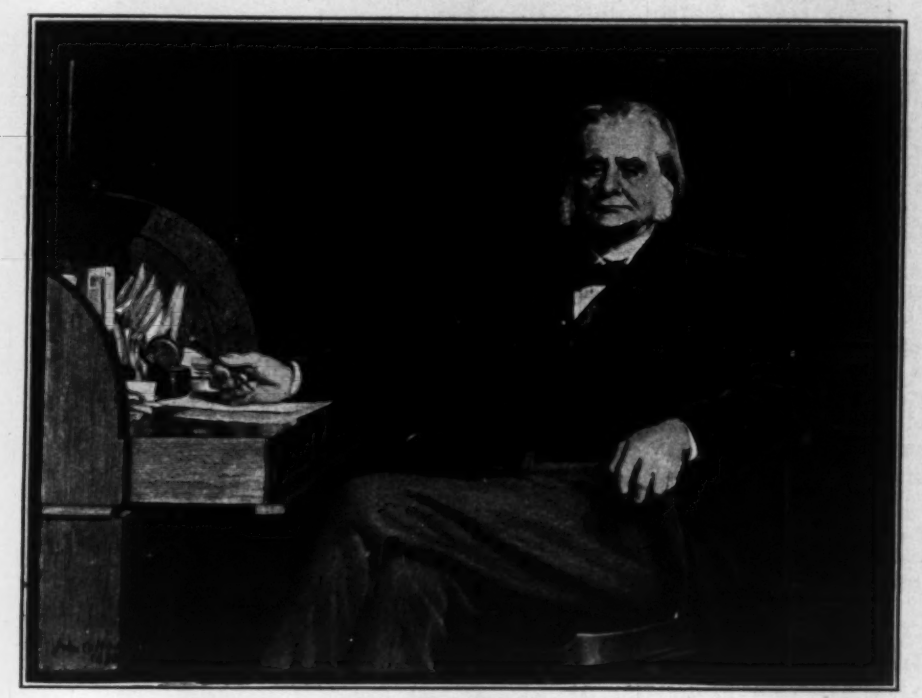
Then came a number of splendid workers who, while they may have had no broad conception of the theory of development, or may have actively opposed it, made discoveries and stored up facts which were to be used as evidence by Darwin, Wallace, Haeckel, and Huxley. There was Karl Ernst von Baer, who discovered the human egg, and who made this daring suggestion:

"Possibly," he wrote, "all animals are alike, and in their early stages of development nothing but hollow globes. The further back we follow their development, the greater likeness we discover in very different animals. This suggests the problem as to whether at the early stages of their development all animals are essentially alike, and referable to a common ancestral form."

Other great students were Johannes Müller, called the "founder of modern physiology"; Kölliker, Gegenbaur, Louis Agassiz, and Rudolph Virchow, the last named of whom, though one of the most distinguished of German scientists, is a bitter opponent of evolution. The discoveries of these and other lesser scientists, though not all made before the appearance of Darwin's great book "On the Origin of Species" in 1859, have all been woven in the fabric of proof of the theory of development.

It will be seen, therefore, that the doctrine

of evolution was by no means new when Darwin began his work, but it had had no acceptance by scientists, for it had so far been founded on no broad basis of fact. It is, therefore, none the less "Darwin's theory," for it was he who established it firmly—he and A. R. Wallace, the co-discoverer. And after them came Huxley and Haeckel, the great champions of the doctrine, the one in England and the other on the Continent. This doctrine affirms, as Professor Haeckel tersely expresses it, "that all organisms (namely, all species of animals, all species of plants which have ever existed or still exist on the earth) are derived from one single, or from a few simple original forms, and that they have slowly developed from these by a natural course of gradual change."



THOMAS H. HUXLEY.

Darwin in "On the Origin of Species" barely intimated that the theory of descent might also apply to man, but Haeckel at once placed man in the same category with the lower animals, though at the top of the pedigree-tree, and afterwards Darwin himself announced the same far-reaching conclusion in "The Descent of Man." Haeckel was the first to outline the pedigree of the higher animals according to Darwin's theory. It was he, also, who made the profoundly important discovery of the beginning of life, the very first link in the chain of development—minute masses of living matter or protoplasm without form and without nucleus. To this he gave the name monera, and he has shown how it developed into the next higher form of life, represented by the cell having a germ or nucleus, like an egg. Where monera came from, that is, how matter came to live, touches the marvelous problem of creation itself—one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest of all scientific questions to mankind. Professor Haeckel believes that the first monera, that is, the first living matter, came into existence by spontaneous creation—a view, it is needless to say, that is most violently opposed even among evolutionists.

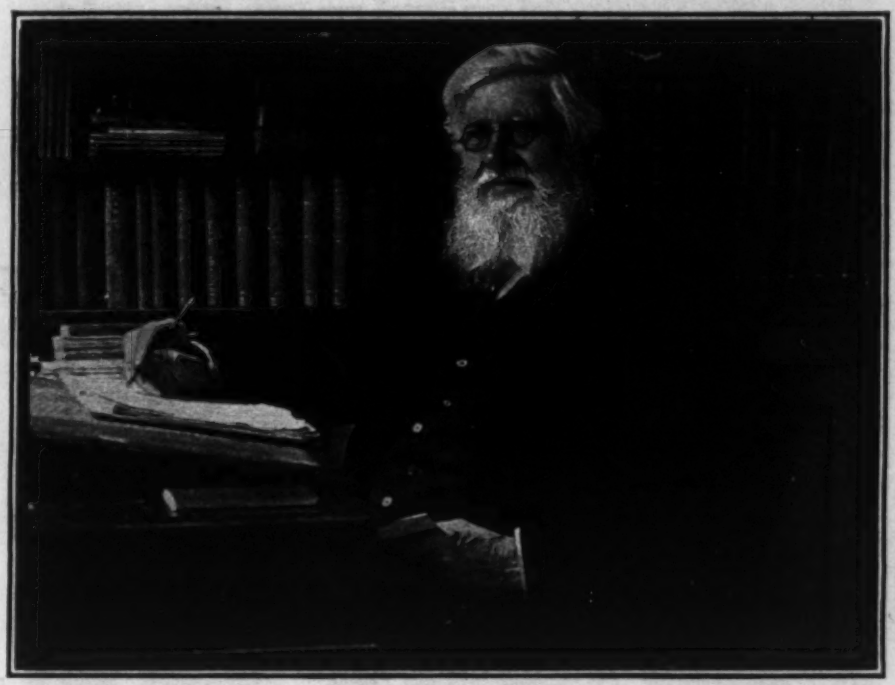
Scientists have pursued several different courses in searching for missing links. The first of these is the very obvious method of seeking among living animals for the representatives or survivals of extinct stages of development. Another is the search for the skeleton remains of extinct animals preserved for ages as fossils in rocky strata, a work in which the Americans, Marsh, Cope, Wortman, and Osborne, have been preëminent. Still more important and wonderful is the method of tracing the development of the race by the study of the individual. It was

Haeckel who first brought out strongly the embryological proofs of the theory of development, giving rise to what is known as Haeckel's "fundamental biogenetic law." According to this law every living man is a condensed recapitulation of the whole story of creation. He begins a single cell, just as the earth's first living creature began with the monera and simple unicellular Protista, and he develops in his three score and ten years through all the stages of life, just as the race has developed through millions of years. Nothing could be of greater scientific importance than the working out of this profoundly wonderful parallelism between the development of the individual and the development of the race. By means of it Professor Haeckel was able to solve many of the difficulties which lay in the path of the application of Darwin's theory and to supply many missing links. His work along these lines is admirably set forth in "The Natural History of Creation."

It will thus be seen how important a part Professor Haeckel has played in the progress of the theory of development. He and A. R. Wallace of England are, indeed, the last of the great militant evolutionists.

Not long ago I visited Professor Haeckel at Jena and it seems appropriate here to give some account of his career. His work is well known the world over, but, owing to the seclusion of his life, comparatively little is known of the personal side of his character, which is the greater pity, for there are not many such men.

During the forty years of his greatest activities Professor Haeckel has lived in the quaint and quiet old university town of Jena, in the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, where he has been engaged in the laborious research for which German scientists are noted, in writing almost a library of books, and in lecturing to crowded classes of students. He is a man of robust build, erect and strong, with a thick white beard and keen blue eyes set about with wrinkles of humor. The shake of his hand is warm and his voice is full and hearty. As you see him among the trees of his garden he wears a broad-brimmed black hat with a dome-like crown. His study is a homely, quiet room upstairs in the Jena Zoölogical Institute. A table in the center is crowded with mounted animals. As Professor Haeckel talks with you his hand rests on a curious specimen of trunk fish from the Mediterranean Sea. At his elbow stands a big black ape, side by side with its skeleton counterpart, and nearby there is a fine specimen of that most rare and interesting



ALFRED R. WALLACE.

RECENT

POST GLACIAL

GLACIAL

500000 YRS.

PLIOCENE

MIOCENE

EOCENE

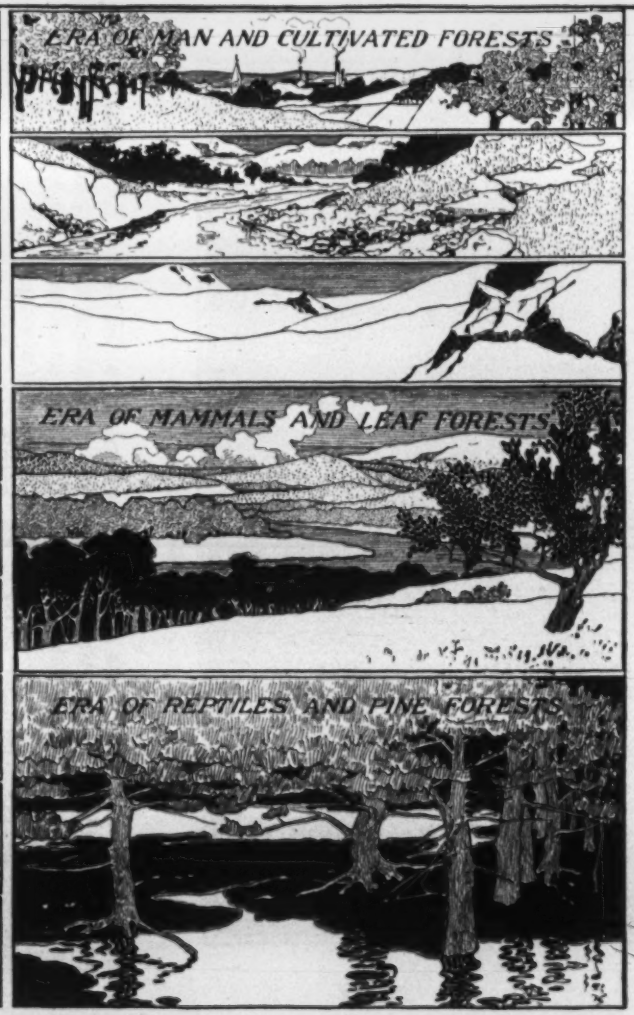
2800000 YRS.

CHALK

JURA

TRIAS

14300000 YRS.



Straight-haired men — Wooly-haired men

SPEAKING MEN

APE-LIKE MEN

Chimpanzee — Gorilla — Orang — Gibbon

African Man-like apes

Asiatic MAN-LIKE APES

Narrow-nosed apes

TAILED APES

SEMI APES OR LEMURS

MARSUPIALS

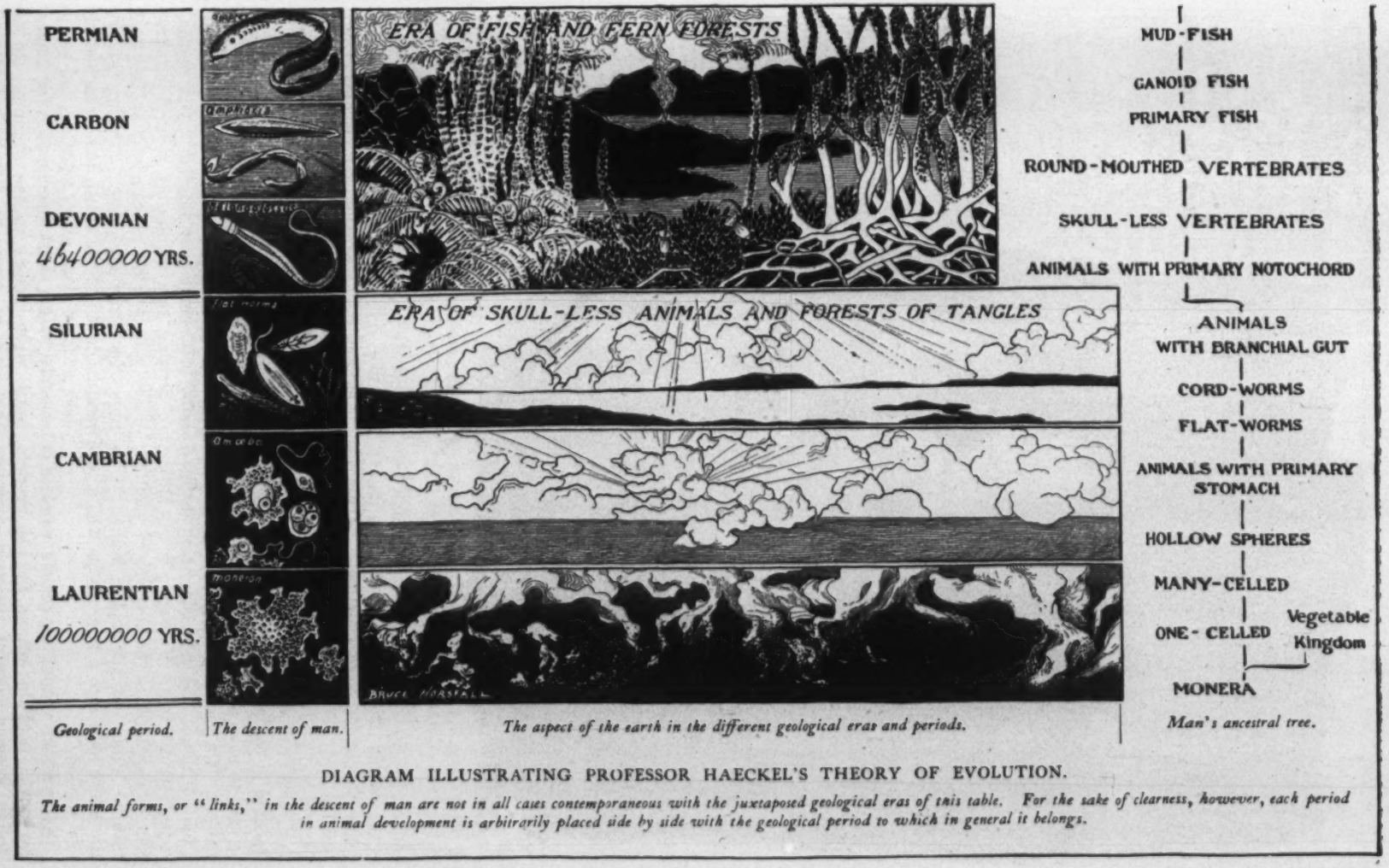
PRIMARY MAMMALS

MAMMAL REPTILES

PROREPTILIA

TAILED SALAMANDERS

GILLED SALAMANDERS



Geological period. | *The descent of man.* | *The aspect of the earth in the different geological eras and periods.* | *Man's ancestral tree.*

DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING PROFESSOR HAECKEL'S THEORY OF EVOLUTION.

The animal forms, or "links," in the descent of man are not in all cases contemporaneous with the juxtaposed geological eras of this table. For the sake of clearness, however, each period in animal development is arbitrarily placed side by side with the geological period to which in general it belongs.

PROFESSOR HAECKEL IN HIS STUDY.

animal, the duck-bill—the mammal that lays eggs—which has been of such value as evidence to comparative zoölogists. Over his desk in the corner there are pictures of Darwin and of Johannes Müller. These two men, with Professor Gegenbaur, who preceded Haeckel in the chair of zoölogy at Jena, may be said to have shaped Haeckel's career. It was the "On the Origin of Species," read at a time of doubt and indecision, that inspired young Haeckel to his life work; it was Müller who schooled him in the new way of studying nature. Some one has said of Müller: "To him every look into a microscope was a service to God."

Everywhere about Haeckel's workroom are books—books in German, English, French, Italian, Russian—one of the most complete libraries on Darwinism. His own books and their different translations and editions fill a good-sized case. One is at a loss to understand how one man could possibly have done so much writing in addition to such a cloud of other work. Here is his first great work, the "General Morphology of Organisms," in two thick volumes, published seven years after "On the Origin of Species." It was written at fever heat to drown the sorrow over the loss of his first wife, and, after all, it was so much in advance of the thought of the day that it made little general impression, although it won him the friendship of Darwin and Huxley.

Besides "The Natural History of Creation," which has been translated into twelve languages, reaching its fourth edition in English, there are Haeckel's monumental works on the radiolaria, on the sponges and corals, on the medusæ and siphonophoræ, and five huge volumes of reports on the "Challenger" expedition, and his new (1896) "Systematic Phylogeny" already mentioned, which the professor regards as his most important contribution to science.

Haeckel's last book, "Die Welträthsel" (World Riddles), which appeared in 1899, has had an unusual sale for a book of science, both in German and English. His method of writing this volume of several hundred pages will perhaps explain why he has been able to accomplish so much. During the two months in which he wrote it he reached his desk at six o'clock every morning, and wrote steadily, with a short intermission for dinner, until eight o'clock in the evening. In all that time he wrote no letters and saw no

visitors, it being understood that he was on a vacation in Italy.

"One can accomplish much in forty years," he says.

Another thing that impresses one who comes to know Professor Haeckel is the amount of work which he does with his own hands. His writing is all done by pen, most of the pictures in his books are the work of his own brush and pencil, his collections of sea-creatures, numbering many thousands, have been made largely by his own hand, and often he has done the preserving and mounting, even writing the labels himself. When he travels—and he has been half the world over—he travels alone, believing that he can thus accomplish more work.

There can be no doubt that Haeckel's surroundings have contributed much to the volume, as well as to the high quality, of his accomplishment. If there ever was an ideal spot for the unhampered work of a student and thinker, that spot is Jena—a small, quiet, quaint town, removed from the great fairways of traffic and shut in from the world with splendid green hills. Professor Haeckel takes you to the window of his study—a view unsurpassed. In the distance rises a spur of mountains where the castle of a medieval baron once stood, and nearer at hand, hemming in the laboratory itself, there is a beautiful garden which excludes all but glimpses of the town. When Professor Haeckel leaves his work he goes out through a quiet lane, walled in with foliage, and a few steps bring him to Ernst Haeckel Street—so named in his honor by the citizens of Jena—and then to his house on the hill, also set among abounding foliage. The shady lane which is his daily walk is a historic spot in Jena. A hundred years ago, here walked Goethe and Schiller arm in arm, going out from Schiller's house, which one sees from the windows of Professor Haeckel's laboratory. It is one of those curiously interesting things that Haeckel, who acknowledges a great debt to Goethe, should have come to work out the great theory of evolution in the spot where Goethe dreamed it, even using some of the same instruments which Goethe had used in his investigations half a century or more before.

Not content with showing the magnificent view from his windows, Haeckel will take you up to the roof. He goes up two steps at a time, although he is now past sixty-six years old. Away back when he was a student in the university he won fame as an athlete, at one time, at the famous "German Turnfest" in Leipzig (1863), earning a crown of laurel for breaking the record in the running broad jump. And the vigor of his younger manhood has never deserted him.

On the roof one may see the country for miles in every direction—magnificent mountain spurs and green valleys, each with its little stream, and each with a clustering hamlet of red-tiled houses. Attempts have been made a number of times to tempt Haeckel away from Jena by offers of more important and much better paid places—at the universities of Vienna, Würzburg, Strassburg, and Bonn—but he would not leave his perfect surroundings.

In addition to his original researches in science, his writing, lecturing, and university work, which is considerable, one is astonished by the amount of genius Haeckel has expended in avocations. At his home he has over 2,000 of his own paintings, mostly water colors, some of them of considerable size, besides other thousands of sketches in ink, crayon, and pencil. These do not include his scientific studies of microscopic and other forms of life which have been used in his books. Among them there are landscapes, still-life scenes and figures, scenes painted in Ceylon and India, ruins in Rome, icebergs and mountain scenery in Norway, beautiful sea pictures in Corsica and the Canary Islands, and desert scenery in Africa. This work has been done for the pure pleasure it has brought, but Haeckel thinks it has had great influence in sharpening his powers of observation, of making him a good seer, for without observing closely and carefully one cannot reproduce accurately in drawing or color. Going over these pictures, I could not help being impressed with the boundless enthusiasm and joy of life that still remained to this young-old man of sixty-seven years. What keen pleasure the mountains and the ocean had given him as he painted! How interested he was in this curious rock-formation, or in that splendid clump of palms! One reading his book on Ceylon feels this same spirit of youthful delight in every happening and mishappening of the voyage. It is an admirable tonic for those who no longer see how good the world is.

The Little God & Dicky

By
Josephine Dodge Daskam

Illustrated by
F. Y. Cory

Author of "The Madness of Philip," "The Heart of a Child," etc.

"WHERE are you going?" said somebody, as he slunk out toward the hat-rack.

"Oh, out," he returned, with what a vaudeville artist would call a good imitation of a person wishing to appear blamelessly forgetful of something he remembered quite distinctly.

"Well, see that you don't stay long. Remember what it is this afternoon."

He turned like a stag at bay.

"*What* is it this afternoon?" he demanded viciously.

"You know very well."

"*What?*"

"See that you're here, that's all. You've got to get dressed."

"I will not go to that old dancing-school again, and I tell you that I won't, and I won't. And I won't!"

"Now, Dick, don't begin that all over again. It's so silly of you. You've got to go."

"Why?"

"Because it's the thing to do."

"Why?"

"Because you must learn to dance."

"Why?"

"Every nice boy learns."

"Why?"

"That will do, Richard. Go and find your pumps. Now, get right up from the floor, and if you scratch the Morris chair I shall speak to your father. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Get right up—you must expect to be hurt, if you pull so. Come, Richard! Now, stop crying—a great boy like you! I am sorry I hurt your elbow, but you know very well you aren't crying for that at all. Come along!"

His sister flitted by the door in an engaging *déshabillé*, her accordeon-pleated skirt held carefully from the floor, her hair in two glistening blue-knotted pigtails. A trail of rose-scented soap floated through the hall.

"Hurry up, Dick, or we'll be late," she called back sweetly, secure in the knowledge that if such virtuous accents maddened him still further, no one could blame her. His rage justified her faith.

"Oh, you shut up, will you!" he snarled.

She looked meek, and listened to his deprivation of dessert for the rest of the week with an air of love for the sinner and hatred for the sin that deceived even her older sister, who was dressing her.

A desperately patient monologue from the next room indicated the course of events there.

"Your necktie is on the bed. No, I don't know where the blue one is—it doesn't matter; that is just as good. Yes, it is. No, you can *not*. You will have to wear one. Because no one ever goes without. I don't know why.

"He turned like a stag at bay."

"Many a boy would be thankful and glad to have silk stockings. Nonsense—your legs are warm enough. I don't believe you. Now, Richard, how perfectly ridiculous! There is no left and right to stockings. You have no time to change. Shoes are a different thing. Well, hurry up, then. Because they are made so, I suppose. I don't know why.

"Brush it more on that side—no, you can't go to the barber's. You went last week. It looks perfectly well. I cut it? Why, I don't know how to trim

"*Secure in the knowledge that if such virtuous accents maddened him still further, no one could blame her.*"

hair. Anyway, there isn't time now. It will have to do. Stop your scowling, for goodness' sake, Dick. Have you a handkerchief? It makes no difference, you must carry one. You *ought* to want to use it. Well, you should. Yes, they always do, whether they have colds or not. I don't know why.

"Your Golden Text! The idea! No, you cannot. You can learn that Sunday before church. This is not the time to learn Golden Texts. I never saw such a child. Now take your pumps and find the plush bag. Why not? Put them right with Ruth's. That's what the bag was made for. Well, how do you want to carry them? Why, I never heard of anything so silly! You will knot the strings. I don't care if they do carry skates that way—skates are not slippers. You'd lose them. Very well, then, only hurry up. I should think you'd be ashamed to have them dangling around your neck that way. Because people never *do* carry them so. I don't know why.

"Now, here's your coat. Well, I can't help it, you have no time to hunt for them. Put your hands in your pockets—it's not far. And mind you don't run for Ruth every time. You don't take any pains with her, and you hustle her about, Miss Dorothy says. Take another little girl. Yes, you must. I shall speak to your father if you answer me in that way, Richard. Men don't dance with their sisters. Because they don't. I don't know why."

He slammed the door till the piazza shook, and strode along beside his scandalized sister, the pumps flopping noisily on his shoulders. She tripped along contentedly—she liked to go. The personality capable of extracting pleasure from the hour before them baffled his comprehension, and he scowled fiercely at her, rubbing his silk stockings together at every step, to enjoy the strange smooth sensation thus produced. This gave him a bow-legged gait that distressed his sister beyond words.

"I think you might stop. Everybody's looking at you! Please stop, Dick Pendleton; you're a mean old thing. I should think you'd be ashamed to carry your slippers that way. If you jump in that wet place and spatter me I shall tell papa—you *will* care, when I tell him, just the same! You're just as bad as you can be. I shan't speak with you to-day!"

She pursed up her lips and maintained a determined silence. He rubbed his legs together with renewed emphasis. Acquaintances met them and passed, unconscious of anything but the sweet picture of a sister and a brother and a plush bag going daintily and dutifully to dancing-school; but his heart was hot at the injustice of the world and the hypocritical cant of girls, and her thoughts were busy with her indictment of him before the family tribunal—she hoped he would be sent to bed. Life is full and running over with just such rosy deceits.

He jumped over the threshold of the long room and aimed his cap at the head of a boy he knew, who was standing on one foot to put on a slipper. This destroyed his friend's balance, and a cheering scuffle followed. Life assumed a more hopeful aspect. In the

"'*Stop your scowling, for goodness' sake, Dick.*'"

other dressing-room his sister had fluttered into a whispering, giggling, many-colored throng; buzzing and chuckling with the rest, she adjusted her slippers, and perked out her bows, her braids quivering with sociability.

A shrill whistle called them out in two crowding bunches to the polished floor.

Hoping against hope, he had clung to the beautiful thought that Miss Dorothy would be sick, that she had missed her train—but no! there she was, with her shiny high-heeled slippers, her pink skirt that pulled out like a fan, and her silver whistle on a chain. The little clicking castanets that rang out so sharply were in her hand beyond a doubt.

"Ready, children! Spread out. Take your lines. First position. Now!"

The large man at the piano, who always looked half asleep, thundered out the first bars of the latest waltz, and the business began.

Their eyes were fixed solemnly on Miss Dorothy's pointed shoes. They slipped and slid and crossed their legs and arched their pudgy insteps; the boys breathed hard over their gleaming collars. On the right side of the hall thirty hands held out their diminutive skirts at an alluring angle. On the left, neat black legs pattered diligently through mystic evolutions.

The chords rolled out slower, with dramatic pauses between; sharp clicks of the castanets rang through the hall; a line of toes rose gradually towards the horizontal, whirled more or less steadily about, crossed behind, bent low, bowed, and with a flutter of skirts resumed the first position.

A little breeze of laughing admiration circled the row of mothers and aunts.

"Isn't that too cunning! Just like a little ballet! Aren't they graceful, really, now!"

"*One*, two, three! *One*, two, three! Slide, slide, cross; *one*, two, three!"

There are those who find pleasure in the aimless intricacies of the dance; self-respecting men even have been known to frequent voluntarily assemblies devoted to this nerve-racking attitudinizing futility. Among such, however, you shall seek in vain in future years for Richard Carr Pendleton.

"*One*, two three! *Reverse*, two, three!" If you want your heels clipped, step back inadvertently into Master Pendleton's domain. No matter how pure your purposes, you will illustrate the inevitable doom of the transgressor against nature's immutable limitations; you will be severely nipped. And it will be just—he is triumphantly following the rules.

The whistle shrilled.

"Ready for the two-step, children!"

A mild tolerance grew on him. If dancing must be, better the two-step than anything else. It is not an alluring dance, your two-step; it does not require temperament. Any one with a firm intention of keeping the time and a strong arm can drag a girl through it very acceptably. It was Dicky's custom to hurl himself at the colored bunch nearest him, seize a Sabine, so to speak, and plunge into the dance. He had his eye on Louise Hetherington, a large, plump girl, with a tremendous braid of hair. She was a size too big for the class, but everybody liked to dance with her, for she knew how, and piloted her diminutive partners with great skill. But she had been snapped up by the six-year-old Harold, and was even now guiding his infant steps around the hall.

Dicky skirted the row of mothers and aunts cautiously. Heaven send Miss Dorothy was not looking at him! She seemed to have eyes in the back of her head, that woman.

"Oh, look! Did you ever see anything so

"The sweet picture of a sister and a brother and a plush bag going daintily and dutifully to dancing-school."

"A line of toes rose gradually."

sweet!" said somebody. Involuntarily he turned. There, in a corner, all by herself, a little girl was gravely performing a dance. He stared at her curiously. For the first time, free from all personal connection with them, he discovered that those motions were pretty.

She was ethereally slender, brown eyed, brown haired, brown skinned. A little fluffy white dress spread fan-shaped above her knees; her ankles were bird-like. The foot on which she poised seemed hardly to rest on the ground; the other, pointed outward, hovered easily—now here, now there. Her eyes were serious, her hair hung loose. She swayed lightly; one little gloved hand held out her skirt, the other marked the time. Her performance was an apotheosis of the two-step, that metronomic dance would not have recognized itself under her treatment.

Dicky admired. But the admiration of his sex is notoriously fatal to the art that attracts it. He advanced and bowed jerkily, grasped one of the loops of her sash in the back, stamped gently a moment to get the time, and the artist sank into the partner, the pirouette grew coarse to sympathize with clay.

"Don't they do it well, though! See those little things near the door!" he caught as they went by, and his heart swelled with pride.

"What's your name?" he asked abruptly after the dance.

"Thethelia," she lisped, and shook her hair over her cheek. She was very shy.

"Mine's Richard Carr Pendleton. My father's a lawyer. What's yours?"

"I—I don't know!" she gasped, obviously considering flight

He chuckled delightfully. Was ever such engaging idiocy? She didn't know. Well, well!

"Pooh!" he said grandly, "I guess you know. Don't you, really?"

She looked hopelessly at her fan, and shook her head. Suddenly a light dawned in her big eyes.

"Maybe I know," she murmured. "I gueth I know. He—he'th a really thtate!"

"A really state? That isn't anything—nothing at all. A really state?" he frowned at her judiciously. Her lip quivered; she turned and ran away.

"Here, come back!" he called, but she was gone.

"Ready for the cotillion, children!" and Miss Dorothy, her arms full of long, colored ribbons, was upon him.

There was a rumbling chord from the piano, a mad rush for the head of the line. A rosy blonde, with big, china-blue eyes, dragged her protesting sailor-suited partner to the front, and glared triumphantly at the roly-poly couple behind her. They stared at each other desperately—they had had their dreams of precedence—and suddenly, as the robbers stood far apart and swung their arms carelessly high, the roly-poly couple crouched down, slipped between them, and emerged at the head of the procession!

The march began. Dicky, linked to a tomboy in white duck, who whistled the march correctly as she swung along, had fought for a place behind his late partner, and as they clambered into adjacent chairs he nudged her violently and whispered, "I'm going to choose you!"

She smiled shyly.

"All right," she said.

Miss Dorothy approached with the favors. A violent hissing and snapping of fingers burst out from the line. They wriggled on their chairs. Miss Dorothy paused, threateningly.

"Perhaps we had better not have any cotillion," she said sternly. "If I hear another hiss—" There was a dead silence.

Dicky sat primly, looking at the ceiling. As he had expected, a broad pinky streamer fell in his lap. He leaped to the floor, seized Cecelia by her skirt, hustled the tomboy, as in duty bound, within the purple leash, and beckoned to the next girl in the row. They arranged themselves three abreast, and he drove them, to the inspiring two-step, across the room, in line with two other drivers similarly equipped. On the return trip they were confronted by three bands of prancing little boys, perilously realistic in their interpretation of the pretty figure, and as they met in the middle, with a scramble of adjustment, the steeds paired off neatly, and the flushed drivers, more or less entangled in their long ribbons, accomplished an ultimate two-step.

"Now, you choose me," he commanded, as they scrambled into the chairs. Again she smiled, again she hid her cheek with her hair.

"All right," she said again.

In vain Louise Hetherington made signs to him; in vain the rosy blonde snapped her fingers—he was blind and deaf. He slipped into the broad blue ribbon she held out to him at arm's length, and cantered cheerfully before her, her slave forever. How lightly she floated on behind them! Not like that tomboy Frances, who clucked at her team as if they were horses, and nearly ran them down; nor like that silly, fat, yellow-curled Gladys, who bubbled with laughter and hung back on the satin reins until her team nearly fell over. Cecelia swam like thistledown in their wake, and slipped the ribbon over their heads with all the effect of a scarf dance.

"That will do for to-day," said Miss Dorothy, gathering up the ribbons, and they surged into the dressing-rooms, to be buttoned up and pulled out of draughts and trundled home.

She was swathed carefully in a wadded silk jacket, and then enveloped in a hooded Mother Hubbard cloak; she looked like an angelic brownie. Dicky ran up to her as a woman led her out to a coupé at the curb, and tugged at the ribbon of her cloak.

"Where do you live? Say, where do you?" he demanded.

Her hair was under the hood, but she hid her face behind the woman.

"I—I don't know," she said softly. The woman laughed.

"Why, yes, you do, Cissy," she reproved. "Tell him directly, now."

She put one tiny finger in her mouth.

"I—I gueth I live on Chethnut Thtreet," she called as the door slammed and shut her in.

His sister amicably offered him half the plush bag to carry, and opened a running criticism of the afternoon.

"Did you ever see anybody act like that Fannie Leach? She's awfully rough. Miss Dorothy spoke to her twice—wasn't that dreadful? What made you dance all the time with Cissy Weston? She's an awful baby—a regular 'fraid-cat! We girls tease her just as easy—do you like her?"

"She's the prettiest one there!" he said.

His sister stared at him.

"Why, Dick Pendleton, she is not! She's so little—she's not half so pretty as Agnes, or—or lots of the girls. She's such a baby. She puts her finger in her mouth if anybody says anything at all. If you ask her a single thing she does like this: 'I don't know—I don't know!'"

He smiled scornfully. Did he not know how she did it? Had he not seen that adorable finger, those appealing eyes?

"And she can't talk plain! She lisps—truly she does!"

Heavens! Was ever a girl so thick-headed as that sister of his! Brains, technical knowledge, experience of the world, these he had never looked to find in her; but perceptions, feminine intuitions—were they lacking, too?

Poor deluded sex! What shall emancipation, what shall higher education profit you that cannot even now discern what charm has entangled your brothers and husbands?

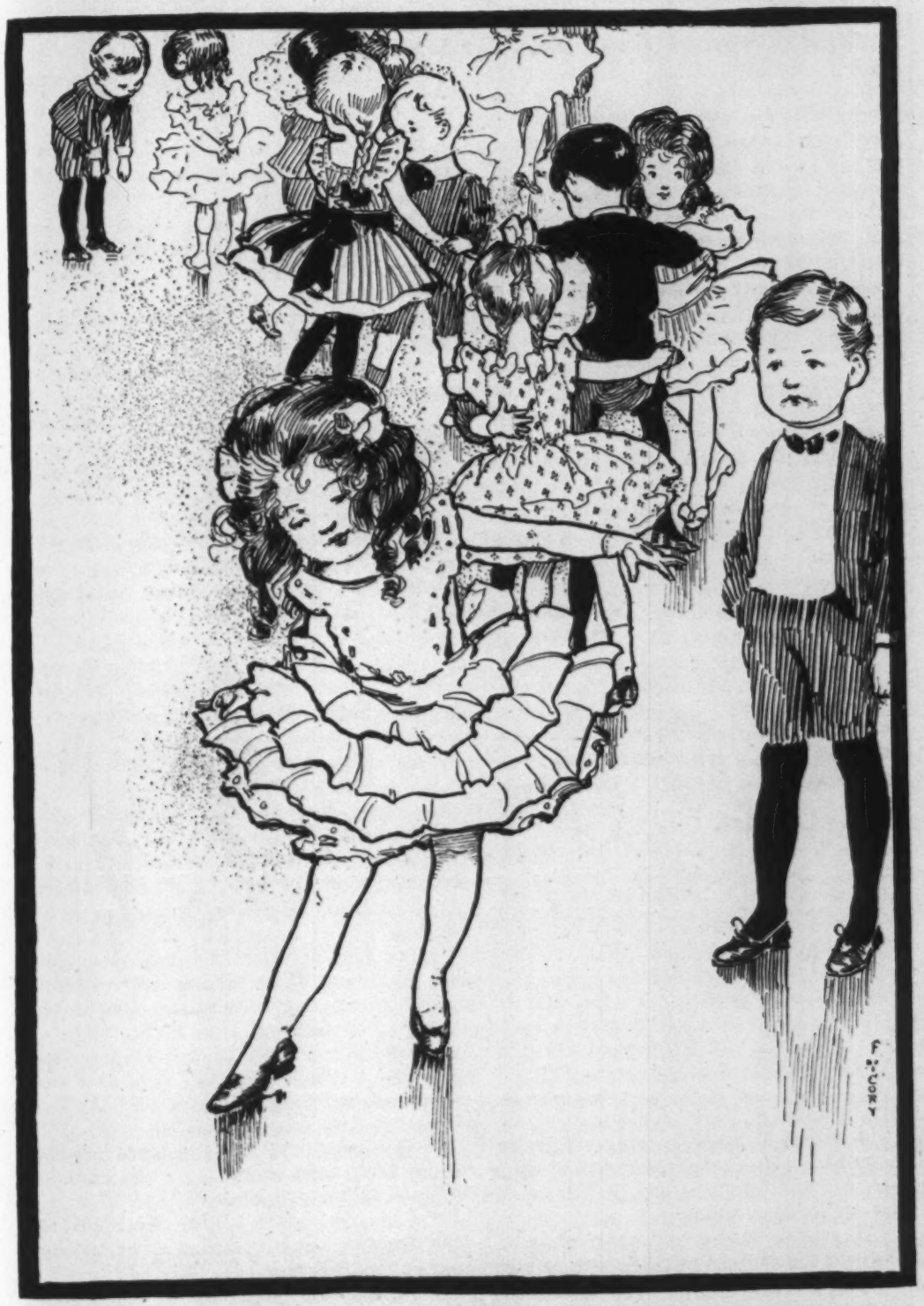
"She puts her finger in her mouth! She can't talk plain!" Alas, my sisters, it was Helen's fingers that toppled over Troy, and Diane de Poitiers stammered!

He listened calmly to his sister's account of his infatuation and its causelessness.

"Why, she's a nice little girl," said his aunt, smiling; "but, really, she can't be called exactly pretty. There is something rather attractive about her eyes."

In this wise may Mark Antony's aunt have dismissed the very serpent of old Nile herself!

"I should like," he said to his mother the next day, "to go and see her."



"All by herself, a little girl was gravely performing a dance."

"Well, you can go with me to-morrow, perhaps, when I call on Mrs. Weston," she assented.

"What? Why, of course not! Men don't go calling in pumps. Your best shoes will do. Are you crazy? A straw hat in February! You will wear your middy cap. Now don't argue the matter, Richard, or you can't go at all."

Seated opposite her on a hassock, their mothers chatting across the room, his assurance withered away. There was nothing whatever to say, and he said it, adequately perhaps, but with a sense of deepening embarrassment. She took refuge behind her hair, and they stared uncomfortably at each other.

"And he has never condescended to have anything to do with little girls before, so we are much impressed."

Oh, why did not the hassock yawn beneath him and swallow him up! To discuss him as if he were a piece of furniture! Laugh away! The crackling of thorns under a pot. . . .

Day before yesterday he had been so easily *grand seigneur*, so tolerantly charmed; to-

"Maybe you can see the rat—he doesn't often come out, though," he added honestly.

She shuddered and twisted her fingers violently.

"No! No!" she whispered revoltedly. "I—I hate ratths! I dreamed about one! I had to have the gath lit! Oh, no!"

Frightened at this long speech, she looked obstinately in her lap, though he tried persistently to catch her eye and smile.

Their mothers' voices rose and fell; they chattered meaninglessly. Ladies talked and talked: they never did anything to speak of; they only talked.

She would not look at him: he grew desperate, and played his highest card. If she were of mortal flesh and blood, this would interest her.

"Look here! Do you know what Boston bull pups are? Do you?"

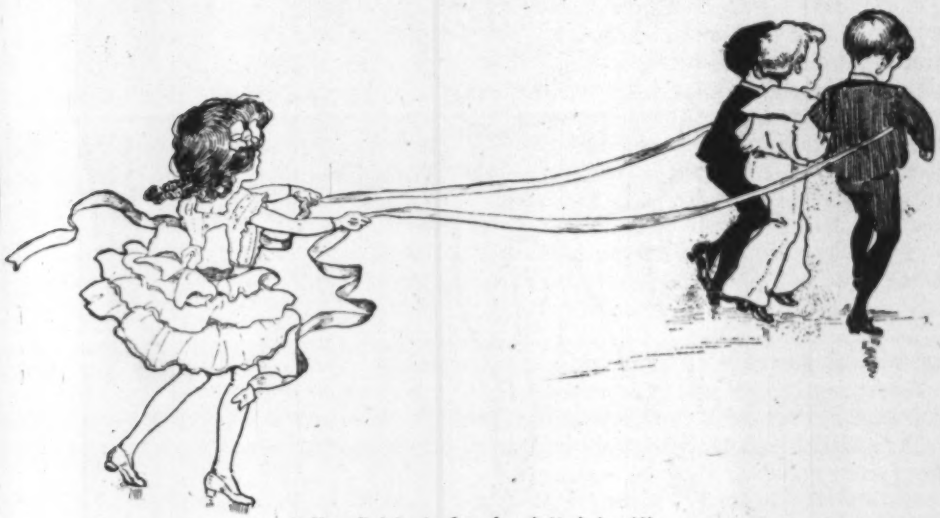
She nodded vigorously.

"Well, you know their tails?"

She nodded uncertainly.

"You know they're just little stumps?"

"Oh, yeth!" she beamed at him. "My Uncle Harry'th got a bulldog. Hith name ith Eli. He liketh me."



"How lightly she floated on behind them!"

day he wished he had not come. Why didn't she speak? If only they were out of doors; in a room with pictures and cushions a man is at such a disadvantage.

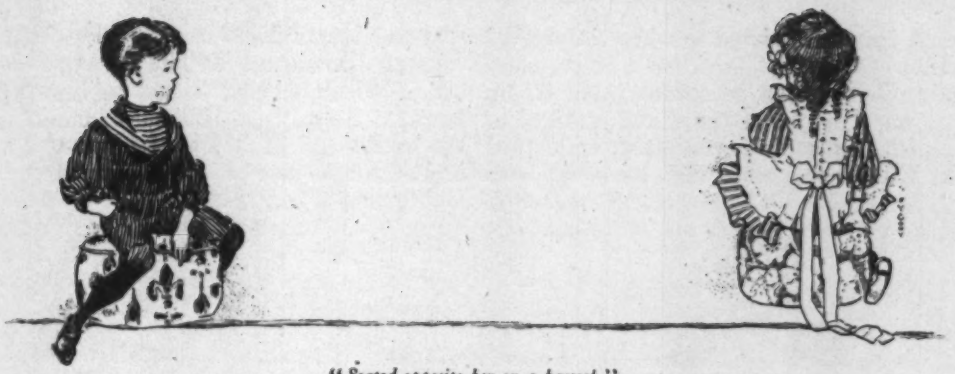
"If you'll come over to my house, I'll show you the biggest rat-hole you ever saw—it's in the stable!" he said desperately. It was a good deal to do for a girl, but she was worth it.

"Oh! Oh!" she said, and her eyes widened.

"Well, see here! Do you know how they make their tails short? *A man bites 'em off!* A fellow told me——"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" She shuddered off the hassock, and rushed to her mother, gasping with horror.

"He thayth—he thayth—" words failed her. Broken sobs of "Eli! Oh, Eli!" filled the parlor. He was dazed, terrified. What had happened? What had he done? He was shuffled disgracefully from the room;



"Seated opposite her on a hassock."

apologies rose above her sobbing; the door closed behind Dicky and his mother.

Waves of rebuke rolled over his troubled spirit.

"Of all dreadful things to say to a poor, nervous, little girl! I am too mortified. Richard, how do you learn such dreadful, dreadful things? It's not true."

"But, mamma, it *is!* It truly is. When they are little a man bites them off. Peter told me so. He puts his mouth right down——"

"Richard! Not another word! You are disgusting—perfectly disgusting. You trouble me very much."

He retired to the clothes-tree in the side yard—there were no junipers there—and cursed his gods. To have made her cry! They thought he didn't care, but oh, he did! He felt as if he had eaten a cold, gray stone that weighed down his stomach. The cat slunk by, but he threw nothing at her, and his neighbor's St. Bernard puppy rolled inquiringly into the hedge, stuck there, and thrashed about helplessly, but he said nothing to frighten it. He thought of supper—they had spoken of cinnamon rolls and little yellow custards—but without the usual thrill. What was the matter? Was he going to be sick? There seemed no outlook to life—one thing was as good as another. He regarded going to bed with a dull acquiescence. As well that as anything else. It might be eight o'clock now for all he cared.

At night his mother came and sat for a moment on the side of the bed.

"Papa doesn't want you to feel too bad, dear," she said. "He knows that you never meant to frighten Cecelia so. You know that little girls are very different from little boys in some ways. Things that seem—er—amusing to you, seem very cruel to them. To-morrow would you like to send her some flowers and write her a little note, and tell her how sorry you are?"

He could not speak, but he seized his mother's hand and kissed it up to her lace ruffle. The cold, gray stone melted away from his stomach; again the future stretched rosily vague before him. In happy dreams he did the honors of the rat-hole to a sweet, shy guest.

In the morning he applied himself to his note of apology; his sister ruled the lines on a beautiful sheet of paper with a curly gold "P" at the top, and he bent to his task with extended tongue and lines between his eyes. Hitherto his mother had been his only correspondent. He carried her the note with a sense of justifiable pride. "It's spelled all right," he said, "because every word I didn't know I asked Bess, and she told me."

My dear Cecelia:

I am going to send you some flowrs. I am sory they bite them of but they do. I hope you did not hafto lite the gas. we are all well and haveing a good time. with much love I am your loving son.

RICHARD CARR PENDLETON.

"Bess did the periods, but I remembered the large I's myself," he added comfortably. "Is it all right?"

His mother left the room abruptly, and he, supposing it to be one of her many suddenly-remembered errands, was mercifully unconscious of any connection between himself and the roars of laughter that came from his father's study.

"Just as it is, mind you, Lizzie, just as it is!" his father called after her as she came out again; and though she insisted that it was too absurd, and that something was the matter with her children, she was sure, nevertheless she kissed him with no particular occasion, and held her peace nobly when he selected a hideous purple blossom with

spotty leaves, assisted by the interested florist.

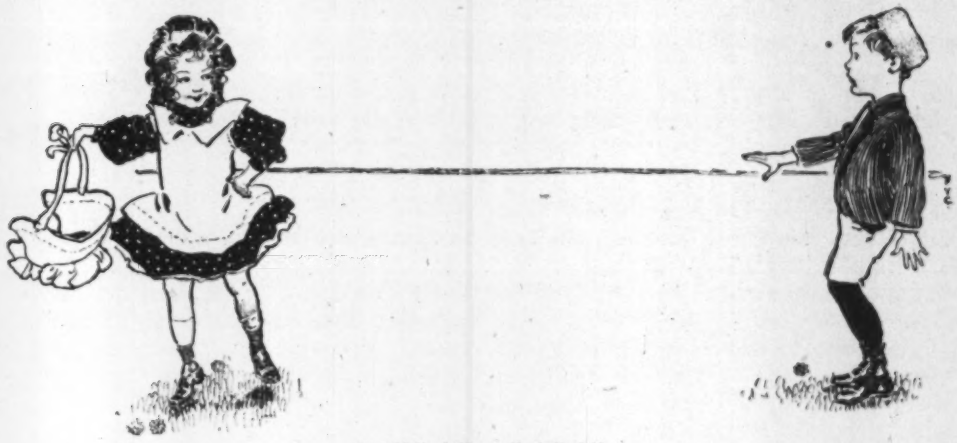
His offering was acceptable, and if, on the renewal of an acquaintance destined to grow into a gratifying intimacy, he learned from bitter experience that more than one subject was tabooed, that more than one sudden emotion must expect no answering sympathy, how was he to evade the tribulations of his kind? This cup was prepared for them from the beginning. If earthly bliss were flawless, would we concern ourselves at all with heaven?

That day that she met him on her walk, and, smiling almost fearlessly, offered him a camel animal cracker! True, the most obvious projection was bitten off, and that process is the best part of animal crackers; but then, she was only seven! It is not an age to which one looks for the most brilliant altruism.

He gave her in return a long-cherished cane-top of polished wood, cut in the shape of a greyhound's head, with eyes of orange-colored glass. She seemed almost to appreciate it. He had been offered a white mouse for it more than once.

For two long months the Little God led him along the primrose way. The poor fellow thought it was the main road; he had yet to learn it was but a by-path. But the Little God was not through with him.

Her brother, an uninteresting fellow at first, had improved on acquaintance, and though he scoffed at Dicky's devotion to his sister—thinking her a great baby—he had come to consider him a friend. One day, late in April, he led Dick out to a deserted corner of the grounds, and for the sum of a small red top and a blue glass eye that had been a doll's most winning feature, consented to impart to him a song of such delicious badness that it had to be sung in secret. He had just learned it himself, and the knowledge of it admitted one to a sort of club, whose members were bound together



"'*Yelly belly, yelly belly.*'"

by the vicious syllables. Dicky was pleasantly uncertain of its meaning, but it contained words that custom has banished from the family circle. They crooned it fearfully, with faces averted from the house, and an exhilarating sense of dissipation.

Yellow belly, yellow belly, come an' take a swim!
Yes, by golly, when the tide comes in!

As he slipped back to the house alone, practising it furtively and foretasting the joys of imparting it to Peter, the stableman, Cecelia appeared suddenly from behind a large tree. She was all smiles—she was not afraid of him any more. Dancing lightly on one foot, she waved her bonnet and began to sing, bubbling with laughter. Horror! What did he hear?

Yelly belly, yelly belly, comin' take a thwim!
Yith, by——

"Oh, stop! Cissy, stop it! You mustn't sing that!" he cried wildly.

She looked elfish.

"Why not? Dicky thingth it," she said with a happy smile.

She had a heavenly habit, left from babyhood, of referring to her interlocutor and occasionally to herself in the third person.

"But girls mustn't sing it," he warned her sternly. "Don't you dare to—it's a secret."

She danced farther away.

"Dicky thingth it. Thithy thingth it!" she persisted, and as he scowled she pursed her lips again.

Yelly belly, yelly belly——

"I won't sing it! I won't!" he cried desperately. "I won't if you'll keep still! So there! I tell you I won't!"

She stopped, amused at his emotion. All ignorant of his sacrifice, all careless of his heroic defense of her, she only knew that she could tease him in an entirely new way.

And the Little God, knowing that Dicky would keep his word, and that Peter would never get the chance for the scandalized admiration once in store for him, strutted proudly away and polished up his chains. His victim was secure.

Her brother, on learning the facts, suggested slapping her well—good heavens!—and having nothing more to do with her, for a mean, sneaking tattle-tale. Here was an opportunity to break his bonds. But to those who have served the Little God it will be no surprise to learn that it was on that very evening that he made his famous proposal to the assembled family, namely, that he and Cecelia should be really engaged like her Uncle Harry and Miss Merriam, and in a little while marry and set up housekeeping in the guest chamber.

"That's what Miss Merriam is going to do," he explained, "and Cissy's grandma is sorry, too; it doesn't leave her any place for company but the hall bedroom. But they've got to have the room, she s'poses."

"That will do, Richard! You are not to repeat everything you hear. And I am afraid I need the guest chamber. What should we do when Aunt Nannie comes?"

"Oh, Cissy could have her crib right in the room. She wouldn't mind Aunt Nannie," he replied superbly. "She always sleeps in a crib, and she always will. A bed scares her—she's afraid she'll fall out. I could sleep on the couch, like Christmas time!"

But in the manner of age the wide world over, they merely urged him to wait. There was plenty of time. Time! and she might be living in the house with them!

It was that very night that he reached the top of the wave, and justified the Little God's selection.

He came down to breakfast rapt and quiet. He salted his oatmeal by mistake and never knew the difference. His sister laughed derisively, and explained his folly to him as he swallowed the last spoonful, but he only smiled kindly at her. After his egg he spoke.

"I dreamed that it was dancing-school. And I went. And I was the only fellow there. And what do you think? *All the little girls were Cecelia!*"

They gasped.

"You don't suppose he'll be a poet, do you, Ritch? Or a genius, or anything?" his mother inquired anxiously.

"Lord, no!" his father returned. "I should say he was more likely to be a Mormon!"

Dick knew nothing of either class. But the Little God knew very well what he was, and was at that moment making out his diploma.

A YEAR OF NOBILITY.

By Henry van Dyke,
Author of "Little Rivers," "Fisherman's Luck," etc.

I.

ENTER, THE MARQUIS.

THE Marquis sat by the campfire peeling potatoes.

To look at him you never would have taken him for a marquis. His costume was a pair of corduroy trousers, a blue flannel shirt, patched at elbows with gray; lumberman's boots, flat-footed, shapeless, with loose leather legs strapped just below the knee, and wrinkled like the hide of an ancient rhinoceros; and a soft brown hat with several holes in the crown, as if it had done duty, at some time in its history, as an impromptu target in a shooting-match. A red woolen scarf twisted about his loins gave a touch of color and picturesqueness.

It was not exactly a court dress, but it sat well on the powerful sinewy figure of the man. He never gave a thought to his looks, but peeled his potatoes with a dexterity which betrayed a past-master of the humble art, and threw the skins into the fire.

"Look you, M'sieu'," he said to young Winthrop Alden, who sat on a fallen tree near him, mending the fly-rod which he had broken in the morning's fishing, "look you, it is an affair of the most strange, yet of the most certain. We have known always that ours was a good family. The name tells it. The Lamottes are of *la haute classe* in France. But here, in Canada, we are poor. Yet the good blood dies not with poverty. It is buried, hidden, but it remains the same. It is like these *pataques*. You plant good ones for seed: you get a good crop. You plant bad ones: you get a bad crop. But we did not know about the title in our family. No. We thought ours was a side-branch, an offshoot. It was a great surprise to us. But it is certain,—beyond a doubt."

Jean Lamotte's deep voice was quiet and steady. It had the tone of assured conviction. His bright blue eyes, above his ruddy moustache and bushy beard, were clear and tranquil as those of a child.

Alden was immensely interested and amused. He was a member of the Boston branch of the Society for Ancestral Culture, and he recognized the favorite tenet of his sect,—the doctrine that "blood will tell." He was also a Harvard man, knowing almost everything and believing hardly anything. Heredity was one of the few unquestioned articles of his creed. But the form in which the response to this confession of faith came to him, on the banks of the *Grande Décharge* from the lips of a somewhat ragged and distinctly illiterate Canadian guide, was grotesque enough to satisfy the most modern taste for new sensations. He listened with an air of gravity, and a delighted sense of the humor of the situation.

"How did you find it out?" he asked.

"Well, then," continued Jean, "I will tell you how the news came to me. It was at St. Gédéon, one Sunday last March. The snow was good and hard, and I drove in, ten miles, on the lake from our house opposite *Grosse Ile*. After mass, a man, evidently of the city, comes to me in the stable while I feed the horse, and salutes me.

"'Is this Jean Lamotte?'

"'At your service, M'sieu'.'

"'Son of François Louis Lamotte?'

"'Of no other. But he is dead, God give him repose.'

"'I been looking for you all through Charlevoix and Chicoutimi.'

"'Here you find me then, and good-day to you,' says I, a little short, for I was beginning to be shy of him.

"'Chut, chut,' says he, very friendly. 'I suppose you have time to talk a bit. How would you like to be a marquis and have a castle in France with a hundred thousand dollars?'

"For a moment I think I will lick him; then I laugh. 'Very well, indeed,' says I, 'and also a handful of stars for buckshot, and the new moon for a canoe.'

"'But no,' answers the man. 'I am earnest, Monsieur Lamotte; I want to talk a long talk with you. Do you permit that I accompany you to your residence?'

"Residence! You know that little farmhouse of logs where my mother lives—you

saw it last summer. But of course it is a pretty good house. It is clean. It is warm. So I bring the man home in the sleigh. All that evening he tells the story. How our name Lamotte is really De la Motte de la Lucière. How there belongs to that name an estate and a title in France, now thirty years with no one to claim it. How he, being an *avocat*, has remarked the likeness of the names. How he has tracked the family through Montmorency and Quebec, in all the parish books. How he finds my great-grandfather's great-grandfather, Etienne de La Motte, who came to Canada two hundred years ago, a younger son of the Marquis de la Lucière. How he has the papers, many of them, with red seals on them. I saw them. 'Of course,' says he, 'there are others of the family here to share the property. It must be divided. But it is large,—enormous, — millions of francs. And the largest share is yours, and the title, and a castle,—a castle larger than Price's saw-mill at Chicoutimi, with carpets and electric lights and colored pictures on the wall, like the hotel at Roberval.'

"When my mother heard that she was pleased. But me,—when I heard that I was a marquis, I knew it was true."

Jean's blue eyes were wide open now, and sparkingly bright. He had put down the pan of potatoes. He was holding his head up and talking eagerly.

Alden turned away his face to light his pipe and hide a smile. "Did he get,—any money,—out of you?" came slowly between the puffs of smoke.

"Money!" answered Jean. "Of course there must be money to carry on an affair of this kind. There was seventy dollars that I had cleaned up on the lumber job last winter, and the mother had forty dollars from the cows she sold in the fall. A hundred and ten dollars,—we gave him that. He has gone to France to make the claim for us. Next spring he comes back, and I give him a hundred dollars more; when I get my property five thousand dollars more. It is little enough. A marquis must not be mean."

Alden swore softly in English, under his breath. A rustic comedy, a joke on human nature, always pleased him; but beneath his cynical varnish he had a very honest heart, and he hated cruelty and injustice. He knew what a little money meant in the backwoods; what hard and bitter toil it cost to rake it together; what sacrifices and privations must follow its loss. If the smooth prospector of unclaimed estates in France had arrived at the camp on the *Grande Décharge* at that moment, Alden would have introduced him to the most unhappy hour of his life.

But with Jean Lamotte it was by no means so easy to deal. Alden perceived at once that ridicule would be worse than useless. The man was far too much in earnest. A jest about a marquis with holes in his hat? Yes, Jean would laugh at that very merrily, for he was a true *voyageur*. But a jest about the reality of the marquis? That struck him as almost profane. It was a fixed idea with him. Argument could not shake it. He had seen the papers. He knew it was true. All the strength of his vigorous and healthy manhood seemed to have gone into it suddenly, as if this was the news for which he had been waiting, unconsciously, since he was born.

It was not in the least morbid, visionary, abstract. It was concrete, actual, and, so far as Alden could see, wholesome. It did not make Jean despise his present life. On the contrary it appeared to lend a zest to it, as an interesting episode in the career of a nobleman. He was not restless; he was not discontented. His whole nature was at once elated and calmed. He was not at all feverish to get away from his familiar existence, from the woods and the waters he knew so well, from the large liberty of the unpeopled forest, the joyous rush of the great river, the splendid breadth of the open sky. Unconsciously these things had gone into his blood. Dimly he felt the premonitions of homesickness for them all. But he was lifted up to remember that the blood into which these things had entered was blue blood, and that though he lived in the wilderness, he really belonged to *la haute classe*. A breath of romance, a spirit of chivalry from the days when the high-spirited courtiers of Louis XIV. sought their fortune in the New World, seemed to pass into him. He spoke of it all with a kind of proud simplicity.

"It appears curious to M'sieu', no doubt, but it has been so in Canada from the beginning. There were many nobles here in the old time. Frontenac,—he was a Duke or a Prince. Denonville,—he was a *grand seigneur*. La Salle, Vaudreuil,—these were all noble, counts or barons, I know not the difference, but the curé has told me the names. And the old Jacques Cartier, the father of all, when he went home to France, I have heard that the King made him a lord and gave him a castle. Why not? He was a

capable man, a brave man; he could sail a big ship, he could run the rapids of the great river in his canoe. He could hunt the bear, the lynx, the carcajou. I suppose all these men—marquises and counts and barons—I suppose they all lived hard, and slept on the ground, and used the axe and the paddle when they came to the woods. It is not the fine coat that makes the noble. It is the good blood, the adventure, the brave heart."

"Magnificent!" thought Alden. "It is the real thing, a bit of the seventeenth century lost in the forest for 200 years. It is like finding an old rapier beside an Indian trail. I suppose the fellow may be the descendant of some gay young lieutenant of the regiment Carignan-Salières, who came out with De Tracy, or Courcelles. An amour with the daughter of a *habitant*,—a name taken at random,—who can unravel the skein? But here's the old thread of chivalry running through all the tangles, tarnished but unbroken."

This was what he said to himself. What he said to Jean was: "Well, Jean, you and I have been together in the woods for two summers now, and marquis or no marquis, I hope this is not going to make any difference between us."

"But certainly *not!*" answered Jean. "I am well content with M'sieu', as I hope M'sieu' is content with me. While I am *au bois*, I ask no better than to be your guide. Besides, I must earn those other hundred dollars for the payment in the spring."

Alden tried to make him promise to give nothing more to the lawyer until he had something sure to show for his money. But Jean was politely noncommittal on that point. It was evident that he felt the impossibility of meanness in a marquis. Why should he be sparing or cautious? That was for the merchant, not for the noble. A hundred, two hundred, three hundred dollars! What was that to an estate and a title? Nothing risk, nothing gain! He must live up to his rôle. Meantime he was ready to prove that he was the best guide on the *Grande Décharge*.

And so he was. There was not a man in all the Lake St. John country who knew the woods and waters as well as he did. Far up the great rivers Peribonca and Misstassini he had pushed his birch canoe, exploring the network of lakes and streams along the desolate height of land. He knew the Grand Brulé, where the bears roam in September on the fire-scarred hills among the wide, unharvested fields of blue-berries. He knew the hidden ponds and slow-creeping little rivers where the beavers build their dams, and raise their silent water-cities, like Venice lost in the woods. He knew the vast barrens, covered with stiff, silvery moss, where the caribou feed in the winter. On the *Décharge* itself—that tumultuous flood, never failing, never freezing, by which the great lake pours all its gathered waters in foam and fury down to the deep, still gorge of the Saguenay,—there Jean was at home. There was not a curl or eddy in the wild course of the river that he did not understand. The quiet little channels by which one could drop down behind the islands while the main stream made an impassable fall; the precise height of the water at which it was safe to run the *Rapide Gervais;* the point of rock on the brink of the *Grande Chûte* where the canoe must whirl swiftly in to the shore if you did not wish to go over the cataract; the exact force of the *tourniquet* that sucked downward at one edge of the rapid, and of the *bouillon* that boiled upward at the other edge, as if the bottom of the river were heaving, and the narrow line of the *filet d'eau* along which the birch-bark might shoot in safety; the treachery of the smooth, oily curves where the brown water swept past the edge of the cliff, silent, gloomy, menacing; the hidden pathway through the foam where the canoe could run out securely and reach a favorite haunt of the *ouananiche*, the fish that loves the wildest water—all these secrets were known to Jean. He read the river like a book. He loved it. He also respected it. He knew it too well to take liberties.

The camp, that June, was beside the *Rapide aux Cèdres*. A great ledge stretched across the river; the water came down in three leaps, brown above, golden at the edge, white where it fell. Below on the left bank, there was a little cove behind a high point of rocks, a curving beach of white sand, a gentle slope of ground, a tent half hidden among the birches and balsams. Down the river, the main channel narrowed and deepened. High banks hemmed it in on the left, iron-coasted islands on the right. It was a sullen, powerful, dangerous stream. Beyond that, in mid-river, the *Ile Maligne* reared its wicked head, scarred, bristling with skeletons of dead trees. On either side of it the river broke away into a long fury of rapids and falls, in which no boat could live.

It was there, on the point of the island, that the most famous fishing in the river

was found; and there Alden was determined to cast his fly before he went home. Ten days they had waited at the Cedars for the water to fall enough to make the passage to the island safe. At last Alden grew impatient. It was a superb morning,—sky like an immense blue gentian, air full of fragrance from a million bells of pink linnæa, sunshine flattering the great river,—a morning when danger and death seemed incredible.

"To-day we are going to the island, Jean; the water must be low enough now."

"Not yet, M'sieu'; I am sorry, but it is not yet."

Alden laughed rather unpleasantly. "I believe you are afraid. I thought you were a good canoeman."

"I am that," said Jean, quietly, "and therefore—well, it is the bad canoeman who is never afraid."

"But last September you took your monsieur to the island and gave him fine fishing. Why won't you do it for me? I believe you want to keep me away from this place and save it for him."

Jean's face flushed. "M'sieu' has no reason to say that of me. I beg that he will not repeat it."

Alden laughed again. He was somewhat irritated at Jean for taking the thing so seriously, for being so obstinate. On such a morning it was absurd. At least it would do no harm to make an effort to reach the island. If it proved impossible they could give it up. "All right, Jean," he said; "I'll take it back. You are only timid, that's all. François here will go down with me. We can manage the canoe together. You can stay at home and keep the camp. Eh, François?"

François, the second guide, was a mush of vanity and good-nature, with just sense enough to obey Jean's orders, and just jealousy enough to make him jump at a chance to show his independence. He would like very well to be first man for a day,—perhaps for the next trip if he had good luck. He grinned and nodded his head. "All ready, M'sieu'; I guess we can do it."

But while he was holding the canoe steady for Alden to step out to his place in the bow, Jean came down and pushed him aside. "Go away, dam' fool," he muttered, shoved the canoe out into the river, and jumped lightly to his own place in the stern.

Alden smiled to himself and said nothing for a while. When they were a mile or two down the river he remarked: "So I see you changed your mind, Jean. Do you think better of the river now?"

"No, M'sieu', I think the same."

"Well, then?"

"Because I must share the luck with you whether it is good or bad. It is no shame to have fear. The shame is not to face it. But one thing I ask of you."

"And that is?"

"Kneel as low in the canoe as you can, paddle steady, and do not dodge when a wave comes."

Alden was half inclined to turn back and give it up. But pride made it difficult to say the word. Besides, the fishing was sure to be superb; not a line had been wet there since last year. It was worth a little risk. The danger could not be so very great after all. How fair the river ran—a current of living topaz between banks of emerald! What but good luck could come on such a day?

The canoe was gliding down the last smooth stretch. He lifted his head, as they turned the corner, and for the first time saw the passage close before him. His face went white, and he set his teeth.

The river was cleft by the rocky point of the island into two branches. The left-hand branch dropped at once into a tumult of yellow foam and raved along the northern shore. The right-hand branch swerved away to the east, running with swift, silent fury. On the farther side of this desperate race of brown billows a huge whirlpool formed and dissolved every two or three minutes, now eddying round in a wide back-water into a rocky bay on the end of the island, now swept away by the rush of waves into the white rage of the rapids below.

There was the secret pathway. The trick was, to dart across the right-hand current at the proper moment, catch the rim of the whirlpool as it swung backward, and let it sweep you around to the end of the island. It was easy enough at low water. But now?

The smooth waves went crowding and shouldering down the slope as if they were running to a fight. The river rose and swelled with quick, uneven passion. The whirlpool was in its place one minute; the next, it was blotted out; everything rushed madly downward, and below was hell.

Jean checked the boat for a moment, quivering in the strong current, waiting for the *tourniquet* to form again. Five seconds—ten seconds—"Now!" he cried.

The canoe shot obliquely into the stream, driven by strong, quick strokes of the pad-

dles. It seemed almost to leap from wave to wave. All was going well. The edge of the whirlpool was near. Then came the crest of a larger wave, slap!—into the boat. Alden shrunk involuntarily from the cold water, and missed his stroke. An eddy caught the bow and shoved it out. The whirlpool receded, dissolved. The whole river rushed down upon the canoe and carried it away like a leaf.

Who says that thought is swift and clear in a moment like that? Who talks about the whole of a man's life passing before him in a flash of light? A flash of darkness! Thought is paralyzed, dumb. "What a fool!" "Good-by!" "If——" That is about all it can say. And if the moment is prolonged, it says the same thing over again, stunned, bewildered, impotent. Then? The rocking waves; the sinking boat; the roar of the fall; the swift overturn; the icy, blinding, strangling water. God!

Jean was flung shoreward. Instinctively he struck out, with the current and half across it, toward a point of rock. His foot touched bottom. He drew himself up and looked back. The canoe was sweeping past, bottom upward, Alden underneath it.

Jean thrust himself out into the stream again, still going with the current, but now away from shore. He gripped the canoe, flinging his arm over the stern. Then he got hold of the thwart and tried to turn it over. Too heavy! Groping underneath, he caught Alden by the shoulder and pulled him out. They would have gone down together but for the boat.

"Hold on tight," gasped Jean; "put your arm over the canoe—the other side!"

Alden, half-dazed, obeyed him. The torrent carried the dancing, slippery canoe past another point. Just below it there was a little eddy.

"Now," cried Jean—"the back-water—strike for the land!"

They touched the black, gliddery rocks. They staggered out of the water—waist-deep, knee-deep, ankle-deep, falling and rising again. They crawled up on the warm moss.

The first thing that Alden noticed was the line of bright red spots on the wing of a cedar-bird fluttering silently through the branches of the tree above him. He lay still and watched it, wondering that he had never before observed those brilliant sparks of color on the little brown bird. Then he wondered what made his legs ache so. Then he saw Jean, dripping wet, sitting on a stone and looking down the river.

He got up painfully and went over to him. He put his hand on the man's shoulder.

"Jean, you saved my life. I thank you, Marquis!"

"M'sieu'," said Jean, springing up, "I beg you not to mention it. It was nothing. A narrow shave, but *la bonne chance!* And after all, you were right,—we got to the island! But now how to get off?"

II.

AN ALLIANCE OF RIVALS.

Yes, of course they got off—the next day. At the foot of the island, two miles below, there is a place where the water runs quieter, and a *bateau* can cross from the main shore. François was frightened when the others did not come back in the evening. He made his way around to St. Joseph d'Alma and got a boat to come up and look for their bodies. He found them on the shore, alive and very hungry. But all that has nothing to do with the story.

Nor does it make any difference how Alden spent the rest of his summer in the woods, what kind of fishing he had, or what moved him to leave five hundred dollars with Jean when he went away. That is all padding: leave it out. The first point of interest is what Jean did with the money. A suit of clothes, a new stove, and a set of kitchen utensils for the log house opposite *Grosse Ile:* a trip to Quebec, a little game of *blof Américain* in the back room of the Hôtel du Nord,—that was the end of the money.

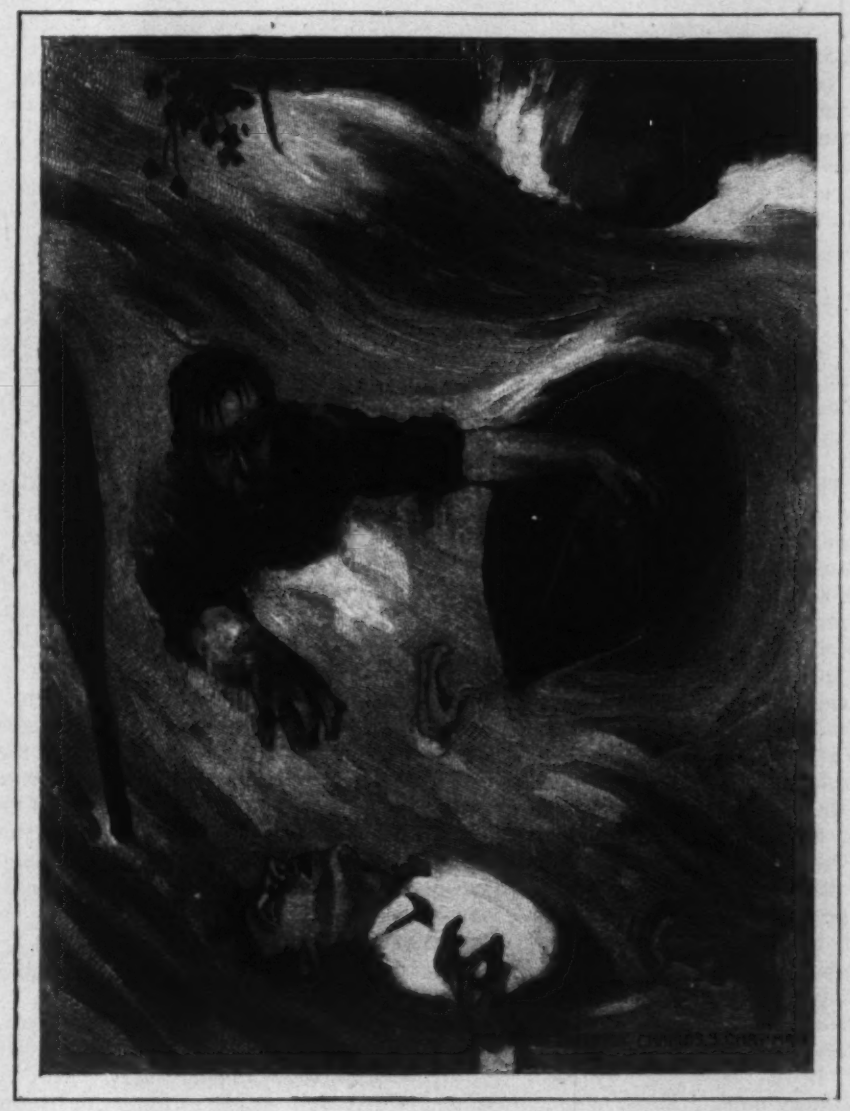
This is not a Sunday-school story. Jean was no saint. Even as a hero he had his weak points. But after his own fashion, he was a pretty good kind of a marquis. He took his headache the next morning as a matter of course, and his empty pocket as a trick of fortune. With the nobility, he knew very well, such things often happen; but the nobility do not complain about it. They go ahead as if it were a bagatelle.

Before the week was out Jean was on his way to a lumber-shanty on the St. Maurice River, to cook for a crew of thirty men all winter.

The cook's position in camp is curious—half menial, half superior. It is no place for a feeble man. But a cook who is strong in the back and quick with his fists can make his office much respected. Wages, forty

dollars a month; duties, to keep the pea-soup kettle always hot and the bread-pan always full, to stand the jokes of the camp up to a certain point, and after that to whip two or three of the most active humorists.

came into the camp,—a big, black-haired fellow from Three Rivers,—Pierre Lamotte *dit* Théophile. With him it was different. There seemed to be something serious in his jests about "the marquis." It was not



"THE ROCKING WAVES; THE SINKING BOAT; THE ROAR OF THE FALL; THE SWIFT OVERTURN; THE ICY, BLINDING, STRANGLING WATER. GOD!"

Jean performed all his duties to perfect satisfaction. Naturally most of the jokes turned upon his great expectations. With two of the principal jokers he had exchanged the usual and conclusive form of repartee,—flattened them out literally. The ordinary *badinage* he did not mind in the least; it rather pleased him.

But about the first of January a new hand

fun; it was mockery; always on the edge of anger. He acted as if he would be glad to make Jean ridiculous in any way.

Finally the matter came to a head. Something happened to the soup one Sunday morning—tobacco probably. Certainly the mess was very bad, only fit to throw away; and the whole camp was mad. It was not really Pierre who played the trick; but it was

he who sneered that the camp would be better off if the cook knew less about castles and more about cooking. Jean answered that what the camp needed was to get rid of a *badreux* who thought it was a joke to poison the soup. Pierre took this as a personal allusion, and requested him to discuss the question outside. But before the discussion began he made some general remarks about the character and pretensions of Jean.

"A marquis!" said he. "This *bagoulard* gives himself out for a marquis! He is nothing of the kind—a rank humbug. There is a title in the family, an estate in France, it is true. But it is mine. I have seen the papers. I have paid money to the lawyer. I am waiting now for him to arrange the matter. This man knows nothing about it. He is a fraud. I will fight him now and settle the matter."

If a bucket of ice-water had been thrown over Jean he could not have cooled off more suddenly. He was dazed. Another marquis? This was a complication he had never dreamed of. It overwhelmed him like an avalanche. He must have time to dig himself out of this difficulty.

"But stop," he cried, "you go too fast. This is more serious than a pot of soup. I must hear about this. Let us talk first, Pierre, and afterwards——"

The camp was delighted. It was a fine comedy—two fools instead of one. The men pricked up their ears and clamored for a full explanation, a debate in open court.

But that was not Jean's way. He had made no secret of his expectations, but he did not care to confide all the details of his family history to a crowd of fellows who would probably not understand and would certainly laugh. Pierre was wrong of course, but at least he was in earnest. That was something.

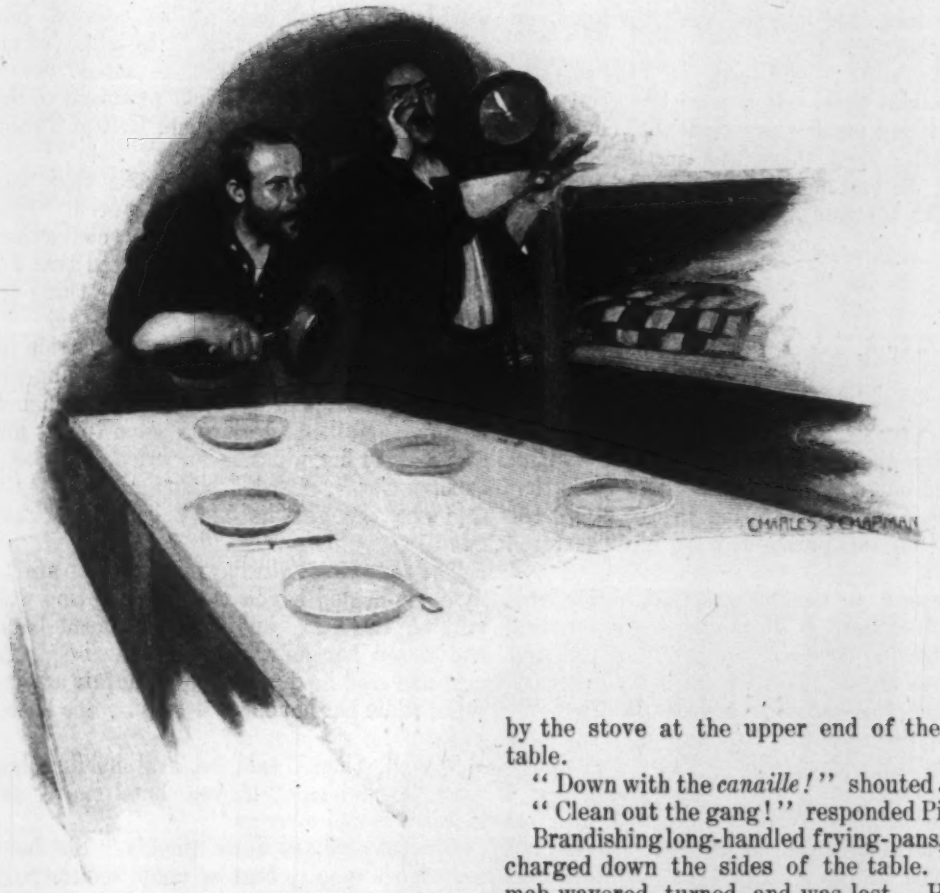
"This affair is between Pierre and me," said Jean. "We shall speak of it by ourselves."

In the snow-muffled forest, that afternoon, where the great tree-trunks rose like pillars of black granite from a marble floor, and the branches of spruce and fir wove a dark green roof above their heads, these two stray shoots of a noble stock tried to untangle their family history. It was little that they knew about it. They could get back to their grandfathers, but beyond that the trail was rather blind. Where they crossed neither Jean nor Pierre could tell. In fact, both of their minds had been empty vessels for the plausible lawyer to fill, and he had filled them with various and windy stuff. There were discrepancies and contradictions, denials and disputes, flashes of anger and clouds of suspicion. But through all the voluble talk, somehow or other, the two men were drawing closer together. Pierre felt Jean's force of character, his air of natural leadership, his *bonhomme*. He thought, "It was a shame for that lawyer to trick such a fine fellow with the story that he was the heir of the family." Jean, for his part, was impressed by Pierre's simplicity and firmness of conviction. He thought, "What a mean thing for that lawyer to fool such an innocent as this into supposing himself the inheritor of the title." What never occurred to either of them was the idea that the lawyer had deceived them both. That was not to be dreamed of. To admit such a thought would have seemed to them like throwing away something of great value which they had just found. The family name, the papers, the links of the genealogy which had been so convincingly set forth—all this had made an impression on their imagination, stronger than any logical argument. But which was the marquis? That was the question.

"Look here," said Jean at last, "of what value is it that we fight? We are cousins. You think I am wrong. I think you are wrong. But one of us must be right. Who can tell? There will certainly be something for both of us. Blood is stronger than currant juice. Let us work together and help each other. You come home with me when this job is done. The lawyer returns to St. Gédéon in the spring. He will know. We can see him together. If he has fooled you, you can do what you like to him. When—*pardon*, I mean if—I get the title, I will do the fair thing by you. You shall do the same by me. Is it a bargain?"

On this basis the compact was made. The camp was much amazed, not to say disgusted, because there was no fight. Well-meaning efforts were made at intervals through the winter to bring on a crisis. But nothing came of it. The rival claimants had pooled their stock. They acknowledged the tie of blood, and ignored the clash of interests. Together they faced the fire of jokes and stood off the crowd; Pierre frowning and belligerent, Jean smiling and scornful. Practically, they bossed the camp. They were the only men who always shaved on Sunday morning. This was regarded as foppish.

The popular disappointment deepened into



"'DOWN WITH THE *CANAILLE!*' SHOUTED JEAN. 'CLEAN OUT THE GANG!' RESPONDED PIERRE."

a general sense of injury. In March, when the cut of timber was finished, and the logs were all hauled to the edge of the river, to lie there until the ice should break and the "drive" begin, the time arrived for the camp to close. The last night, under the inspiration drawn from sundry bottles which had been smuggled in to celebrate the occasion, a plan was concocted in the stables to humble "the nobility" with a grand display of humor. Jean was to be crowned as marquis with a bridle and blinders; Pierre was to be anointed as count, with a dipperful of harness oil; after that the fun would be impromptu.

The impromptu part of the programme began earlier than it was advertised. Some whisper of the plan had leaked through the chinks of the wall between the shanty and the stable. When the crowd came shambling into the cabin, snickering and nudging one another, Jean and Pierre were standing by the stove at the upper end of the long table.

"Down with the *canaille!*" shouted Jean.

"Clean out the gang!" responded Pierre.

Brandishing long-handled frying-pans, they charged down the sides of the table. The mob wavered, turned, and was lost. Helter skelter they fled, tumbling over one another in their haste to escape. The lamp was smashed. The benches were upset. In the smoky hall a furious din arose, as if Sir Galahad and Sir Percivale were once more hewing their way through the castle of Carteloise. Fear fell upon the multitude, and they cried aloud grievously in their dismay. The blows of the weapons echoed mightily in the darkness, and the two knights laid about them grimly and with great joy. The door was too narrow for the flight. Some of the men crept under the lowest berths; others hid beneath the table. Two, endeavoring to escape by the windows, stuck fast, exposing a broad and undefended mark to the pursuers. Here the last strokes of the conflict were delivered.

"One for the marquis!" cried Jean, bringing down his weapon with a sounding whack.

"Two for the count!" cried Pierre, making his pan crack like the blow of a beaver's tail when he dives.

Then they went out into the snowy night, and sat down together on the sill of the

stable-door, and laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks.

"My faith!" said Jean. "That was like the ancient time. It is from the good wood that strong paddles are made, eh, cousin?" And after that there was a friendship between the two men that could not have been cut with the sharpest axe in Quebec.

III.

A HAPPY ENDING, WHICH IS ALSO A BEGINNING.

The plan of going back to St. Gédéon, to wait for the return of the lawyer, was not carried out. Several of the little gods that use their own indiscretion in arranging the pieces on the puzzle-map of life interfered with it.

The first to meddle was that highly irresponsible deity with the bow and arrows, who has no respect for rank or age, but reserves all his attention for sex.

When the camp on the St. Maurice dissolved, Jean went down with Pierre to Three Rivers for a short visit. There was a snug house on a high bank above the river, a couple of miles from the town. A wife and an armful of children gave assurance that the race of La Motte de la Lucière should not die out on this side of the ocean.

There was also a little sister-in-law, Alma Grenou. If you had seen her you would not have wondered at what happened. Eyes like a deer, face like a Mayflower, voice like the "D" string of a 'cello—she was the picture of Drummond's girl in "The Habitant":

> She's nicer girl on whole comte, an' jus' got eighteen year—
> Black eye, black hair, and cheek rosee dat's lak wan Fameuse on de fall;
> But don't spik much,—not of dat kin',—I can't say she love me at all.

With her Jean plunged into love. It was not a gradual approach, like gliding down a smooth stream. It was not a swift descent, like running a lively rapid. It was a veritable plunge, like going over a *chûte*. He did not know precisely what had happened to him at first; but he knew very soon what to do about it.

The return to Lake St. John was postponed till a more convenient season. After the snow had melted and the ice had broken up—probably the lawyer would not make his visit before that. If he arrived sooner, he would come back again; he wanted his money, that was certain. Besides, what was more likely than that he should come also to see Pierre? He had promised to do so. At all events they would wait at Three Rivers for a while.

The first week Jean told Alma that she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. She tossed her head and expressed a conviction that he was joking. She suggested that he was in the habit of saying the same thing to every girl.

The second week he made a long stride in his wooing. He took her out sleighing on the last remnant of the snow—very thin and bumpy—and utilized the occasion to put his arm around her waist. She cried, "*Laisse-moi tranquille*, Jean!" boxed his ears, and said she thought he must be out of his mind.

The following Saturday afternoon he craftily came behind her in the stable as she was milking the cow, and bent her head back and kissed her on the face. She began to cry, and said he had taken an unfair advantage, while her hands were busy. She hated him.

"Well, then," said he, still holding her warm shoulders, "if you hate me, I am going home to-morrow."

The sobs calmed down quickly. She bent herself forward so that he could see the rosy nape of her neck with the curling tendrils of brown hair around it.

"But," she said, "but, Jean—do you love me for sure?"

After that the path was level, easy, and very quick. On Sunday afternoon the priest was notified that his services would be needed for a wedding the first week in May. Pierre's consent was genial and hilarious. The marriage suited him exactly. It was a family alliance. It made everything move smooth and certain. The property would be kept together.

But the other little interfering gods had not yet been heard from. One of them, who had special charge of what remained of the soul of the dealer in unclaimed estates, put it into his head to go to Three Rivers first instead of St. Gédéon.

He had a good many clients in different parts of the country—temporary clients, of course—and it occurred to him that he might as well extract another fifty dollars from Pierre Lamotte *dit* Théophile, before going on a longer journey. On his way down from Montreal he stopped in several small towns and slept in beds of various quality.

Another of the little deities (the one that presides over unclean villages; decidedly a false god, but sufficiently powerful) arranged a surprise for the traveling lawyer. It came out at Three Rivers.

He arrived about nightfall, and slept at the hotel, feeling curiously depressed. The next morning he was worse; but he was a resolute and industrious dog, after his own fashion. So he hired a buggy and drove out through the mud to Pierre's place. They heard the wagon stop at the gate, and went out to see who it was.

The man was hardly recognizable: face pale, lips blue, eyes dull, teeth chattering.

"Get me out of this," he muttered, "I am dying. God's sake, be quick!"

They helped him to the house, and he immediately went into a convulsion. From this he passed into a raging fever. Pierre took the buggy and drove post haste to town for a doctor.

The doctor's opinion was evidently serious, but his remarks were non-committal.

"Keep him in this room. Give him ten drops of this in water every hour. One of these powders if he becomes violent. One of you must stay with him all the time. Only one, you understand. The rest keep away. I will come back in the morning."

In the morning the doctor's face was yet more grave. He examined the patient carefully. Then he turned to Jean, who had acted as nurse.

"I thought so," said he; "you must all be vaccinated immediately. There is still

"'BUT, JEAN—DO YOU LOVE ME FOR SURE?'"

"HE TOLD JEAN A LONG STORY, PART TRUTH, PART LIE."

time, I hope. But what to do with this gentleman, God knows. We can't send him back to the town. He has the smallpox."

That was a pretty prelude to a wedding festival. They were all at their wits' end. While the doctor scratched their arms, they discussed the situation, excitedly and with desperation. Jean was the first to stop chattering and begin to think.

"There is that old *cabane* of Poulin's up the road. It is empty these three years. But there is a good spring of water. One could patch the roof at one end and put up a stove."

"Good!" said the doctor. "But some one to take care of him? It will be a long job, and a bad one."

"I am going to do that," said Jean; "it is my place. This gentleman cannot be left to die in the road. *Le bon Dieu* did not send him here for that. The head of the family"—here he stopped a moment and looked at Pierre, who was silent—"must take the heavy end of the job, and I am ready for it."

"Good!" said the doctor again. But Alma was crying in the corner of the room.

Four weeks, five weeks, six weeks the vigil in the *cabane* lasted. The last patches of snow disappeared from the fields one night, as if winter had picked up its rags and vanished. The willows along the brook turned yellow; the grass greened around the spring. Scarlet buds flamed on the swamp maples. A tender mist of foliage spread over the woodlands. The choke cherries burst into a glory of white blossoms. The bluebirds came back fluting love-songs; and the robins caroling ballads of joy, impetuous and unfinished; and the blackbirds creaking merrily.

The priest came once and saw the sick man, but everything was going well. It was not necessary to run any extra risks. Every week after that he came and leaned on the fence, talking with Jean in the doorway. When he went away he always lifted three fingers—so—you know the sign? It is a very pleasant one, and it did Jean's heart good.

Pierre kept the *cabane* well supplied with provisions, leaving them just inside of the gate. But with the milk and the bread it was necessary to be a little careful; so the can was kept in a place by itself, under the out-of-door oven, in the shade. And beside this can Jean would find, every day, something particular—a blossom of the red geranium that bloomed in the farmhouse window, a piece of cake with plums in it, a bunch of trailing arbutus; once it was a little bit of blue ribbon, tied in a certain square knot—

so—perhaps you know that sign, too? That also did Jean's heart good.

But what kind of conversation was there in the *cabane* when the sick man's delirium had passed and he knew what had happened to him? Not much at first, for the man was too weak. After he began to get stronger, he was thinking a great deal, fighting with himself. In the end he came out pretty well—for a lawyer of his kind. Perhaps he was anxious to leave the man whom he had deceived, and who had nursed him back from death, some fragment, as much as possible, of the dream that brightened his life. Perhaps he was only anxious to save as much as he could of his own reputation. At all events, this is what he did.

He told Jean a long story, part truth, part lie, about his investigations. The estate and the title were in the family: that was certain. Jean was the probable heir, if there was any heir: that was almost sure. The part about Pierre had been a—well, a mistake. But the trouble with the whole affair was this. A law made in the days of Napoleon limited the time for which an estate could remain unclaimed. A certain number of years, and then the government took everything. That number of years had just passed. By the old law Jean was probably a marquis with a castle. By the new law? Frankly, he could not advise a client to incur any more expense. In fact, he intended to return the amount already paid. A hundred and ten dollars, was it not? Yes, and fifty dollars for the six weeks of nursing. *Voilà*, a draft on Montreal, a hundred and sixty dollars—as good as gold! And beside that, there was the incalculable debt for this great kindness to a sick man, for which he would always be M. de la Motte's grateful debtor!

The lawyer's pock-marked face—the scars still red and angry—lit up with a curious mixed light of shrewdness and gratitude. Jean was somewhat moved. His castle was in ruins. But he remained noble—by the old law—that was something!

A few days later the doctor pronounced it safe to move the patient and came with a carriage to fetch him. Jean, well-fumigated and dressed in a new suit of clothes, walked down the road beside them to the farmhouse gate. There Alma met him with both hands. His eyes embraced her. The air of June was radiant about them. The fragrance of the woods breathed itself over the broad valley. A song sparrow poured his heart out from a blossoming lilac. The world was large, and free, and very good. And between the lovers there was nothing but a little gate.

"I understand," said the doctor, smiling, as he tightened up the reins—"I understand that there is a title in your family, M. de la Motte, in effect that you are a marquis?"

"It is true," said Jean, turning his head; "at least so I think."

"So do I," said the doctor. "But you had better go in, *Monsieur le Marquis*; you keep *Madame la Marquise* waiting."

NIGHT.

By Paul Kester.

The wind awakes
And haunts the hills,
And drives the dust
Before it
Through the sleeping town.
The night is dark,
The fields come nearer
And the woods advance,
Cloaking the land
In double mystery.
The sleepless river
Shivers as it goes
And whispers to the bridges overhead.
The pines are moaning
On the hills, among the graves
A specter wanders up
Above the town,
And I go homeward
Unafraid, yet fearful
Of the baying hound,
Dreading the echo of my footsteps,
Glad of dim lamplight
And a door
That opens to my hand.

THE MAN WHO WON.

By Edwin Lefèvre,

Author of "The Woman and Her Bonds," "Pike's Peak or Bust," etc.

"BROWN," said Mr. John P. Greener, as he turned away from the ticker in the corner, "I wish you would go over to the Board and see how the market is for Iowa Midland. Find out how much stock there is for sale and who has it. It ought to be pretty well distributed about the Street."

"What's up in it?" asked his partner, curiously.

"Nothing — yet," answered Greener, quietly.

He sat down at his desk and took up a letter, headed "President's Office, Keokuk & Northern Railway Company, Keokuk, Iowa." When he had finished the entire sixteen closely-written pages, he arose and paced slowly up and down his office.

He was a sallow-faced, black-bearded little man, slender—almost frail looking—with a high but rather narrow forehead. His eyes were furtive, shifty bits of brown light. He was thinking, and thinking to some purpose. Any one, even a stranger, seeing him, would have known that he was thinking of something big—the forehead was responsible for the impression; and also of something tricky, unscrupulous, cold-blooded—his eyes were to blame there. At length his brow cleared. He muttered: "I must have that road. Then, a consolidation with my Keokuk & Northern; and a new system that will endure as long as the country!"

Brown returned in a half-hour and reported. There was very little stock for sale below $42 a share—a few small lots held by unimportant commission houses. The vendible supply increased at 44, and at 46 "inside stock would come out," which, translated into plain English, meant that whenever the price of Iowa Midland Railway Company stock rose to $46 per share, directors of the company or close friends of theirs would be found willing to part with their holdings. It was thus evident that the greater part of such stock of the Iowa Midland as the Street was "carrying" speculatively was not for sale at such a price as would be regarded in the light of a great bargain by Mr. John F. Greener, president *de facto* of the rival Keokuk & Northern Railway, but better known to countless "lambs" and widows and orphans and brother-financiers as the Napoleon of the Street.

"Any supporting orders?" piped Greener. (Stocks are "supported," or bought on declines, so that the price shall not go down too much, and above all not too quickly.)

"Bagley has orders to buy 300 shares every quarter of a point down until 37 is reached, and then to take 5,000 shares at that figure. He got them direct from Willetts himself." Bagley was a broker who made a specialty of dealing in Iowa Midland. Willetts was the president of the company.

"Willetts," squeaked Greener, "was in Council Bluffs this morning. He is to take part in the ceremonies of unveiling the Soldiers' Monument, which begin at one o'clock —that is, within twenty minutes, allowing for difference in time. He will be out of the reach of the telegraph for the afternoon."

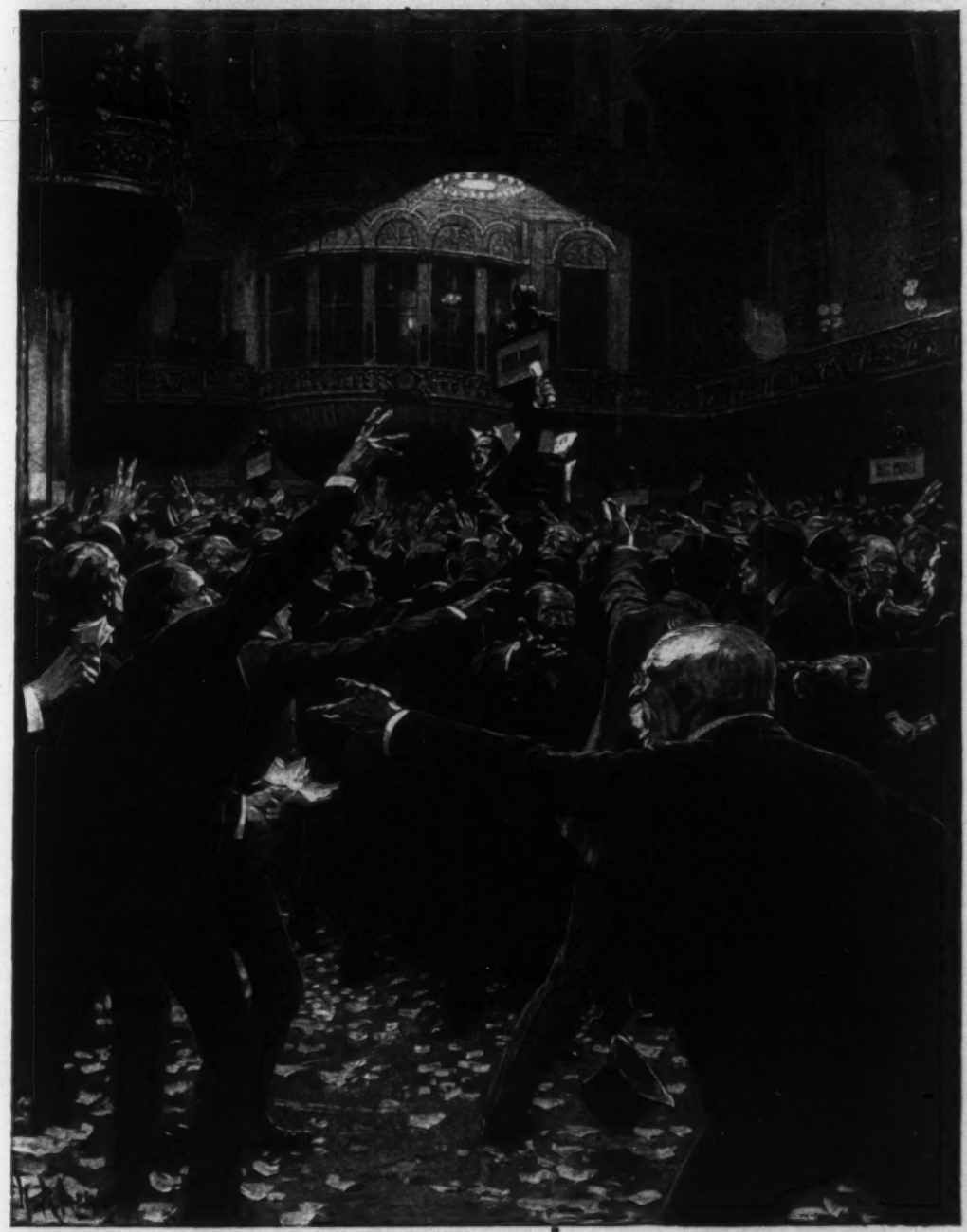
Brown laughed. "No wonder they are afraid of you."

"Brown," said Greener, "start the movement by selling 10,000 shares of Iowa Midland. Divide it up among the boys on the floor. It would be well if the room were frightened by the selling. It is more important for us to get the price down than to put out shorts at high figures. I want that stock down." If he had merely desired to sell the stock "short" he would have gone about it carefully, to disturb the price as little as possible.

"If you want that I think you'll get it," said Brown. As he was going out Mr. Greener squeaked after him: "Keep them guessing, Brown; keep them guessing."

"That," mused Mr. John F. Greener, "ought to mean a three or four-point break in Iowa Midland at the very least, and perhaps we can work through the peg at 37. We'll see." By the "peg" he meant the figure at which the supporting orders to buy were heaviest.

A few minutes later the Iowa Midland "post" on the floor of the Stock Exchange was surrounded by a dozen puzzled and apprehensive but gentlemanly brokers. And still a few minutes later the same spot was a seething whirlpool of maniacal humanity. It was appalling, the sight of these gesticulating, yelling, fighting, coat-tearing, fisticuffing brokers—appalling and vulgar, selfish, unpleasant, ungentlemanly but eminently typical. And all that caused the transformation was the fact that Mr. Brown had been seen whispering to Harry Wilson, and Harry Wilson had left him, gone to the Iowa Midland crowd, and sold 1,000 shares at 42⅜ and 42. Then Mr. Brown had been seen speaking with W. G. Carleton in what struck witnesses as being a more or less agitated



"A SEETHING WHIRLPOOL OF MANIACAL HUMANITY."

manner, and later Carleton had sauntered carelessly over to the Iowa Midland precinct, and, after displaying great, very great, indifference about the world in general, but most particularly about the market for Iowa Midland, had sold 1,500 shares to Bagley, the specialist, at 41¾, 41⅝, and 41½. Mr. Brown was now watched by two or three scores of sharp eyes, all having the same expression. And he was observed to look about him apprehensively and then begin to converse with Frank J. Pratt; whereupon Pratt, as fast as his fat legs would carry him, hastened to "Iowa Midland" and sold 2,000 shares at an average price of 41. The observant eyes had by this taken on a new expression—of indecision; but when they beheld Mr. Brown anxiously beckon to his "particular" friend, Dan Simpson, and saw shrill-voiced Dan rush like mad into the increasing crowd and sell 5,000 shares of Iowa Midland, apparently regardless of price, the observant eyes ceased to observe Brown. Activity was transferred to their owners' throats as they thought to emulate Simpson and the rest of the Brown "whisperees," as Brown called them when speaking to Greener. Everybody scented danger, especially as the same "whisperees" had not "given up" the name of Brown & Greener as the real sellers, but had sold as though each Brown-talked man was acting for himself—which every other man in the room knew was out of the question, and which, in turn, increased the general uneasiness. It was a confident and yet a mystifying movement. It became more maddeningly perplexing when certain brokers, believed to be "close to the inside," also began to sell the stock. Everybody started to do likewise. And everybody asked the same question—"What's the matter?"—and received an avalanche of answers, all different but all unfavorable. One man said it was crop failures, another mentioned divers kinds of bugs, a third asserted it was extensive wash-outs and ruinous landslides, and bankrupting attacks by a socialistic legislature, and receivership probabilities.

Each of these was a good and sufficient reason why Iowa Midland stock should be sold. The comparison is odiously trite, but the growth of an adverse rumor in Wall Street really resembles nothing so much as the traditional snowball rolling down a hillside and becoming larger and larger as it rolls, until it is huge, terrific, with appalling possibilities for evil.

The Board Room became Iowa-Midland-mad. Speculators often stampede—just like other animals. No stock can withstand their rush to sell, even though it be "protected" or "supported" by its manipulators, much less a stock like Iowa Midland, whose market sponsor was out of town, and out of reach of the telegraph.

From all over the room men rushed to Brown, who was sitting calmly at the Erie "post," chatting pleasantly with a friend.

"Brown, what's up in Iowa Midland?" one of them asked, feverishly. The others listened eagerly.

Brown might have said, "I don't know," rudely, and turned his back on them. But he did not. He responded jocularly: "It seems to me that something is down in Iowa Midland, that something being about three points, I should say. Ha! ha!"

By this time nearly all the listeners had concluded that, since Brown refused to tell, there must be something serious—something very serious. Brown obviously was still selling the stock through other brokers, and would keep the bad news to himself until he had marketed his "line." After that, probably he would become interestingly garrulous. They therefore advised their respective offices to get rid of their Iowa Midland stock. It might be all right; but it might be all wrong. And it was going down fast.

Mr. Greener in his office was looking at the "tape" as it came out of the little electrical printing machine that records the transactions and prices.

The sallow-faced little man permitted himself a slight—a very slight—smile. The tape showed: "IA. MID., 1000. 39; 300. 38¾; 500. ⅝; 300. ½; 200. ⅜; ¼; 300. 38."

He turned away to summon a clerk, to whom he said: "Mr. Rock, please send for Mr. Coolidge. Make haste."

"Very well, sir."

A portly, white-waistcoated, white-haired man, with snow-white, short-cropped side whiskers, burst unceremoniously into the room.

"How do you do, Mr. Ormiston?" squeaked Greener, cordially.

"Greener," panted the portly man, "what's the matter with Iowa Midland?"

"How should I know?" in a half-complaining, half-petulant squeak.

"Brown started the selling. I saw it myself. Greener, I did you a good turn once in Central District Telegraph. I'm long 6,000 shares of this Iowa Midland. For God's sake, man, if you know anything——"

"Mr. Ormiston, all I know is what I learn

"'GREENER,' PANTED THE PORTLY MAN, 'WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH IOWA MIDLAND?'"

from my confidential reports of the Iowa crop. Along the line of the Keokuk & Northern the crop is not what I hoped for." And he shook his head dolefully.

"*Ticky-ticky-ticky tick!*" said the ticker, calmly.

The portly man approached the little machine. "Thirty-seven-and-an-eighth. Thirty-seven!" he shouted. "Great Scott! she's going down like a—" He did not finish the comparison, but rushed out of the office without pausing to say good-by. At one o'clock his 6,000 shares at $42\frac{1}{2}$ represented $255,000. Now, at two o'clock, at $37, the same stock would fetch about $222,000. A depreciation of $33,000 in an hour is apt to make one neglectful of the little niceties. An additional un-nicety was the obvious fact that an attempt to sell 6,000 shares on a declining market would inevitably cause a still further drop. Mr. Ormiston was excusable.

Again Mr. Greener summoned a confidential clerk.

"Mr. Rock," he squeaked, placidly, "telephone Mr. Brown that Ormiston, Monkhouse & Co. are about to sell 6,000 shares of Iowa Midland and that Mr. Coolidge must not pay more than 35 for it."

"Mr. Coolidge is in your private room, sir," announced an office boy.

The little financier, with an expressionless, sallow face, confronted his chief confidential broker. Their relations were unsuspected by the Street. Everybody thought Coolidge was a pleasant and honorable man.

"Coolidge, go to the Board at once. Ormiston is going to sell 6,000 shares of Iowa Midland. Get it as cheap as you can. Don't be in a hurry, though."

"How much shall I buy?" asked the broker, jotting down a few figures in his order book.

"As much as you can; all that is offered below 37," squeaked the Napoleon of the Street. It was a Napoleonic order. "And, Coolidge, I don't want this known by any one. Clear the stock yourself." It meant that Mr. Coolidge was to put the stock through the Clearing House in his own name. As there is a charge for this service, in addition to the usual buying or selling commission, such steps are not resorted to unless it is desired to conceal the identity of the broker's principal, should the latter be a fellow-member of the Exchange.

"Very well, Mr. Greener. Good morning." And the broker went out on a run. "Whew!" he whistled when he was in the Street on his way to the Stock Exchange, a few doors below. "Brown & Greener must be short at least 50,000 or 60,000 shares." This was five times too much. But it showed that Mr. Greener was impartial in his distribution of erroneous impressions. He wanted to accumulate the stock rather than "cover" a short line; but there was no reason why even his most trusted broker should know it.

Ormiston's 6,000 shares found their way to Mr. Coolidge's office at from 34⅞ to 35¾. Mr. Brown in the meantime had succeeded in forcing down the prices by the usual tricks. The man who once had done Greener a good turn now did him another—the gift of $40,000!

In addition, Coolidge, employing several brokers, purchased 23,000 shares in all, which meant that Mr. Greener, after "covering" Brown's early "short sales," was in possession of fully 14,000 shares of the common stock of the Iowa Midland Railway Company, at a price averaging nearly 6 points lower than they could have been bought on the preceding day, which is to say $75,000 cheaper.

But Brown & Greener had made as much on their short sales, which was actually equivalent to having the lambs pay a man for the privilege of being shorn by him!

Such was the first of a series of skirmishes by means of which the diminutive Napoleon of the Street captured the floating supply of Iowa Midland stock, until he had no less than 65,000 shares safe in his clutches.

All the old tricks that he knew and new devices he invented were used to hide from the Street the fact that Mr. Greener was buying the stock on every opportunity. But beyond a certain limit extensive purchases of a particular stock cannot be concealed from the thousand shrewd men who make their living—a very good living, indeed—by not being blind. First one thing, then another, told these men that some powerful financier or group of financiers had bought enormously of Iowa Midland, "absorbing" unostentatiously all the stock shaken out by the violent fluctuations of the past few months. This fact and the remarkable improvement of business along the line of the road caused a "substantial rise" in the price of the company's securities. But no one suspected the little Napoleon with the shifty eyes and the squeak and the genius, who had bought in the open market, through unsuspected brokers, and in Iowa from the local holders, by means of secret agents, until he had accumulated 78,600 shares.

Brown said to his partner one day, a little uneasily: "Supposing we can't get any more stock, what are we going to do with what we have?" To try to sell it, however carefully, would be sure to break the market.

"Brown," squeaked the little man, plaintively, "I have concluded that in case I can't get enough stock to bring Willetts and his crowd"—the president of the Iowa Midland and his fellow-directors—"to my way of thinking, we had better sell the block we now hold to the Keokuk & Northern Railway Company at the market price of $68 a share. Perhaps we could even run it up a little higher. Our stock cost us on an average $51 a share. We could take our payment one-half in cash and half in first mortgage bonds at a fair discount. The deal would be highly beneficial to the Keokuk & Northern Company, since, having such a large block of

her rival's stock, there would be no more fighting and rate-cutting. Our company would be a powerful factor in the Iowa Midland's affairs, for we ought to have two or possibly three directors in their board."

"Greener," said Brown, "shake!"

"Oh, no; not yet," squeaked the little man, deprecatingly.

Shortly afterward began a campaign of hostility against the management of the Iowa Midland Railway Company and President Willetts in particular. It was a bitter campaign of defamation, of ingenious accusations, and of alarming prognostications. All the newspapers, important or obscure, subsidized or honest, began to print articles of the kind technically known as "roasts." The road, it was declared, had escaped a receivership by a sheer miracle. President Willetts's incompetence was stupendous and incurable. There was, in sooth, some basis for the complaints, and many stockholders were undoubtedly dissatisfied with the Willetts "dynasty." But not even the newspapers themselves knew that they were merely moving in response to wires artistically pulled by a financial genius of the first water. The stock once more declined. Not knowing who was fighting him, President Willetts was unable to defend himself effectively. Many timid or disgusted holders sold out. Mr. Greener gave no sign of life; but his brokers bought the stock offered for sale.

"'TEN THOUSAND FOR WHAT MIGHT BE WORTH TEN MILLIONS!'"

At length a well-known and talkative broker confided to an intimate friend, who told his intimate friend in confidence, who whispered to his chum, who told, etc., etc., that Mr. John F. Greener had been responsible for the fall and rise of Iowa Midland stock; that for months he had been buying it on the Stock Exchange; that he had quietly picked up some large blocks in Iowa. All of which was very sad, and, worse still, true. Also, that Mr. Greener now held 182,300 shares of the stock, which was even sadder, but untrue.

It really was very well done. The annual meeting of the company was only six weeks away.

The reporters rushed to Mr. Greener's office. The little financier would not be seen. At length he reluctantly consented to be interviewed. He admitted, after a skilful display of unwillingness, that he had bought Iowa Midland stock. As to the amount, he said that was not of interest to the general public. The reporters finally cornered him and succeeded in making the little financier say, with a fleeting and very peculiar smile: "Yes; it *is* over 100,000 shares." And not another word could the newspaper men get out of him.

Being an intelligent man, he never lied for publication. Each reporter who saw that smile and the furtive look that accompanied it went away convinced to the life-wagering point that Mr. John F. Greener was in control of the Iowa Midland. And they wrote accordingly.

President Willetts all but had an apoplectic stroke. The Street disgustedly said: "Another successful, villainous plot of Greener's!" And such was his reputation as an "absorber" of roads and roads' profits that the stock declined ten points in two days. Investors and speculators alike displayed a frantic desire not to be identified in any way or manner with one of Mr. Greener's properties.

The little financier had not been mistaken. His last card was his own evil reputation! He had reserved it for the end. On the wide-

spread fear that followed his broker's artistic "indiscretion" he was able to "scoop" 32,000 shares more at low figures. Such is the value of fame!

He now held 110,600 shares, or one-third of the Iowa Midland Railroad Company's entire capital stock—enough to coerce Willetts into making very profitable arrangements with Mr. Greener's Keokuk & Northern Railway Company. Of course the absolute control of the Iowa Midland was best of all, if it only could be secured. But of this the sallow-faced little man with the high forehead and the shifty eyes was doubtful. He confessed as much to Brown, ending with: "It's a shame, too. I could make so much out of that property!"

He estimated—it had cost him $11,000 to secure the necessary data—that Willetts and his clique held 105,000 shares, so that there were still 122,000 shares unaccounted for—probably scattered among small investors throughout the country, who did not care who managed the road so long as they received pleasant promises of dividends, and also among banking-houses and anti-Greener men, who, though they did not approve of Willetts, disapproved even more emphatically and vehemently of Greener and his methods.

If he could not buy the stock itself he must try to secure proxies.

He knew that some of the trust companies held a fair amount of the longed-for stock. He laid siege to them. He bombarded them with promises and poured an enfilading fire of pledges so honorable, so eminently sound and business-like, as to pierce the armor of their distrust. In the end they actually grew to believe that they were acting wisely when they pledged their support to Mr. Greener. The guarantee he gave them seemed ironclad, and they agreed to give him their proxies whenever he should send for them.

He called his clerk Rock and told him: "Go to the Rural Trust Company and to the Commercial Loan & Trust Company. See Mr. Roberts and Mr. Morgan. They will give you some Iowa Midland proxies made out to Frederick Rock or John F. Greener."

Rock was a good-looking, quiet chap, with a very well-shaped head and a resolute chin. His manners were pleasing. He had a habit of looking one straight in the eyes, but did not always succeed thereby in conveying an impression of straightforwardness. But he certainly impressed one as being bold and keen. His fellow clerks used to say that Rock spent his spare time in studying the financial operations of the Napoleon of the Street with the same care and minuteness that military students go over the campaigns of Napoleon Bonaparte—which was the truth.

"Mr. Greener," said Rock, "you are carrying 110,000 shares of stock, are you not?"

"Eh?" squeaked Greener, innocently.

"I figure that, unless you are doing something outside this office, you will need proxies for 50,000 shares more to give you absolute control and elect your own board of directors and carry out your plans in connection with Keokuk & Northern."

Not by so much as the twinkling of an eye did the little man betray that he was interested in Rock's words.

"Mr. Greener," said the clerk, very earnestly, "I should like to try to get them for you."

"Yes," he squeaked, absent-mindedly.

"Yes, sir," answered Rock.

"Go ahead, then," said Mr. Greener, carelessly. "Let me know next week how you are getting on."

An expression of disappointment came into Rock's face, whereupon Greener added: "Of course if you succeed I'll do well by you."

"What will you do, Mr. Greener?" asked the clerk, looking straight at him.

"I'll give you," he squeaked, encouragingly, "ten thousand dollars."

"Is that a good price for the work, Mr. Greener? I may have to pay out a great deal," added the young clerk with a faint touch of bitterness.

"It is all that it is worth to me, Mr. Rock, and I think it is worth more to me than to anybody else. I'll raise your salary from sixteen hundred to two thousand a year. That's a great deal more money than I had at your age, Mr. Rock."

"Very well," said Rock, quietly. "I'll do the best I can." But once away from Greener, his face flushed with anger and indignation. "Ten thousand for what might be worth ten millions to the financier!" The clerk had studied Greener's Napoleonic methods for two years. He had learned patience for one thing, and he had waited for his chance. It had come at last, and he knew it.

Events make the man. Rock had thought carefully, intelligently, and, best of all, coolly. He had planned logically. It was a good plan; it was the only feasible plan, and it could not be upset by meddlesome

courts. How Mr. John F. Greener had failed to think of the same plan was a bit strange. The unscrupulousness of it did not frighten the clerk. He had the instincts of a financier of the Greener school.

The clerk all that week did nothing but collect the Iowa Midland proxies promised by the complaisant trust companies. They amounted to 21,200 shares. From prominent brokerage houses, by means of alluring and unauthorized promises, he secured 7,100 shares; in all he had 28,300 shares. This meant that at the approaching annual meeting Mr. Greener could vote 138,900 shares out of a possible total of 320,000. Unless the opposition could unite, the election was already sure to "go Mr. Greener's way."

From time to time, when the little financier would ask Rock how he was progressing, the clerk would tell him he was doing as well as could be expected. He also told Mr. Greener that the trust companies had given only 14,000 shares, and he said nothing whatever of the 7,100 shares he had secured from the friendly brokers. It was a desperate risk, this concealing from Mr. Greener how well he had done; but the clerk was bold.

The moment Rock became convinced that there were no more pro-Greener proxies to be had by hook or crook, he began his attack on the enemy. His problem was to capture the anti-Greener votes—or stock. He proceeded to put his plan into effect. And the plan of this healthy clerk with the unflinching eyes and the resolute chin was worthy of the sallow-faced little man with the furtive look and the great forehead.

"It is a case of *heads I win; tails you lose*," Rock muttered to himself, exultingly. If Wall Street were personified and endowed with speech, it would probably say the same words many times a day.

The young man presented himself forthwith at the office of Weddell, Hopkins & Co., prominent bankers and bitter enemies of Mr. John F. Greener and his methods. They knew Rock as one of the confidential clerks of Brown & Greener, and he had no difficulty in securing an audience from Mr. Weddell.

"Good morning, Mr. Weddell."

"Good morning, sir," said the banker, coldly. "I must say I'm somewhat surprised at the presumption of your people in sending you to me."

"Mr. Weddell," said Rock, a trifle too eagerly to be artistic, "I've left the firm of Brown & Greener. They were," he added, youthfully, "too rascally for me."

Mr. Weddell's face froze solid. He feared an application for a position.

"Ye—es?" he said. His voice matched his face in frigidity.

"Mr. Weddell," said the young clerk, looking straight into the old banker's eyes, "you in common with other honest men have been wishing you could prevent Mr. Greener from wrecking the Iowa Midland. Now, Mr. Weddell," he went on, eagerly, as the enthusiasm of the plan grew upon him, "I know all about Mr. Greener's plans and resources and I want you to help me fight him. If you do we will win, sure."

"How will you go about it?" asked the old banker, evasively. He was not certain this was not some trick of the versatile Mr. John F. Greener.

"Mr. Greener," answered young Rock, "has not control of the property. He has only 110,600 shares. I had access to the books, and I know to a share."

"I don't wish you to betray an employer's secrets, even though he may be my enemy. I do not care to hear any more." He was an old-fashioned banker, was Mr. Weddell.

"I am not betraying any secrets. He himself said he had over 100,000 shares, and all the reporters jumped at the conclusion that he had actually a controlling interest. And that is what he will have, unless you help me. I have proxies here for 28,300 shares from trust companies and commission houses. My plan is to get all the proxies I can from the anti-Greener and the anti-Willetts stockholders. Then we can make Mr. Willetts give us pledges in black and white to inaugurate the much-needed reforms and stop his policy of extravagance and his costly traffic arrangements. Willetts will do it to save himself and the road from falling into Greener's hands. But there's no time to lose, Mr. Weddell." The excitement of the game he was playing stimulated him like wine.

"And you?" queried the old banker, meaningly. "Where do *you* come in?" The insinuation was his last weapon. The young man's was really the only feasible plan that he could see.

"I? It might be, Mr. Weddell, that after the election I could be appointed assistant secretary of the company, as an evidence of good faith on the part of the reform management. I can keep tabs on them and represent the Weddell-Hopkins interest. The salary," he added, with truly artistic significance, "could be $5,000 a year. I have been getting just one-half that." His

salary was exactly $1,600; but why minimize one's commercial value?

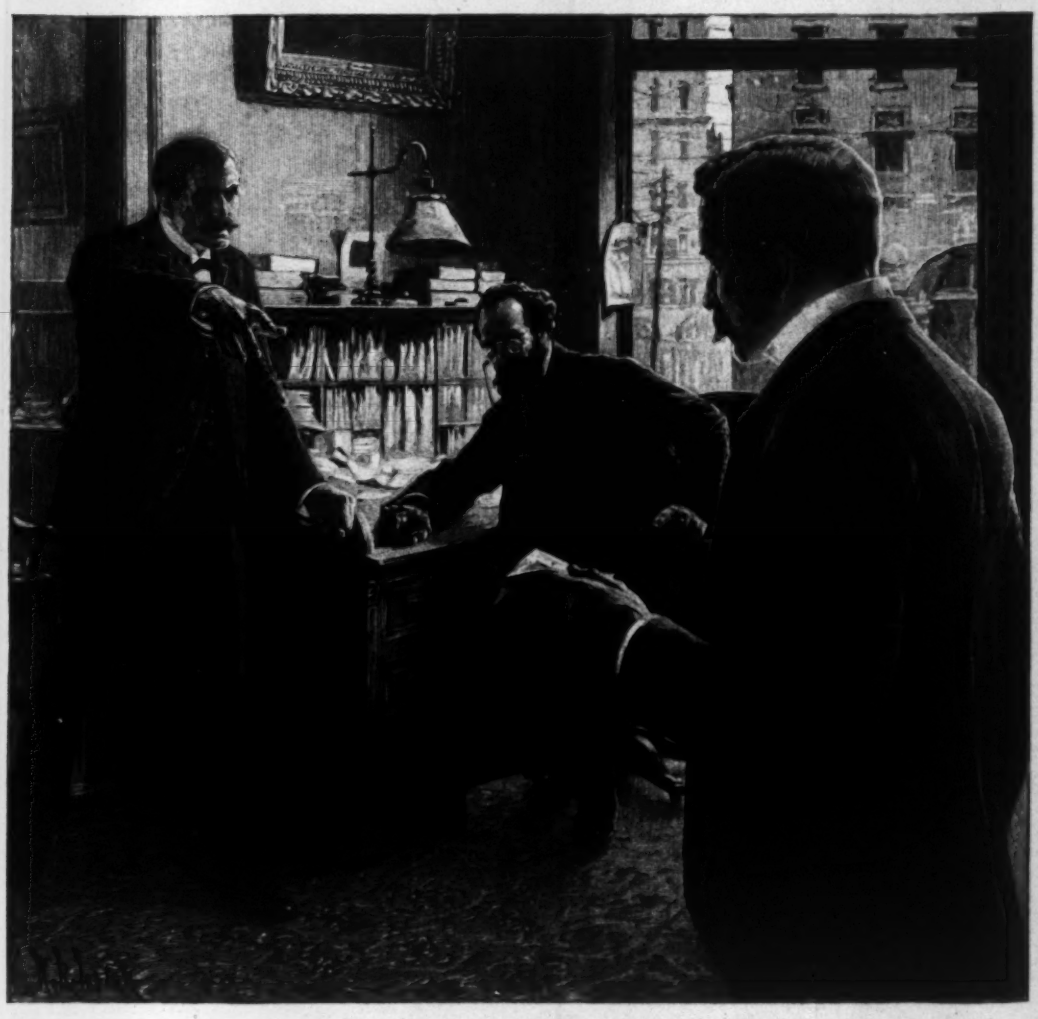
The old banker walked up and down. . . .

"By gad, sir, you shall have our proxies," said Mr. Weddell, at length.

"It would be well not to let Mr. Greener suspect this," added Rock. And the banker agreed with him.

Weddell, Hopkins & Co. held 14,000 shares of Iowa Midland stock, and on the next day Rock received their proxies. Coming from so well-known, so notoriously anti-Greener a house, they served as credentials to him, and he was able to convince many doubting Thomases. He secured proxies from practically all the anti-Greener stock held in the city, as well as in Philadelphia and Boston.

His day-long absences from the office aroused no suspicions there, since everybody thought he was working in the interest of Brown & Greener, including Messrs. Brown and Greener. All told, the proxies he had secured from Mr. Greener's friends and from his foes amounted to 61,830 shares. It was really a remarkable performance. He felt very proud of it. As to consequences, he had carefully weighed them. He was working for Frederick Rock. He was bound to succeed, on whichever side the coin came down.



"'YOU INFERNAL SCOUNDREL!' SHOUTED MR. BROWN."

Mr. Greener called him into the private office.

"Mr. Rock, how about those Iowa Midland proxies?"

"I have them safe," answered the clerk, a bit defiantly.

"How many?"

Rock pulled out a piece of paper, though he knew the figures by heart. He said, in a tone he endeavored to make nonchalant: "I have exactly 61,830 shares."

"What? What?" The Napoleon's voice overflowed with astonishment.

Rock looked straight into Greener's shifty brown eyes. "I said," he repeated, "that I had proxies for 61,830 shares."

Mr. Greener remembered himself. "I congratulate you, Mr. Rock, on keeping your word. You will find I keep mine equally well," he said in his normal squeak.

"We may as well have an understanding now as any other time, Mr. Greener." Rock's eyes did not leave the sallow face of the great railroad wrecker. He knew he had crossed the Rubicon. He was fighting for his future, for the prosperity of his dreams. And he was fighting a giant of giants. All this the clerk thought; and the thought braced him wonderfully. He became self-possessed, discriminating—a Napoleonic bud about to burst into full bloom.

"What do you mean?" squeaked Mr. Greener, naïvely.

Mr. Brown entered. He was just in time to hear the clerk say: "You have, all told, 110,000 shares of Iowa Midland. President Willetts and his crowd control about the same amount."

"Yes," said the sallow-faced little man. His forehead was moist—barely moist—with perspiration, but his face was expressionless. His eyes were less furtive; that was all. He was looking intently now at the young clerk, for he understood.

"Well, some of the proxies stand in the name of Frederick Rock or John F. Greener, but the greater part in my name alone. I can vote the entire lot as I please. And whichever side I vote for will have an absolute majority. Mr. Greener, I have the naming of the directors, and therefore of the president of the Iowa Midland. And you can't prevent me; and you can't touch me; and you can't do a d—d thing to me!" he ended, defiantly. It was nearly all superfluous, inartistic. But, youth—a defect one overcomes with time!

"You infernal scoundrel!" shouted Mr. Brown. He had a short, thick neck, and anger made his face dangerously purple.

"I secured most of the proxies," continued Rock, in a tone that savored slightly of self-defense, "by assuring Weddell, Hopkins & Co. and their friends that I would vote against Mr. Greener." He paused.

"Go ahead, Mr. Rock," squeaked Mr. Greener; "don't be afraid to talk." The pale little man with the black beard and the high forehead not only had a great genius for finance, but possessed wonderful nerve. His squeak was an inconsistency; but it served to make him human.

"You offered me $10,000 cash and $2,000 a year."

"Yes," admitted Mr. Greener, meekly. "How much do you want?" His look became furtive again. A great weight had been removed from his mind. Rock perceived it and became even more courageous.

"Weddell, Hopkins & Co. and their friends want me to vote the Willetts ticket, Mr. Willetts having promised to make important reforms. My reward is to be the position of assistant secretary, with headquarters in New York, at a salary of $5,000 a year, to say nothing of the backing of Weddell, Hopkins & Co."

"I'll do as much and give you $20,000 in cash," said Mr. Greener, quietly.

"No. I want to join the New York Stock Exchange. I want you to buy me a seat and I want you to give me some of your business. And I want you to lend me $50,000 on my note."

"Yes?"

"Mr. Greener, you know what I can do; and I know what the absolute control of the Iowa Midland means to you, and what the consolidation with Keokuk & Northern or the lease of the one by the other would do for both of them—and for you. And I want to be your broker. I'll serve you faithfully, Mr. Greener."

"Rock," squeaked Mr. Greener, "shake hands. I understand just how you feel about this. I'll buy you a seat and I'll give you all the business I can, and I'll lend you $100,000 without any note. I think I know you now. The seat you shall have just as soon as it can be bought. My interests shall be your interests in the future."

"I've made all the necessary arrangements. I can buy the seat at a moment's notice," said Rock, calmly, though his heart was beating wildly for sheer joy of victory. "It will cost $23,000."

"Tell Mr. Simpson to make out my personal check for $25,000," piped the Napoleon of the Street, almost cordially.

"Th-thank you very much, Mr. Greener," stammered the bold clerk. "The proxies——"

"Oh, that's all right," interrupted Mr. John F. Greener. "You'll go to Des Moines

with us. You're one of us now. I've long wanted a man like you. But, Rock, nowadays young men are either gamblers or fools," he added, with a final plaintive squeak.

A week later Mr. Greener was elected president of the Iowa Midland Railway Company and Mr. Rock was elected a member of the New York Stock Exchange.

"'I'VE LONG WANTED A MAN LIKE YOU.'"

A RED-HAIRED CUPID.

By Henry Wallace Phillips,

Author of "A Matter of Authority."

"HOW did I come to get myself disliked down at the Chanta Seechee? Well, I'll tell you," said Reddy, the cow-puncher. "The play came up like this. First, they made the Chanta Seechee into a stock company, then the stock company put all their brains in one think, and says they, 'We'll make this man Jones superintendent, and the ranch is all right at once.' So out come Jones from Boston, Massachusetts, and what he didn't know about running a ranch was common talk in the country, but what he thought he knew about running a ranch was too much for one man to carry around. He wasn't a bad-hearted feller in some ways, yet on the whole he felt it was an honor to a looking-glass to have the pleasure of reflecting him. Looking-glass? I should say he had! And a bureau, and a boot-blacking jigger, and a feather bed, and curtains, and truck in his room. Strange fellers used to open their eyes when they saw that room. 'Hellooo!' they'd say, 'whose little birdie have we here?' And other remarks that hurt our feelings considerable. Jonesy, he said the fellers were a rank lot of barbarians. He said it to old Neighbor Case's face, and he and the old man came together like a pair of hens, for Jonesy had sand in spite of his faults. That was a fight worth traveling to see. They covered at least an acre of ground; they tore the air with upper swats and cross swipes; they hollered, they jumped and they pitched, and when the difficulty was adjusted we found that Jonesy's coat was painfully ripped up the back and Neighbor Case had lost his false teeth. One crowd of fellers patted Jones on the back and said, 'Never mind your coat, old horse; you've licked a man twice your age,' and the other comforted Neighbor, saying, 'Never mind, Case; you can ease your mind by thinking how you headed up that rooster, and he fifty pounds lighter than you.'

"Jonesy put on airs after that. He felt he was a hard citizen. And then he had the misfortune to speak harshly to Arizona Jenkins when Old Dry Belt was in liquor. Then he got roped and dragged through the slough. He cried like a baby whilst I helped him scrape the mud off, but not because he was scared! No, sir! That little runt was full of blood and murder.

"'You mark me, now, Red,' says he, the tears making bad-land water courses through the mud on his cheeks, 'I shall fire upon that man the first time I see him—will you lend me your revolver?'

"'Lord, Jones, see here,' says I, 'Don't you go making any such billy-goat play as that—keep his wages until he apologizes; put something harmful in his grub; but, as you have respect for the Almighty's handiwork as represented by your person, don't pull a gun on Arizona Jenkins—that's the one thing he won't take from nobody.'

"'D-d-darn him!' snivels Jonesy, 'I ain't afraid o-o-of him'; and the strange fact is that he wasn't. Well, I saw he was in such a taking that he might do something foolish and get hurt, so I goes to Arizona and says I, 'You ought to apologize to Jones.' What Zony replied ain't worth repeating—'and you along with him,' he winds up.

"'Now ain't that childish?' I says. 'A six-footer like you, that can shoot straight with either hand, and yet ain't got generosity enough to ease the feelings of a poor little devil that's fair busting with shame.'

"'Well, what did he want to tell me to shut up my mouth for?' cried Old Dry Belt. 'Men have died of less than that.'

"'Aw, shucks, Zony,' I says, 'a great, big man like you oughtn't to come down on a little cuss who's all thumb-hand-side and left feet.'

"'That be blowed,' says he—only he says it different. 'I'd like to know what business such a sawed-off has to come and tell a full-grown man like me to shut up his mouth? He'd ought to stay in a little man's place and talk sassy to people his own size. When he comes shooting off his bazoo to a man that could swaller him whole without loosening his collar, its impidence; that's what it is.'

"'Well, as a favor to me?' I says.

"HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO SPEAK HARSHLY TO ARIZONA JENKINS."

"'Well, if you put it that way—I don't want to be small about it.'

"So Arizona goes up to Jones and sticks out his hand. 'There's my hand, Jones,' he says. 'I'm mighty sorry you told me to shut up my mouth,' says he.

"'So am I,' says Jones heartily, not taking in the sense of the words, but feeling that it was all in good intention. So that was all right and I stood in with the management in great shape for fixing up the fuss so pleasant. But it didn't last. They say nothing lasts in this world. There's some pretty solid rocks in the Cœur d'Alêne, however, and I should like to wait around and see if they don't hold out, but I'll never make it. I've been in too much excitement.

"Well, the next thing after Jonesy got established was that his niece must come out during vacation and pay him a visit. 'Jeerusalem!' thinks I, 'Jonesy's niece!' I had visions of a thin, yaller, sour little piece, with mouse-colored hair plastered down on her head, and an unkind word for everybody. Jonesy told me about her being in college, and then I stuck a pair of them nose-grabber specks on the picture. I can stand 'most any kind of a man, but if there's anything that makes the tears come to my eyes it's a botch of a woman. I know they may have good qualities and all that, but I don't like 'em, and that's the whole of it. We gave three loud groans when we got the news in the bull-pen. And I cussed for ten minutes straight, without repeating myself once, when it so fell out that the members of the board rolled out our way the day the girl had to be sent for, and Jonesy couldn't break loose, and your Uncle was elected to take the buckboard and drive twenty miles to the railroad. I didn't mind the going out, but that twenty miles back with Jonesy's niece! Say, I foamed like a soda-water bottle when I got into the bull-pen and told the boys my luck.

"'Well,' says Kyle Lambert, 'that's what you might expect; your sins have found you out.'

"'No, they ain't; they've caught me at home as usual,' says I. 'Well, I'll give that Eastern blossom an idea of the quality of this country anyhow.' So I togs myself up in the awfullest rig I could find; strapped two ca'tridge belts to me, every hole filled, and a gun in every holster; put candle-grease on my mustache and twisted the ends up to my eye-winkers; stuck a knife in my hat-band and another in my boot; threw a shot-gun and a rifle in the buckboard, and pulled out quick through the colt-pens before Jonesy could get his peeps onto me.

"Well, sir, I was jarred witless when I laid my eyes on that young woman. I'd had my mind made up so thorough as to what she must be that the facts knocked me cold. She was the sweetest, handsomest, healthiest female I ever see. It would make you believe in fairy stories again just to look at her. She was all the things a man ever wanted in this world rolled up in a prize package. Tall, round and soople, limber

and springy in her action as a thoroughbred, and with something modest yet kind of daring in her face that would remind you of a good, honest boy. Red, white, and black were the colors she flew. Hair and eyes black, cheeks and lips red, and the rest of her white. Now, there's a pile of difference in them colors; when you say 'red,' for instance, you ain't cleaned up the subject by a sight. My top-knot's red, but that wasn't the color of Loys' cheeks. No; that was a color I never saw before nor since. A rose would look like a tomater alongside of 'em. Then, too, I've seen black eyes so hard and shiny you could cut glass with 'em. And again that wasn't her style. The only way you could get a notion of what them eyes were like would be to look at 'em; you'd remember 'em all right if you did. Seems like the good Lord was kind of careless when he built Jonesy, but when he turned that girl out he played square with the fambly.

"I ain't what you might call a man that's easily disturbed in his mind, but I know I says to myself that first day, 'If I was ten year younger, young lady, they'd never lug you back East again.' Gee, man! There was a time when I'd have pulled the country up by the roots but I'd have had that girl! I notice I don't fall in love so violent as the years roll on. I can squint my eye over the cards now and say, 'Yes, that's a beautiful hand, but I reckon I'd better stay out,' and lay 'em down without a sigh; whereas, when I was a young feller, if I had three aces in sight I'd raise the rest of the gathering right out of their foot-leather—or get caught at it. Usually I got caught at it, for a man couldn't run the mint long with the kind of luck I have.

"Well, I was plumb disgusted with the fool way I'd rigged myself up, but, fortunately for me, Darragh, the station-man, came out with the girl. 'There's Reddy, from your ranch now, ma'am,' says he, and when he caught sight of me, 'What's the matter, Red; are the Injuns up?'

"Darragh was a serious Irishman, and that's the mournfullest thing on top of the globe; and besides, he believed anything you'd tell him. There ain't any George-Washington strain in my stock, so I proceeded to get out of trouble.

"'They ain't *up* exactly,' says I, 'but it looked as if they were a leetle on the rise, and being as I had a lady to look out for, I thought I'd play safe.'

"The color kind of went out of the girl's cheeks. Eastern folk are scandalous afraid of Injuns.

"'Perhaps I'd better not start?' says she.

"'Don't you be scart, miss,' says Darragh. 'You're all right as long as you're with Red—he's the toughest proposition we've got in this part of the country.'

"'I'm obliged to you, Darragh,' says I. He meant well, but hell's full of them people. I'd have given a month's wages for one lick at him. Nice reputation to give me before that girl! She eyed me mighty doubtful.

"I stepped up to her, with my hat in my hand. 'Miss Andree,' says I (she was Jonesy's sister's child), 'if you come along with me I'll guarantee you a safe journey. If any harm reaches you it will be after one of the liveliest times in the history of the territory.'

"At this she laughed. 'Very well,' says she, 'I'll chance it, Mr. Red.'

"'His name ain't Red,' puts in Darragh, solemn. 'His name's Saunders. We call him Red becus uf his hair.'

"'I'm sure I beg your pardon,' says Miss Loys, all of a fluster.

"'That's all right, ma'am; no damage done at all,' says I. 'It's useless for me to try to conceal the fact that my hair is a little on the auburn. You mustn't mind what Darragh says. We've had a good deal of hot weather lately and his brains have gone wrong. Now hop in and we'll touch the breeze.' So I piled her trunk in and away we flew.

"Bud and Dandy were a corking little team. They'd run the whole distance from the railway to the ranch if you'd let 'em—and I never interfered. A straight line and the keen jump hits me all right when I'm going some place, although I can loaf with the next man on occasion. So we missed most of the gulleys.

"The ponies were snorting and pulling grass, the buckboard bouncing behind 'em like a rubber ball, and we were crowding into the teeth of the northwest wind, which made it seem as if we were traveling 100 per cent. better than a Dutch clock would show.

"'Goodness gracious!' says the girl, 'do you always go like this in this country? And aren't there any roads?'

"'Why, no,' says I. 'Hike!' and I snapped the blacksnake over the ponies' ears, and they strung themselves out like a brace of coyotes, nearly pulling the buckboard out from under us. 'Sometimes we travel like *this*,' I says. 'And as for roads, I despise 'em. You're not afraid, are you?'

"'Indeed I'm not. I think it's glorious. Might I drive?'

"'If I can smoke,' says I, 'then *you* can drive.' I'd heard about young women who'd been brought up so tender that tobacker smoke would ruin their morals or something, and I kind of wondered if she was that sort.

"'That's a bargain,' says she prompt. 'But how you're going to light a cigar in this wind I don't see.'

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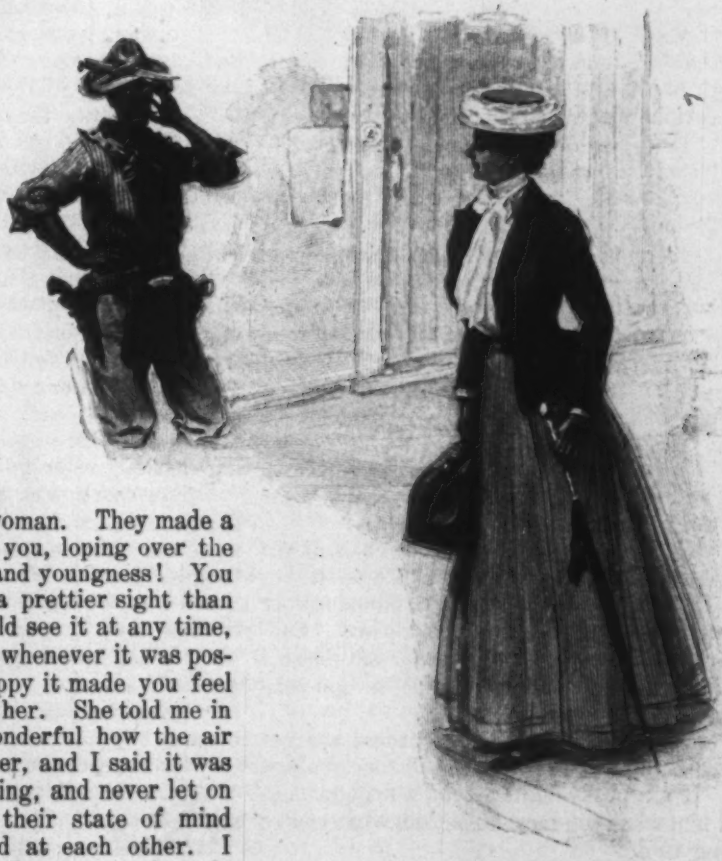

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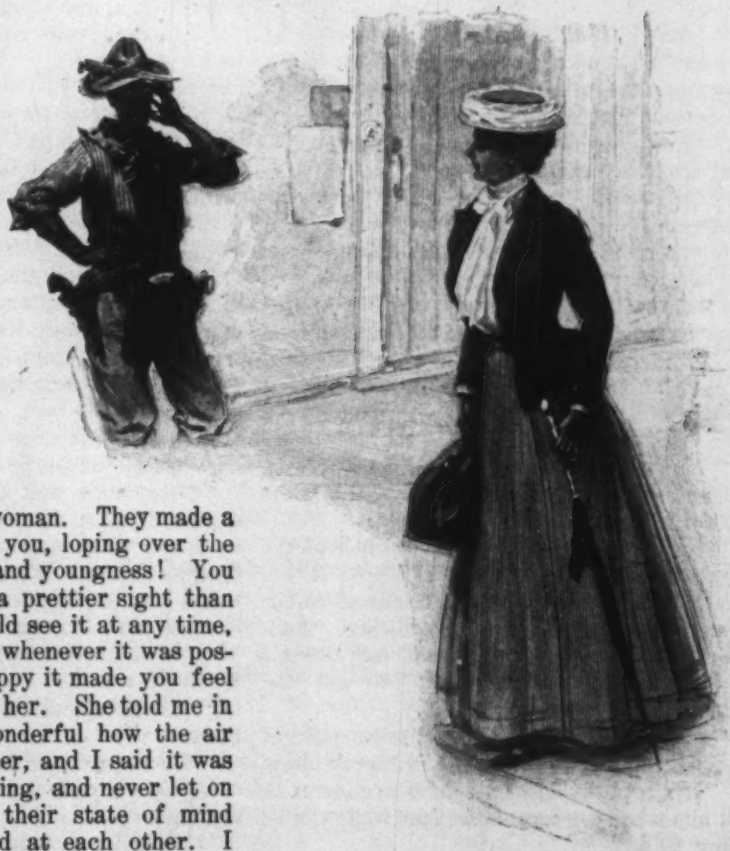


"I WAS JARRED WITLESS."

"'Think not?' says he, bracing up. And then, by-and-by, they went out to ride, for Jonesy was good to the girl, I'll say that for him. He was willing to do anything for her in reason, according to his views. But Kyle wasn't in them views; he was out of the picture as far as husbands went.

"They came back at sunset, when the whole world was glowing red the same as they were. I reached for the field glasses and took a squint at them. There was no harm in that, for they were well-behaved young folks. One look at their faces was enough. There were three of us in the bull-pen—Bob, and Wind-River Smith, and myself. We'd brought up a herd of calves from Nanley's ranch, and we were taking it easy. 'Boys,' says I, under my breath, 'they've made the riffle.'

"'No!' says they, and then everybody had to take a pull at the glasses.

"'Well, I'm glad,' says Smithy. And darn my buttons if that old hardshell's voice didn't shake. 'They're two of as nice kids as you'd find in many a weary day,' says he. 'And I wish 'em all the luck in the world.'

"'So do I,' says I, 'and I really think the best we could do for 'em would be to shoot Jones.'

"'Man! Won't he sizz!' says Bob. And you can't blame us old codgers if we had a laugh at that, although it was such a powerful serious matter to the youngsters.

"'Let's go out and meet 'em,' says I. And away we went. They weren't a particle surprised. I suppose they thought the whole universe had stopped to look on. We pump-handled away and laughed, and Loys she laughed kind of teary, and Kyle he looked red in the face and proud and happy and ashamed of himself, and we all felt loosened up considerable, but I told him on the quiet, 'Take that fool grin off your face, unless you want Uncle Jones to drop the moment he sees you.'

"Now they only had three days left to get an action on them, as that was the time set for Loys to go back to college.

"Next day they held a council behind the big barn, and they called in Uncle Red—otherwise known as Big Red Saunders, or Chanta Seechee Red, which means 'Bad-heart Red' in Sioux language, and doesn't explain me by a durn sight—to get the benefit of his valuable advice.

"'Skip,' says I. 'Fly for town and get married, and come back and tell Jonesy about it. It's a pesky sight stronger argument to tell him what you have done than what you're going to do.'

"They couldn't quite agree with that. They thought it was sneaky.

"'So it is,' says I. 'The first art of war is understanding how to make a grand sneak. If you don't want to take my advice you can wait.' That didn't hit 'em just right either.

"'What will we wait for?' says Kyle.

"'Exercise—and the kind you won't take when you get as old and sensible as me. You're taking long chances, both of you; but it's just like playing cards, you might as well put all your money on the first turn, win or lose, as to try and play system. Systems don't work in faro, nor love affairs, nor any other game of chance. Be gone. Put your marker on the grand raffle. In other words, take the first horse to town and get married. Ten chances to one Jonesy will have the laugh on you before one year is out.'

"'I don't think you're a bit nice to-day, Red,' says Loys.

"'He's jealous,' says Kyle.

"'That's what I am, young man,' says I. 'If I had ten years off my shoulders, and a little of the glow off my hair, I'd give you a run for your alley that would leave you breathless at the wind-up.'

"'I think your hair is a beautiful color, Red,' says Loys. 'Many a woman would like to have it.'

"'Of course they would,' I answered. 'But they don't get it. I'm foxy, I am.' Still I was touched in a tender spot. That young woman knew just the right thing to say, by nature. 'Well, what are you young folks going to do?' I asked them.

"They decided that they'd think it over until next day, but that turned out to be too late, for what must Kyle do but get chucked from his horse and have his leg broke near the hip. You don't want to take any love affairs onto the back of a bad horse, now you mark me! There was no such thing as downing that boy when he was in his right mind.

"Now here was a hurrah! Loys, she dasn't cry, for fear of uncle, and Kyle, he used the sinfullest language known to the tongue of man. 'Twas the first time I'd ever heard him say anything much, but he made it clear that it wasn't because he couldn't.

"'What will we do, Red? What will we do?' says he.

"'Now,' says I, 'don't bile over like that, because it's bad for your leg.'

"He cussed the leg.

"'Go on and tell me what we can do,' says he.

"'When you ask me that, you've pulled

"YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO SEE A PRETTIER SIGHT THAN THEY MADE."

the right bell,' says I. 'I'll tell you exactly what we'll do. I go for the doctor. Savvy? Well, I bring back the minister at the same time. Angevine, he loses the Jersey cow over in the cane-break, and uncle and Angevine go hunting her, for not even Loys is ace high in uncle's mind alongside that cow. The rest is easy.'

"'Red, you're a brick—you're the best fellow alive,' says Kyle, nearly squeezing the hand off me.

"'I've tried to conceal it all my life, but I knew it would be discovered some day,' says I. 'Well, I suppose I'd better break the news to Loys—'twouldn't be any more than polite.'

"'Oh, Lord! I wonder if she'll be willing?' says he.

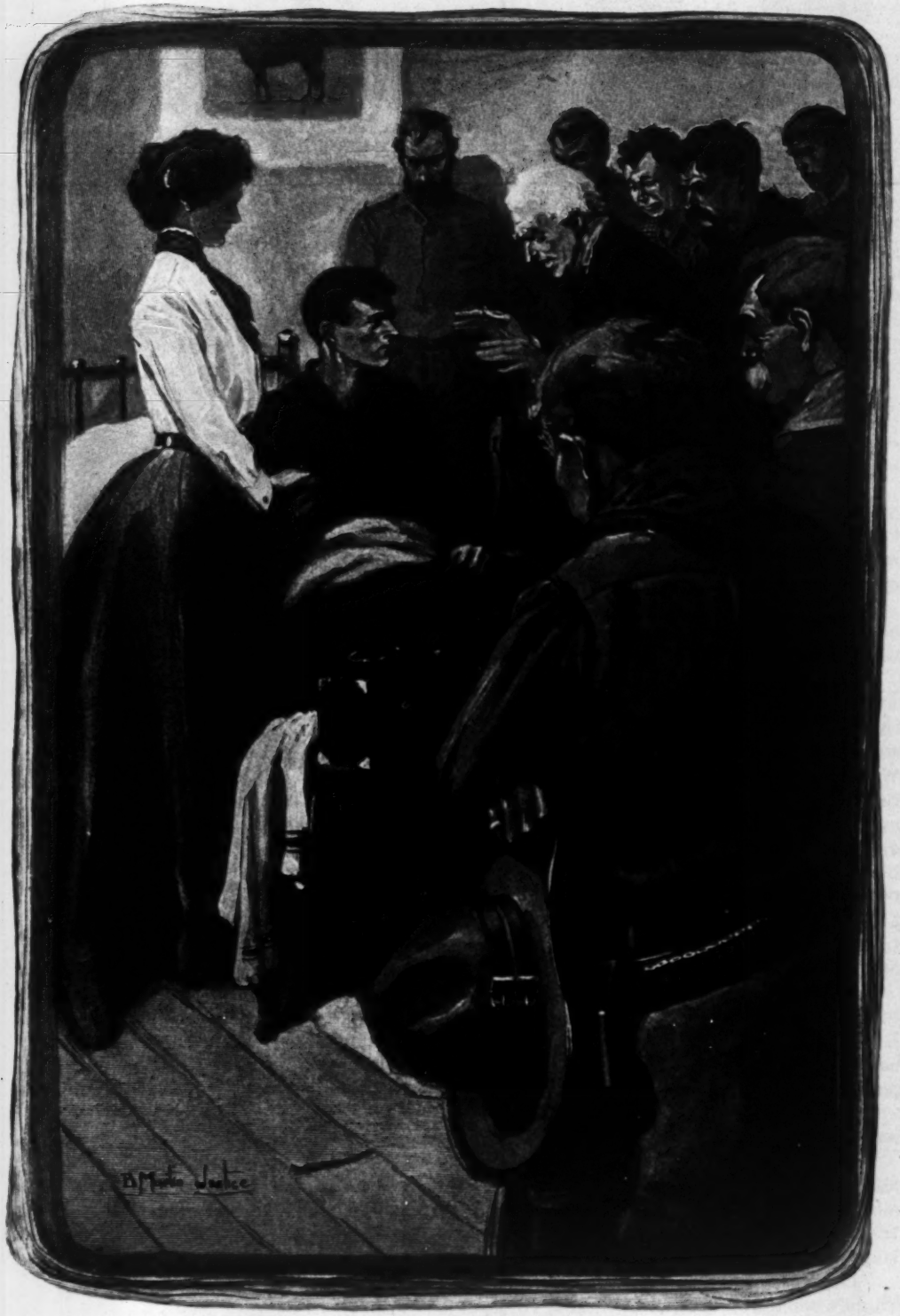
"'No reason I shouldn't turn an honest dollar on the transaction—I'll bet you a month's wages she is,' says I. He wanted to do it, thinking I was in earnest, but I laughed at him.

"She *was* willing, all right—even anxious. There's some women, and men, too, for that matter, who go through life like a cat through a back alley, not caring a cuss for either end or the middle. They would have been content to wait. Not so Loys. She wanted her Kyle, her poor Kyle, and she wanted him quick. That's the kind of people for me! Your cautious folk are all the time falling down wells because their eyes are up in the air, keeping tabs so that they can dodge shooting stars.

"Now, I had a minister friend up in town, Father Slade by name. No, he was not a Catholic, I think. They called him 'Father' because it fitted him. His church had a steeple on it, anyhow, so it was no maverick. Just what particular kind of religion the old man had I don't know, but I should say he was a homeopath on a guess. He looked it. 'Twas a comfort to see him coming down the street, his old face shining in his white hair like a shriveled pink apple in a snowdrift, God-blessing everything in sight—good, bad, or indifferent. He had something pleasant to say to all. We was quite friends, and every once in a while we'd have a chin about things.

"'Are you keeping straight, Red?' he'd ask when we parted.

"'Um,' I'd say, 'I'm afraid you'd notice



"'I PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE.'"

a bend here and there, if you slid your eyes along the edge.'

"'Well, keep as straight as you can; don't give up trying, my boy,' he'd tell me, mighty earnest, and I'd feel ashamed of myself clear around the corner.

"I knew the old man would do me a favor if it could be done, so I pulled out easy in my mind.

"First place, I stopped at the doctor's, because I felt they might fix up the marrying business some other time, but if a leg that's broke in the upper joint ain't set right, you can see a large dark-complected hunk of trouble over the party's left shoulder for the rest of his days. The doctor was out, so I left word for him what was wanted, and to be ready when I got back, and pulled for Father Slade's. The old gentleman had the rheumatism, and he groaned when I come in. Rheumatism's no disease for people who can't swear.

"'How are you, my boy?' says he; 'I'm glad to see you. Here am I, an old man, nipped by the leg, and much wanting to talk to somebody.'

"I passed the time of day to him, but felt kind of blue. This didn't look like keeping my word with the kids. I really hated to say anything to the old man, knowing his disposition; still I felt I had to, and I out with my story.

"'Dear! dear!' says he. 'The hurry and skurry of young folks! How idle it seems when you get fifty years away from it, and see how little anything counts! For all that, I thank God,' says he, 'that there's a little red left in my blood yet, which makes me sympathize with them. But the girl's people object, you say?'

"I made that all clear to him. 'The girl's *always* all right, Father,' says I, 'and as for the man in this case, my word for him.'

"Now it ain't just the right thing for me to say, but seeing as I've never had anything in particular to be modest about, and I'm proud of what the old gentleman told me, I'm going to repeat it.

"'Your word is good for me, Red,' says he. 'You're a mischievous boy at times, but your heart and your head are both reliable; give me your arm to the wagon.'

"Then I felt mighty sorry to think of lugging that poor old man all that ways.

"'Here!' says I. 'Now you sit down again; don't you do nothing of the sort—you ain't fit.'

"He put his hand on my shoulder and hobbled his weight off the game leg.

"'Reddy, I was sitting there thinking when you came in—thinking of how comfortable it was to be in an easy-chair with my foot on a stool, and then I thought, "If the Lord should send me some work to do, would I be willing?" Now, thanks be to Him! I *am* willing, and glad to find myself so, and I do not believe there's any work more acceptable to Him than the union of young folk who love each other. Ouch!' says he, as that foot touched the ground. 'Perhaps you'd better pick me up and carry me bodily.'

"So I did it, the old housekeeper following us with an armful of things and jawing the both of us—him for a fool and me for a villain. She was a strong-minded old lady, and I wish I could remember some of her talk—it was great.

"FILLED MY BOSOM FULL OF SMOTHERED LANGUAGE."

"We went around and got the doctor.

"'Hoo!' says he. 'Is it as bad as that?' I winked at Father Slade.

"'It's a plenty worse than that,' says I; 'you won't know the half of it till you get down there.'

"But of course we had to tell him, and he was tickled. Funny what an interest everybody takes in these happenings. He wanted all the details.

"'By Jove!' says he, 'the man whose feelings ain't the least dimmed by a broken leg — horse rolled on him, you said? Splintered it, probably — that man is one of the right sort. He'll do to tie to.'

"When we reached the ranch the boys were lined up to meet us. 'Hurry along!' they called. 'Angey can't keep uncle amused all day!'

"So we hustled. Kyle was for being married first, and then having his leg set, but I put my foot down flat. It had gone long enough now, and I wasn't going to have him cripping it all his life. But the doctor worked like a man who gets paid by the piece, and in less than no time we were able to call Loys in.

"Wind-River Smith spoke to get to give the bride away, and we let him have it.

"We'd just got settled to business when in comes Angevine, puffing like a buffalo. 'For Heaven's sakes! Ain't you finished yet?' says he; 'well, you want to be at it, for the old man ain't over two minutes behind me, coming fast. I took the distance in ten-foot steps. Just my luck! Foot slipped when I was talking to him, and I dropped a remark that made him suspicious—I wouldn't have done it for a ton of money—but it's too late now. I'll down him and hold him out there if you say so.'

"Well, sir, at this old Father Slade stood right up, forgetting that foot entirely.

"'Children, be ready,' says he, and he went over the line for a record.

"'Hurry there!' hollers old Bob from the outside, where he was on watch; 'here comes uncle up the long coulee!'

"'What are your names?' says Father Slade. They told him, both red'ning.

"I PLANKED THAT YOUNG MAN OVER MY KNEE."

"'Do you, Kyle, take this woman, Loys, to have and keep track of, come hell or high water, her heirs and assigns for ever?' — or such a matter — says he, all in one breath. They both said they did.

"Things flew till we came to the ring. There was a hitch. We had plumb forgotten that important article. For a minute I felt stingy; then I cussed myself for a mean old long-horn, and dived into my box.

"'Here, take this!' I says. 'It was my mother's!'

"'Oh, Red! You mustn't part with that!' cried Loys, her eyes filling up.

"'Don't waste time talking; I put through what I tackle. Hurry, please, Father.'

"'Has anybody any objections to these proceedings?' says he.

"'I have,' says I, 'but I won't mention 'em. Give them the verdict.'

"'I pronounce you man and wife. Let us pray,' says he.

"'What's that?' screeches Uncle Jonesy from the doorway. And then he gave us the queerest prayer you ever heard in your life. He stood on one toe and clawed chunks out of the air while he delivered it.

"He seemed to have it in for me in par-

ticular. 'You villain! You rascal! You red-headed rascal! You did this! I know you did!'

"'Oh, uncle!' says I, 'forgive me!' With that I hugged him right up to me, and he filled my bosom full of smothered language.

"'Cheese it, you little cuss!' I whispered in his ear, 'or I'll break every rib in your poor old chest!' I came in on him a trifle, just to show him what I could do if I tried.

"''Nuff!' he wheezes. 'Quit. 'Nuff.'

"'Go up and congratulate 'em,' I whispered again.

"'I won't,' says he. 'Ouch! Yes, I will! I will!' So up he goes, grinding his teeth.

"'I wish you every happiness,' he grunts.

"'Won't you forgive me, uncle?' begs Loys.

"'Some other time; some other time!' he hollers, and he pranced out of the house like a hostyle spider, the maddest little man in the territory.

"Loys had a hard time of it until Kyle got so he could travel, and they went up to the Yellowstone with a team for a wedding trip.

"The rest of Loys' folks was in an unpleasant frame of mind, too. They sent out her brother, and while I'd have took most anything from Loys' brother, there comes a place where human nature is human nature, and the upshot of it was I planked that young man gently but firmly across my knees. Suffering Ike! But he was one sassy young man! Howsomever, the whole outfit came round in time—all except uncle and me. He used to grit his teeth together till the sparks flew when he saw me. I was afraid he'd bust a blood-vessel in one of them fits, so I quit. I hated to let go of the old ranch, but I'm pretty well fixed—I'm superintendent here. It's Kyle's ranch, you know. That's his brand—the queer-looking thing on the left hip of that critter, over the vented hash-knife. Loys' invention, that is. She says it's a cherublim, but we call it the 'flying flap-jack.' There's a right smart lot of beef critters toting that signal around this part of the country. Kyle's one of the fellers that rises like a setting of bread—quiet and gentle, but steady and sure. He's going to the State Legislature next year. 'Twon't do no harm to have one honest man in the outfit.

"Now, perhaps if I'd married some nice woman I might have had 1,000 steers of my own, and a chance to make rules and regulations for my feller-citizens—and then again I might have took to gambling and drinking and raising blazes, and broke my poor wife's broom-handle with my hard head. So I reckon we'll let it slide as it is. Now you straddle that cayuse of yours and come along with me and I'll show you some rattling colts."

KIM.

By Rudyard Kipling.

CHAPTER XII.—*Continued.*

KIM'S hand clenched about the pipe-stem. Anywhere on the open road, perhaps, he would not have been astonished; but here, in this quiet back-water of life, he was not prepared for Hurree Babu. It annoyed him, too, that he had been hoodwinked.

"Ah ha! I tell you at Lucknow—*resurgam*—I shall rise again and you shall not know me. How much did you bet—eh?"

He chewed leisurely upon a few cardamom seeds, but he breathed uneasily.

"But why come here, Babuji?"

"Ah! *Thatt* is the question, as Shakespeare hath said. I come to congratulate you on your extraordinary effeecient performance at Delhi. Oah! I tell you we are all proud of you. It was veree neat and handy. Our mutual friend, he is old friend of mine. He has been in some dam-tight places. Now he will be in some more. He told me; I tell Mr. Lurgan; and he is pleased you graduate so nicely. All the Department is pleased."

For the first time in his life, Kim thrilled to the clean pride (it can be a deadly pitfall, none the less) of Departmental praise—ensnaring praise from an equal for work appreciated by fellow-workers. Earth has nothing on the same plane to compare with it.

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IN THE OLD LADY'S COURTYARD.

But, said the Oriental in him, Babus do not travel far to retail compliments.

"Tell thy tale, Babu," he said authoritatively.

"Oah, it is nothing. Onlee I was at Simla when the wire came in about what our mutual friend said he had hidden, and old Creighton—" He looked to see how Kim would take this piece of audacity.

"The Colonel Sahib," the boy from St. Xavier's corrected.

"*Of* course. He found me at a loose string, and I had to go down to Chitor to find that beastly letter. I do not like the South—too much railway travel; but I drew good traveling allowance. Ha! Ha! I meet our mutual at Delhi on the way back. He lies quiett just now, and says Saddhu-disguise suits him to the ground. Well, there I hear what you have done so well, so quickly, upon the instantaneous spur of the moment. I tell our mutual friend you take the bally bun, by Jove. It was splendid. I come to tell you so."

"Umm!"

The frogs were busy in the ditches, and the moon slid to her setting. Some happy servant had gone out to commune with the night and to beat upon a drum. Kim's next sentence was in the vernacular.

"How didst thou follow us?"

"Oah. Thatt was nothing. I know from our mutual friend you go to Saharunpore. So I come on. Red lamas are not inconspicuous persons. I buy myself my drug-box, and I am very good doctor really. I go to Akrola by the Ford, and hear all about you, and I talk here and talk there. All the common people know what you do. I know when the hospitable old lady sent the *dooli*. They have great recollections of the old lama's visits here. I know old ladies cannot keep their hands from medicines. So I am a doctor, and—you hear my talk? *I* think it is veree good. My word, Mister O'Hara, they know about you and the lama for fifty miles—the common people. So I come. Do you mind?"

"Babuji," said Kim, looking up at the broad, grinning face, "I am a Sahib."

"My dear Mister O'Hara——"

"And I hope to play the Great Game."

"You are subordinate to me departmentally at present."

"Then why talk like an ape in a tree? Men do not come after one from Simla and change their dress, for the sake of a few sweet words. I am not a child. Talk Hindi and let us get to the yolk of the egg. Thou art here—speaking not one word of truth in ten. Why art thou here? Give a straight answer."

"That is so veree disconcerting of the European, Mister O'Hara. *You* should know a heap better at your time of life."

"But I want to know," said Kim, laughing. "If it is the Game, I may help. How can I do anything if you *bukh* (babble) all round the shop?"

Hurree Babu reached for the pipe, and sucked it till it guggled again.

"Now I will speak vernacular. You sit tight, Mister O'Hara. . . . It concerns the pedigree of a white stallion."

"Still? That was finished long ago."

"When every one is dead the Great Game is finished. Not before. Listen to me till the end. There were Five Kings who prepared a sudden war three years ago, when thou wast given the stallion's pedigree by Mahbub Ali. Upon them, because of that news, and ere they were ready, fell our Army."

"Ay—eight thousand men with guns. I remember that night."

"But the war was not pushed. That is the Government custom. The troops were recalled because the Government believed the Five Kings were cowed; and it is not cheap to feed men among the high passes. Hilás and Bunár—Rajahs with guns—undertook for a price to guard the passes against all coming from the North. They protested both fear and friendship." He broke off with a giggle into English: "Of course, I tell you this unoffeecially to elucidate political situation, Mister O'Hara. Offeecially, I am debarred from criticising any action of superior. Now I go on.—This pleased the Government, anxious to avoid expense, and a bond was made for so many rupees a month that Hilás and Bunár should guard the passes as soon as the State's troops were withdrawn. At that time—it was after we two met—I, who had been selling tea in Leh, became a clerk of accounts in the Army. When the troops were withdrawn, I was left behind to pay the coolies who made new roads in the hills. This road-making was part of the bond between Bunár, Hilás, and the Government."

"So; and then?"

"I tell you, it was jolly beastly cold up there, too, after summer," said Hurree Babu confidentially. "I was afraid these Bunár men would cut my throat every night for thee pay-chest. My native sepoy guard, they laughed at me! By Jove! I was such a fearful man. Nevar mind thatt. . . . I

"FULL-FLESHED, HEAVY-HAUNCHED, BULL-NECKED, AND DEEP-VOICED."

send word many times that these two Kings were sold to the North; and Mahbub Ali, who was yet farther north, amply confirmed it. Nothing was done. Only my feet were frozen, and a toe dropped off. I sent word that the roads for which I was paying money to the diggers were being made for the feet of strangers and enemies."

"For?"

"For the Russians. The thing was an open jest among the coolies. Then I was called down to tell what I knew by speech of tongue. Mahbub came south, too. See the end! Over the passes this year after snow-melting"—he shivered afresh—"come two strangers under cover of shooting wild goats. They bear guns, but they bear also chains and levels and compasses."

"Oho! The thing gets clearer."

"They are well received by Hilás and Bunár. They make great promises; they speak as the mouthpiece of a Kaisar with gifts. Up the valleys, down the valleys go they, saying, 'Here is a place to build a breastwork; here can ye pitch a fort. Here can ye hold the road against an army'—the very roads for which I paid out the rupees monthly. The Government knows, but does nothing. The three other Kings, who were *not* paid for guarding the passes, tell them by runner of the bad faith of Bunár and Hilás. When all the evil is done, look you—when these two strangers with the levels and the compasses make the Five Kings to believe that a great army will sweep the Passes to-morrow or the next day—Hill-people are all fools—comes the order to me, Hurree Babu, 'Go North and see what those strangers do.' I say to Creighton Sahib, 'This is not a law-suit, that we go about to collect evidence.'" He returned to his English with a jerk: "'By Jove,' I said, 'why the dooce do you not issue demi-offeecial orders to some brave man to poison them, for an example? It is, if you permit the observation, most reprehensible laxity on your part.' And Colonel Creighton, he laughed at me! It is all your beastly English pride. You think no one dare conspire! That is all tommy-rott."

Kim smoked slowly, revolving the business, so far as he understood it, in his quick mind.

"Then thou goest forth to follow the strangers?"

"No; to meet them. They are coming in to Simla to send down their horns and heads to be dressed at Calcutta. They are exclusively sporting gentlemen, and they are allowed special faceelities by the Government. Of course, we always do that. It is our British pride."

"Then what is to fear from them?"

"By Jove, they are not black people. I can do all sorts of things with black people, of course. They are Russians, and highly unscrupulous people. I—I do not want to consort with them without a witness."

"Will they kill thee?"

"Oah, thatt is nothing. I am good enough Herbert Spencerian, I trust, to meet little thing like death, which is all in my fate, you know. But—but they may beat me."

"Why?"

Hurree Babu snapped his fingers with irritation. "Of *course* I shall affeeliate myself to their camp in supernumerary capacity as perhaps interpreter, or person mentally impotent and hungree, or some such thing. And then I must pick up what I can, I suppose. That is as easy for me as playing Mister Doctor to the old lady. Onlee—onlee—you see, Mister O'Hara, I am unfortunately Asiatic, which is serious detriment in some respects. And *all*so I am Bengali—a fearful man."

"God made the Hare and the Bengali. What shame?" said Kim, quoting the proverb.

"It was process of Evolution, *I* think, from Primal Necessity, but the fact remains in all its *cui bono*. I am, oh, awfully fearful!—I remember once they wanted to cut off my head on the road to Lhassa. (No, I have never reached to Lhassa.) I sat down and cried, Mister O'Hara, anticipating Chinese tortures. I do not suppose these two gentlemen will torture me, but I like to provide for possible contingency with European assistance in emergency." He coughed and spat out the cardamoms. "It is purely unoffeecial indent, to which you can say, 'No, Babu.' If you have no pressing engagement with your old man—perhaps you might divert him; perhaps I can seduce his fancies—I should like you to keep in Departmental touch with me till I find those sporting coves. I have great opeenion of you since I met my friend at Delhi. And also I will embody your name in my offeecial report when matter is finally adjudicated. It will be a great feather in your cap. That is why I come really."

"Humph! The end of the tale, I think, is true; but what of the fore part?"

"About the Five Kings? Oah! there is ever so much truth in it. A lots more than you would suppose," said Hurree earnestly.

"You come—eh? I go from here straight into the Doon. It is verree verdant and painted meads. I shall go to Mussoorie—to good old Mussoorie Pahar, as the gentlemen and ladies say. Then by Rampur into Chini. That is the only way they can come. I do not like waiting in the cold, but we must wait for them. I want to walk with them to Simla. You see, one Russian is a Frenchman, and I know my French pretty well. I have friends in Chandernagore."

"*He* would certainly rejoice to see the Hills again," said Kim meditatively. "All his speech these ten days past has been of little else. If we go together——"

"Oh! We can be quite strangers on the road, if your lama prefers. I shall just be four or five miles ahead. There is no hurry for Hurree. That is an Europe pun, ha! ha! and you come after. There is plenty of time; they will plot and survey and map of course. I shall go to-morrow, and you the next day, if you choose. Eh? You go think on it till morning. By Jove, it is near morning now." He yawned ponderously, and with never a civil word lumbered off to his sleeping-place. But Kim slept little, and his thoughts ran in Hindustanee:

"Well is the Game called great! I was four days a scullion at Quetta, waiting on the wife of the man whose book I stole. And that was part of the Great Game! From the South—God knows how far—came up the Mahratta, playing the Great Game in fear of his life. Now I shall go far and far into the North playing the Great Game. Truly, it runs like a shuttle throughout all Hind. And my share and my joy"—he smiled to the darkness—"I owe to the lama here. Also to Mahbub Ali—also to Creighton Sahib, but chiefly to the Holy One. He is right—a great and a wonderful world—and I am Kim—Kim—Kim. Alone—one person—in the middle of it all. But I will see these strangers with their levels and chains. . . ."

"What was the upshot of last night's babble?" said the lama, after his orisons.

"There came a strolling seller of drugs—a hanger-on of the Sahiba's. Him I abolished by arguments and prayers, proving that our charms are worthier than his colored waters."

"Alas! my charms. Is the virtuous woman still bent upon a new one?"

"Very strictly."

"Then it must be written, or she will deafen me with her clamor." He fumbled at his pencase.

"In the plains," said Kim, "are always too many people. In the Hills, as I understand, there are fewer."

"Oh! the Hills, and the snow upon the Hills!" The lama tore off a tiny square of paper fit to go in an amulet. "But what dost thou know of the Hills?"

"They are very close." Kim thrust open the door and looked at the long, peaceful line of the Himalayas flushed in morning-gold. "Except in the dress of a Sahib, I have never set foot among them."

The lama snuffed the wind wistfully.

"If we go north"—Kim put the question to the waking sunrise—"would not much mid-day heat be avoided by walking among the lower hills at least? . . . Is the charm made, Holy One?"

"I have written the names of seven silly devils—not one of whom is worth a grain of dust in the eye. How do foolish women drag us from the Way!"

Hurree Babu came out from behind the dovecot, washing his teeth with ostentatious ritual. Full-fleshed, heavy-haunched, bull-necked, and deep-voiced, he did not look like "a fearful man." Kim signed almost imperceptibly that matters were in good train, and when the morning toilet was over Hurree Babu, in flowery speech, came to do honor to the lama. They ate, of course, apart, and afterwards the old lady, more or less veiled behind a window, returned to the vital business of green-mango colics in the young. The lama's knowledge of medicine was of course sympathetic only. He believed that the dung of a black horse, mixed with sulphur, and carried in a snake-skin, was a sound remedy for cholera; but the symbolism interested him far more than the science. Hurree Babu deferred to these views with enchanting politeness, so that the lama called him a courteous physician. Hurree Babu replied that he was no more than an inexpert dabbler in the mysteries; but at least—he thanked the Gods therefor—he knew when he sat in the presence of a master. He himself had been taught by the Sahibs, who do not consider expense, in the lordly halls of Calcutta; but, as he was ever first to acknowledge, there lay a wisdom behind earthly widsom—the high and lonely lore of meditation. Kim looked on with envy. The Hurree Babu of his knowledge—oily, effusive, and nervous—was gone; gone too was the brazen drug-vendor of overnight. There remained—polished, polite, attentive—a sober, learned son of experience and adversity, gathering wisdom from

the lama's lips. The old lady confided to Kim that these rare levels were beyond her. She liked charms with plenty of ink that one could wash off in water, swallow, and be done with. Else what was the use of the Gods? She liked men and women, and she spoke of them—of kinglets she had known in the past; of her own youth and beauty; of the depredations of leopards and the eccentricities of love Asiatic; of the incidence of taxation, rack-renting, funeral ceremonies, her son-in-law (this by allusion, easy to be followed), the care of the young, and the age's lack of decency. And Kim, as interested in the life of this world as she soon to leave it, squatted with his feet under the hem of his robe, drinking all in while the lama demolished one after another every theory of body-curing put forward by Hurree Babu.

At noon the Babu strapped up his brass-bound drug-box, took his patent-leather shoes of ceremony in one hand, a gay blue and white umbrella in the other, and set off northwards to the Doon, where, he said, he was in demand among the lesser kings of those parts.

"We will go in the cool of the evening, *chêla*," said the lama. "That doctor, learned in physic and courtesy, affirms that the people among these lower hills are devout, generous, and much in need of a teacher. In a very short time—so says the *hakim*—we come to cool air and the smell of pines."

"Ye go to the Hills. And by Kulu-road? Oh, thrice happy!" shrilled the old lady. "But that I am a little pressed with the care of the homestead I would take palanquin . . . but that would be shameless, and my reputation would be cracked. Ho! Ho! I know the road—every march of the road I know. Ye will find charity throughout—it is not denied to the well-looking. I will give orders for provision. A servant to set you forth upon your journey? No. . . . Then I will at least cook ye good food."

"What a woman is the Sahiba!" said the white-bearded Oorya, when a tumult rose by the kitchen quarters. "She has never forgotten a friend: she has never forgotten an enemy in all her years. And her cookery—wah!" He rubbed his slim stomach.

There were cakes, there were sweetmeats, there was cold fowl stewed to rags with rice and prunes—enough to burden Kim like a mule.

"I am old and useless," she said. "None now love me—and none respect—but there are few to compare with me when I call on the Gods and squat to my cooking-pots. Come again, O people of good will. Holy One and disciple, come again. The room is always prepared; the welcome is always ready. . . . See the women do follow thy *chela* too openly. *I* know the women of Kulu. Take heed, *chela*, lest he do not run away when he smells his Hills again. . . . Hai! Do not tilt the rice-bag upside down. . . . Bless the household, Holy One, and forgive thy servant her stupidities."

She wiped her red old eyes on a corner of her veil, and clucked throatily.

"Women talk," said the lama at last, "but that is a woman's infirmity. I gave her a charm. She is upon the Wheel and wholly given over to the shows of this life, but none the less, *chela*, she is virtuous, kindly, hospitable—of a whole and zealous heart. Who shall say she does not acquire merit?"

"Not I, Holy One," said Kim, reslinging the bountiful provisions on his shoulders. "In my mind—behind my eyes—I have tried to picture such an one altogether freed from the Wheel—desiring nothing, causing nothing—a nun, as it were."

"And, O imp?" The lama almost laughed aloud.

"I cannot make the picture."

"Nor I. But there are many, many millions of lives before her. She will get wisdom a little, it may be, in each one."

"And will she forget how to make *pilaff* with saffron upon that road?"

"Thy mind is set on things unworthy. But she has skill. I am refreshed all over. When we reach the lower hills I shall be yet stronger. The *hakim* spoke truly to me this morn when he said a breath from the snows blows away twenty years from the life of a man. We will go up into the Hills—the high hills—up to the sound of snow-water and the sound of the trees—for a little while. The *hakim* said that at any time we may return to the Plains, for we do no more than skirt the pleasant places. The *hakim* is full of learning; but he is in no way proud. I spoke to him—when thou wast talking to the Sahiba—of a certain dizziness that lays hold upon the back of my neck in the night, and he said it rose from excessive heat—to be cured by cool air. Upon consideration, I marveled that I had not thought of such a simple remedy."

"Didst thou tell him of thy Search?" said Kim, a little jealously. He preferred to sway the lama by his own speech—not by the wiles of Hurree Babu.

"Assuredly. I told him of my dream, and of the manner by which I had acquired merit by causing thee to be taught wisdom."

"Thou didst not say I was a Śahib?"

"What need? I have told thee many times we be but two souls seeking escape. He said—and he is just herein—that the River of Healing will break forth even as I dreamed—at my feet if need be. Having found the Way, seest thou, that shall free me from the Wheel, need I trouble to find a way about the mere fields of earth—which are illusion? That were senseless. I have my dreams, night upon night repeated; I have the *Jâtàka*; and I have thee, Friend of all the World. It was written in thy horoscope that a Red Bull on a green field—I have not forgotten—should bring thee to honor. Who but I saw that prophecy accomplished? Indeed, I was the instrument. Thou shalt find me my River, being in return the instrument. The Search is sure!"

He set his ivory-yellow face, serene and untroubled, towards the beckoning Hills; his shadow shouldering far before him in the dust.

CHAPTER XIII.

His own greediness killed the tiger; but the hunter got the Government reward just the same.—*Native Proverb.*

"WHO goes to the Hills goes to his mother."

They had crossed the Sewaliks and the half-tropical Doon, left Mussoorie behind them, and headed north along the narrow hill-roads. Day after day they struck deeper into the huddled mountains, and day after day Kim watched the lama return to a man's strength. Among the terraces of the Doon he had leaned on the boy's shoulder, ready to profit by wayside halts. Under the great ramp to Mussoorie he drew himself together as an old hunter faces a well-remembered bank, and where he should have sunk exhausted swung his long draperies about him, drew a deep double-lungful of the diamond air, and walked as only a hillman can. Kim, plains-bred and plains-fed, sweated and panted astonished. "This is *my* country," said the lama. "Beside Such-zen, this is flatter than a rice-field;" and with steady, driving strokes from the loins he strode upwards. But it was on the long downhill marches, three thousand feet in three hours, that he went utterly away from Kim, whose back ached with holding back, and whose big toe was nigh cut off by his grass sandal-string. Through the speckled shadow of the great deodar-forests, through oak feathered and plumed with ferns, birch, ilex, rhododendron, and pine, out on to the bare hillsides' slippery sunburnt grass, and back into the woodlands' coolth again, till oak gave way to bamboo and palm of the valley, he swung untiring.

Glancing back in the twilight at the huge ridges behind him and the faint, thin line of the road whereby they had come, he would lay out, with a hillman's generous breadth of vision, fresh marches for the morrow; or, halting in the neck of some uplifted pass that gave on Spiti and Kulu, would stretch out his hands yearningly towards the high snows of the horizon. In the dawns they flared windy-red above stark blue, as Kedarnath and Badrinath—kings of that wilderness—took the first sunlight. All day long they lay like molten silver under the sun, and at evening put on their jewels again. At first they breathed temperately upon the travellers, winds good to meet when one crawled over some gigantic hogback; but in a few days, at a height of nine or ten thousand feet, those breezes bit, and Kim kindly allowed a village of hillmen to acquire merit by giving him a rough blanket-coat. The lama was mildly surprised that any one could object to the knife-edged breezes which had cut the years off his shoulders.

"These are but the lower hills, *chela*. There is no cold till we come to the true Hills."

"Air and water are good, and the people are devout enough, but the food is very bad," Kim growled; "and we walk as though we were mad—or English. It freezes at night, too."

"A little, maybe; but only enough to make old bones rejoice in the sun. We must not always delight in the soft beds and rich food."

"We might at the least keep to the road."

Kim had all a plains-man's affection for the well-trodden track, not six feet wide, that snaked among the mountains; but the lama, being Tibetan, could not refrain from short cuts over spurs and the rims of gravel-strewn slopes. As he explained to his limping disciple, a man bred among mountains can prophesy the course of the mountain road, and though low-lying clouds might be a hindrance to a short-cutting stranger, they made no earthly difference to a thoughtful man. Thus, after long hours of what would be reckoned very fair mountaineering in civi-

lized countries, they would pant over a saddle-back, sidle past a few landslips, and drop through forest at an angle of forty-five into the road again. Along their track lay the villages of the hill-folk—mud and earth huts, timbers now and then rudely carved with an axe, clinging like swallows' nests against the steeps—huddled on tiny flats halfway down a three-thousand-foot glissade; jammed into a corner between cliffs that funnelled and focused every wandering blast; or, for the sake of summer pasture, cowering down on a neck that in winter would be ten feet deep in snow. And the people—the sallow, greasy, duffle-clad people, with short bare legs and faces almost Esquimaux—would flock out and adore. The Plains—kindly and gentle—had treated the lama as a holy man among holy men. But the Hills worshipped him as one in the confidence of all the devils. Theirs was an almost obliterated Buddhism, overlaid with a nature-worship fantastic as their own landscapes, elaborate as the terracing of their tiny fields; but they recognized the big hat, the clinking rosary, and the rare Chinese texts for great authority; and they respected the man under the hat.

"We saw thee come down over the black Breasts of Eua," said a Betah who gave them cheese, sour milk, and stone-hard bread one evening. "We do not use that often—except when calving cows stray in summer. There is a sudden wind among those stones that casts men down on the stillest day. But what should such folk care for the Devil of Eua!"

Then did Kim, aching in every fibre, dizzy with looking down, footsore with cramping desperate toes into inadequate crannies, take joy in the day's march—such joy as a boy of St. Xavier's who had won the quarter-mile on the flat might take in the praises of his friends. The hills sweated the *ghi* and sugar suet off his bones; the dry air, taken sobbingly at the head of cruel passes, firmed and built out his upper ribs; and the tilted levels put new hard muscle into calf and thigh.

They meditated often on the Wheel of Life—the more so since, as the lama said, they were freed from its visible temptations. Except the gray eagle and an occasional far-seen bear grubbing and rooting on the hillside, the vision of a furious painted leopard met at dawn in a still valley devouring a goat, and now and again a bright-colored bird, they were alone with the winds and the grass singing under the wind. The women of the smoky huts over whose roofs the two walked as they descended the mountains, were unlovely and unclean, wives of many husbands, and afflicted with goitre. The men were wood-cutters when they were not farmers—meek, and of an incredible simplicity. But that suitable discourse might not fail, Fate sent them, overtaking and overtaken upon the road, the courteous Dacca physician, who paid for his food in ointments good for goitre and counsels that restore peace between men and women. He seemed to know these hills as well as he knew the hill dialects, and gave the lama the lie of the land towards Ladakh and Tibet. He said they could return to the Plains at any moment. Meantime, for such as loved mountains, yonder road might amuse. This was not all revealed in a breath, but at evening encounters on the stone threshing-floors, when, patients disposed of, the doctor would smoke and the lama snuff, while Kim watched the wee cows grazing on the house-tops, or threw his soul after his eye across the deep blue gulfs between range and range. And there were talks apart in the dark woods, when the doctor would seek plants, and Kim, as budding physician, must accompany him.

"You see, Mister O'Hara, I do not know what the deuce-an'-all I shall do when I find our sporting friends; but if you will kindly keep within sight of my umbrella, which is a fine fixed point for cadastral survey, I feel much better."

Kim looked out across the jungle of peaks. "This is not my country, *hakim*. Easier, I think, to find one louse in a bearskin."

"Oah, thatt is my strong points. There is no hurry for Hurree. They were at Leh not so long ago. They said they had come down from the Kara Korum with their heads and horns and all. I am onlee afraid they will have sent back all their letters and compromising things from Leh into Russian territoree. Of course they will walk away as far to the East as possible—just to show that they were never among the Western States. You do not know the Hills." He scratched with a twig on the earth. "Look! They should have come in by Srinagar or Abbottabad. *Thatt* is their short road—down the river by Bunji and Astor. But they have made mischief in the West. So"—he drew a furrow from left to right—"they march and they march away East to Leh (ah! it is cold there), and down the Indus to Han-lé (I know that road), and then down, you see, to Bushahr and Chini valley. That is ascertained by process of elimination, and also by asking questions from people that I

cure so well. Our friends have been a long time playing about and producing impressions. So they are well known from far off. You will see me catch them somewhere in Chini valley. Please keep your eye on the umbrella."

It nodded like a wind-blown harebell down the valleys and round the mountain sides, and in due time the lama and Kim, who steered by compass, would overhaul it, vending ointments and powders at eventide. "We came by such and such a way!" The lama would throw a careless finger backward at the ridges, and the umbrella would expend itself in compliments.

They crossed a snowy pass in cold moonlight, when the lama, mildly chaffing Kim, went through up to his knees, like a Bactrian camel — the snow-bred, shag-haired sort that come into the Kashmir Serai. They dipped across beds of light snow and snow-powdered shale, where they took refuge from a gale in a camp of Tibetans hurrying down tiny sheep, each laden with a bag of borax. They came down upon grassy shoulders still snow-speckled, and through forest, to grass anew. For all their marchings, Kedarnath and Badrinath were not impressed; and it was only after days of travel that Kim, uplifted upon some insignificant ten-thousand-foot hummock, could see that a shoulder-knot or horn of the two great lords had—ever so slightly—changed outline.

At last they entered a world within a world—a valley of leagues where the high hills were fashioned of the mere rubble and refuse from off the knees of the mountains. Here one day's march carried them no farther, it seemed, than a dreamer's clogged pace bears him in a nightmare. They skirted a shoulder painfully for hours, and behold it was but an outlying boss in an outlying buttress of the main pile. A rounded meadow revealed itself, when they had reached it, for a vast tableland running far into the valley. Three days later, it was but a fold in the earth to southward.

"Surely the Gods live here," said Kim, beaten down by the silence and the appalling sweep and dispersal of the cloud-shadows after rain. "This is no place for men!"

"Long and long ago," said the lama, as to himself, "it was asked of the Lord whether the world were everlasting. To this the Excellent One returned no answer. . . . When I was in Ceylon, a wise Seeker confirmed that from the gospel which is written in Pali. Certainly, since we know the way to Freedom, the question was unprofitable, but—look, and know illusion, *chela!* These are the true Hills! They are like my hills by Such-zen. Never were such hills!"

Above them, still enormously above them, earth towered away towards the snow-line, where from east to west across hundreds of miles, ruled as with a ruler, the last of the bold birches stopped. Above that, in scarps and blocks upheaved, the rocks strove to fight their heads above the white smother. Above these again, changeless since the world's beginning, but changing to every mood of sun and cloud, lay out the eternal snow. They could see blots and blurs on its face where storm and wandering wullie-wa got up to dance. Below them, as they stood, the forest slid away in a sheet of blue green for mile upon mile; below the forest was a village in its sprinkle of terraced fields and steep grazing-grounds; below the village they knew, though a thunderstorm worried and growled there for the moment, a pitch of twelve or fifteen hundred feet gave to the moist valley where the streams gather that are the mothers of young Sutluj.

As usual, the lama had led him by cow-track and byroad, far from the main route along which Hurree Babu, that "fearful man," had bucketed three days before through a storm to which nine Englishmen out of ten would have given full right of way. Hurree was no game shot,—the snick of a trigger made him change colour,—but, as he himself would have said, he was "fairly effeecient stalker," and he had raked the huge valley with a pair of cheap binoculars to some purpose. Moreover, the white of worn canvas tents against green carries far. Hurree Babu had seen all he wanted to see when he sat on the threshing-floor of Ziglaur, twenty miles away as the eagle flies, and forty by road—that is to say, two small dots which one day were just below the snow-line, and the next had moved downward perhaps six inches on the hillside. Once cleaned out and set to the work, his fat bare legs could cover a surprising amount of ground, and this was the reason why, while Kim and the lama lay in a leaky hut at Ziglaur till the storm should be overpassed, an oily, wet, but always smiling Bengali, talking the best of English with the vilest of phrases, was ingratiating himself with two sodden and rather rheumatic foreigners. He had arrived, revolving many wild schemes, on the heels of a thunderstorm which had split a pine over against the camp, and so convinced a dozen or two forcibly impressed baggage-coolies the day was inauspicious for farther

travel that with one accord they had thrown down their loads and jibbed.

They were subjects of a hill-Rajah who farmed out their services, as is the custom, for his private gain; and, to add to their personal distastes, the strange Sahibs had already threatened them with rifles. The most of them knew rifles and Sahibs of old: they were trackers and *shikarris* of the Northern valleys, keen after bear and wild goat; but they had never been thus treated in their lives. So the forest took them to her bosom, and, for all oaths and clamour, refused to restore. There was no need to feign madness or—the Babu had thought of another means of securing a welcome. He wrung out his wet clothes, slipped on his patent-leather shoes, opened the blue and white umbrella, and with mincing gate and a heart beating against his tonsils appeared as "agent for His Royal Highness, the Rajah of Rampur, gentlemen. What can I do for you, please?"

The gentlemen were delighted. One was visibly French, the other Russian, but they spoke English not much inferior to the Babu's. They begged his kind offices. Their native servants had gone sick at Leh. They had hurried on because they were anxious to bring the spoils of the chase to Simla ere the skins grew moth-eaten. They bore a general letter of introduction (the Babu salaamed to it orientally) to all Government officials. No, they had not met any other shooting-parties *en route*. They did for themselves. They had plenty of supplies. They only wished to push on as soon as might be. At this he waylaid a cowering hillman among the trees, and after three minutes' talk and a little silver (one cannot be economical upon State service, though Hurree's heart bled at the waste) the eleven coolies and the three hangers-on reappeared. At least the Babu would be a witness to oppression.

"My royal master, he will be much annoyed, but these people are onlee common people and grossly ignorant. If your honours will kindly overlook unfortunate affair, I shall be much pleased. In a little while rain will stop and we can then proceed. You have been shooting, eh? That is fine performance!"

He skipped nimbly from one *kilta* to the next, making pretence to adjust each conical basket. The Englishman is not, as a rule, familiar with the Asiatic, but he would not strike across the wrist a kindly Babu who had accidentally upset a *kilta* with a red oilskin top. On the other hand, he would not press drink upon a Babu were he never so friendly, nor would he invite him to meat. The strangers did all these things, and asked many questions,—about women mostly,—to which Hurree returned gay and unstudied answers. They gave him a glass of whitish fluid like to gin, and then more; and in a little time his gravity departed from him. He became thickly treasonous, and spoke in terms of sweeping indecency of a Government which had forced upon him a white man's education and neglected to supply him with a white man's salary. He babbled tales of oppression and wrong till the tears ran down his cheeks for the miseries of his land. Then he staggered off, singing love-songs of Lower Bengal, and collapsed upon a wet tree-trunk. Never was so unfortunate a product of English rule in India more unhappily thrust upon aliens.

"They are all just of that pattern," said one sportsman to the other in French. "When we get into India proper thou wilt see. I should like to visit his Rajah. One might speak the good word there. It is possible that he has heard of us and wishes to signify his good will."

"We have not time. We must get into Simla as soon as may be," his companion replied. "For my own part, I wish our reports had been sent back north from Hilás, or even Leh."

"The English post is better and safer. Remember we are given all facilities—and name of God!—they give them to us too! Is it unbelievable stupidity?"

"It is pride—pride that deserves and will receive punishment."

"To fight a fellow-Continental in our game is something. There is a risk attached, but these people—bah! It is too easy."

"Pride—all pride, my friend."

"Now what the deuce is good of Chandernagore being so close to Calcutta and all," said Hurree, snoring open-mouthed on the sodden moss, "if I cannot understand their French? They talk so particularly fast! It would have been much better to cut their beastly throats."

When he presented himself again he was racked with a headache—penitent, and volubly afraid that in his drunkenness he might have been indiscreet. He loved the British Government—it was the source of all prosperity and honour, and his master of Rampur held the very same opinion. Upon this the men began to deride him and to quote past words, till step by step, with deprecating

smirks, oily grins, and leers of infinite cunning, the poor Babu was beaten out of his defenses and forced to speak—truth. When Lurgan was told the tale later, he mourned aloud that he could not have been in the place of the stubborn, inattentive coolies, who with grass mats over their heads and the raindrops puddling in their footprints, waited on the weather. All the Sahibs of their acquaintance—rough-clad men joyously returning year after year to their chosen gullies—had servants and cooks and orderlies, very often hillmen. These Sahibs travelled without any retinue. Therefore they were poor Sahibs, and ignorant; for no Sahib in his senses would follow a Bengali's advice. But the Bengali, appearing from somewhere, had given them money, and would make shift with their dialect. Used to comprehensive ill-treatment from their own colour, they suspected a trap somewhere, and stood by to run if occasion offered.

Then through the new-washed air, steaming with delicious earth smells, the Babu led the way down the slopes—walking ahead of the coolies in pride; walking behind the foreigners in humility. His thoughts were many and various. The least of them would have interested his companions beyond words. But he was an agreeable guide, ever keen to point out the beauties of his royal master's domain. He peopled the hills with anything they had a mind to slay—thar, ibex, or markhor, and bears by Elisha's allowance. He discoursed of botany and ethnology with unimpeachable inaccuracy, and his store of local legends—he had been a trusted agent of the State for fifteen years, remember—was inexhaustible.

"Decidedly this fellow is an original," said the taller of the two foreigners. "He is like the nightmare of a Viennese courier."

"He represents *in petto* India in transition—the monstrous hybridism of East and West," the Russian replied. "It is *we* who can deal with Orientals."

"He has lost his own country and has not acquired any other. But he has a most complete hatred of his conquerors. Listen. He confides to me last night," etc.

Under the striped umbrella Hurree Babu was straining ear and brain to follow the quick-poured French, and keeping both eyes on a *kilta* full of maps and documents—an extra large one with a double red oilskin cover. He did not wish to steal anything. He only desired to know what to steal, and, incidentally, how to get away when he had stolen it. He thanked all the Gods of Hindustan, and Herbert Spencer, that there remained some valuables to steal.

On the second day the road rose steeply to a grass spur above the forest; and it was here, about sunset, that they came across an aged lama—but they called him a bonze—sitting cross-legged above a mysterious chart held down by stones, which he was explaining to a young man, evidently a neophyte, of singular, though unwashen, beauty. The striped umbrella had been sighted half a march away, and Kim had suggested a halt till it came up to them.

"Ha!" said Hurree Babu, resourceful as Puss-in-Boots. "That is eminent local holy man. Probably subject of my royal master."

"What is he doing? It is very curious."

"He is expounding holy picture—all hand-worked."

The two men stood bare-headed in the wash of the afternoon sunlight low across the gold-coloured grass. The sullen coolies, glad of the check, halted and slid down their loads.

"Look!" said the Frenchman. "It is like a picture for the birth of a religion—the first teacher and the first disciple. Is he a Buddhist?"

"Of some debased kind," the other answered. "There are no true Buddhists among the Hills. But look at the folds of the drapery. Look at his eyes—how insolent! Why does this make one feel that we are so young a people?" The speaker struck passionately at a tall weed. "We have nowhere left our mark yet. Nowhere! *That*, do you understand, is what disquiets me." He scowled at the placid face, and the monumental calm of the pose.

"Have patience. We shall make our mark together—we and you young people. Meantime, draw his picture."

The Babu advanced loftily; his back out of all keeping with his deferential speech, or his wink towards Kim.

"Holy One, these be Sahibs. My medicines cured one of a flux, and I go into Simla to oversee his recovery. They wish to see thy picture——"

"To heal the sick is always good. This is the Wheel of Life," said the lama, "the same I showed thee in the hut at Ziglaur when the rain fell."

"And to hear thee expound it."

The lama's eyes lighted at the prospect of new listeners. "To expound the Most Excellent Way is good. Have they any knowledge of Hindi, such as had the Keeper of Images?"

"A little, maybe."

Hereat, simply as a child engrossed with a new game, the lama threw back his head and began the full-throated invocation of the Doctor of Divinity ere he opens the full doctrine. The strangers leaned on their alpenstocks and listened. Kim, squatting humbly, watched the red sunlight on their faces, and the blend and parting of their long shadows. They wore un-English leggings and curious girt-in belts that reminded him hazily of the pictures in a book at St. Xavier's library: "The Adventures of a Young Naturalist in Mexico" was its name. Yes, they looked very like the wonderful M. Sumichrast of that tale, and very unlike the "highly unscrupulous folk" of Hurree Babu's imagining. The coolies, earth-coloured and mute, crouched reverently some twenty or thirty yards away, and the Babu, the slack of his thin gear snapping like a signal-flag in the chill breeze, stood by with an air of happy proprietorship.

"These are the men," Hurree whispered, as the ritual went on and the two whites followed the grass blade sweeping from Hell to Heaven and back again. "All their books are in the large *kilta* with the reddish top,—books and reports and maps,—and I have seen a King's letter that either Hilás or Bunár has written. They guard it most carefully. They have sent nothing back from Hilás or Leh. That is sure."

"Who is with them?"

"Only the *beegar*-coolies. They have no servants. They are so close they cook their own food."

"But what am I to do?"

"Wait and see. Only if any chance comes to me thou wilt know where to seek for the papers."

"This were better in Mahbub Ali's hands than a Bengali's," said Kim scornfully.

"There are more ways of getting to a sweetheart than butting down a wall."

"See here the Hell appointed for avarice and greed. Flanked upon the one side by Desire and on the other by Weariness." The lama warmed to his work, and one of the strangers sketched him in the quick-fading light.

"That is enough," the man said at last brusquely. "I cannot understand him, but I want that picture. He is a better artist than I. Ask him if he will sell it."

"He says 'No, sar,'" the Babu replied. The lama, of course, would no more have parted with his chart to a casual wayfarer than an archbishop would pawn the holy vessels of a cathedral. All Tibet is full of cheap reproductions of the Wheel; but the lama was an artist, as well as a wealthy abbot in his own place.

"Perhaps in three days, or four, or ten, if I perceive that the Sahib is a Seeker and of good understanding, I may myself draw him another. But *this* was used for the initiation of a novice. Tell him so, *hakim*."

"He wishes it now—for money."

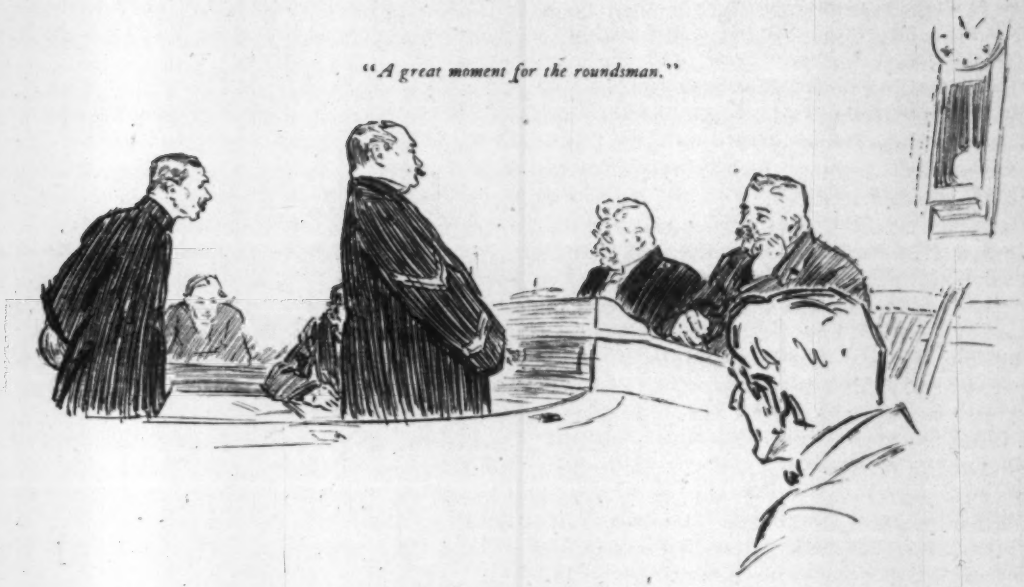
(*To be continued.*)

IN A TIDEWAY.

By Charles Henry Webb.

In the clutch of a tide that my course compels,
A merciless tide, that ebbs and swells
To suns and moons I do not control—
And because I cannot would wreck my soul;
The storm-tossed toy of a turbulent tide—
And only one star through the night to guide—
In a cockleshell on its crest afloat,
Still I trim the sails of my tiny boat,
And strive to steer by that star remote—
For the tide that threatens and thwarts, I know
Is itself controlled in its ebb and flow:
And what am I, a speck on the main,
Of the stars that sway the Sea to complain?
If it be in the plan that I sink at sea,
Let me sink as I sail, with pennon free;
If land I make, as a sailor should,
It is not I am great, but that One is good;
But happen what may, let the log-book tell
That I did my best with my cockleshell.

"A great moment for the roundsman."



THE CALIPH AND HIS COURT.

By Arthur Ruhl.

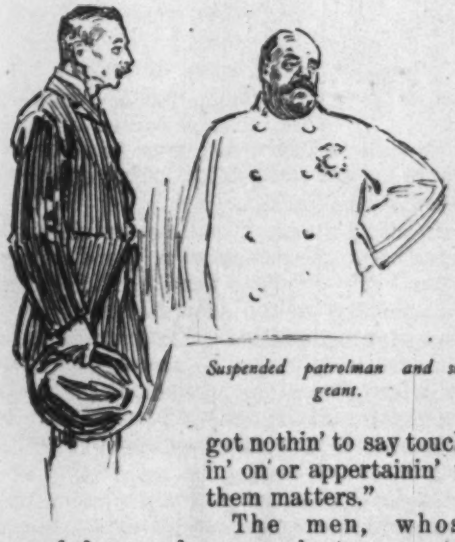
Editor's Note.—William S. Devery, the Caliph of Mr. Ruhl's sketch, entered the New York Police Department in 1878, when he was twenty-three years old. In 1881, he was made Roundsman; in 1883, Sergeant; in 1891, Captain. In 1893, he was tried, at the instigation of the Parkhurst Society, for failing to suppress disorderly houses, and was acquitted. In 1894, he was tried for accepting a bribe from a contractor, and was dismissed from the department. He did not appear at the trial, but sent word that he was too ill to attend. A police surgeon examined him and confirmed the statement. No other doctor was allowed to cross the threshold. The Supreme Court decided, however, that he had not received a legal hearing and reinstated him in 1895. In 1898, Devery was made Chief of Police. In his own words, he has been "accused of every offense on the calendar, excepting being off post." Periodically the newspapers have talked of his removal, and a recent police law did legislate him out of office. Commissioner Murphy immediately appointed him his Deputy, and in this position Devery is still the acting head of the force, and is known everywhere as the "Big Chief."

THE room was not unlike the traditional district school. There were the same rough board floor, the bare white walls, the transverse wooden benches, and the tall windows with their thin scholastic panes. But no barefoot boys were whittling entwined initials and bleeding hearts, nor were there peach-blow maids in pigtails and pinafores to inspire pastoral idyls or moral verse. The wooden benches creaked beneath the weight of some threescore ponderous beings in blue and brass buttons, each one of whom, by token of his calling, was steeped in sophisticated knowledge of the sodden side of the life of the town. Behind the desk—the horseshoe-shaped desk that has heard so many dark tales in its day—sat, instead of a rural Ichabod or a gingham-aproned school-ma'am, an individual with the face of a retired pugilist, who held in his hand, in a way no mere pedagogue ever held, the fate and fortune of every man in the room. This room was the trial-room at Police Headquarters. The men in blue and brass buttons were naughty New York policemen upon trial. And the man behind the horseshoe desk was the

The Clerk.

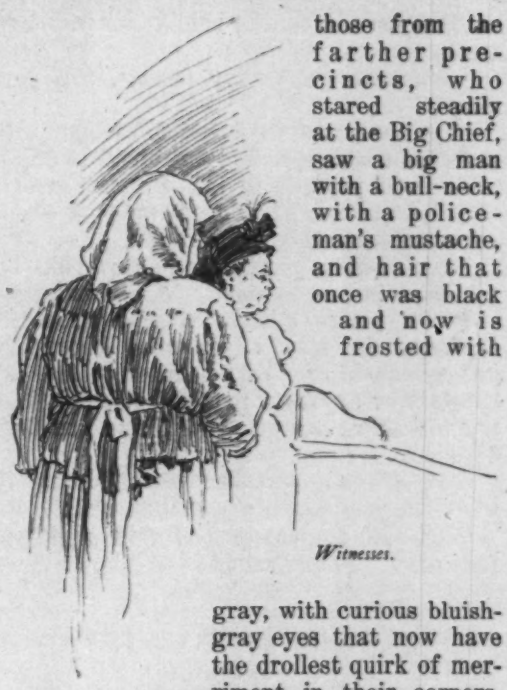
"Big Chief"—known just now in the quaintness of official language as *Deputy*-Commissioner Devery.

It is the fashion in some quarters to regard the men in blue and brass buttons with unbending solemnity and extreme distrust. The easy moralist, vaguely aware of the existence of that machine whose sign is the tiger, sees black-and-yellow stripes streaking every uniform and thinks not at all of the husky young chap inside who has troubles of his own. The Circean caricaturist, compelled to treat the Big Chief with equal acerbity, draws him through all the gamut of transmigratory punishment from that of the scaly serpent to the rabid bulldog, and fails to suggest that he is yet a flesh-and-blood ruffian with the humors belonging to a man of Hibernian descent and a weight of some twenty stone. We shall take another point of view—forgetting the things which so keenly interest parsons and politicians. In the phrase which the Big Chief always uses when he gets a question he doesn't want to answer: "I've got nothin' to say touchin' on or appertainin' to them matters."



Suspended patrolman and sergeant.

The men, whose bronzed faces and convex chests presented a phalanx in front of the horseshoe desk, had come from the various precincts all the way from Tottenville to High Bridge, as they come on every Thursday morning in the year, to bluff, to laugh, or even frankly to explain themselves out of all sorts of charges, from that of wandering a couple of blocks "off post" to that of breaking some servant-girl's heart. They had learned their stories and coached their witnesses, and now they waited, chuckling hoarsely and whispering ponderous jests, while the Caliph looked over the list of complaints. The younger patrolmen, and those from the farther precincts, who stared steadily at the Big Chief, saw a big man with a bull-neck, with a policeman's mustache, and hair that once was black and now is frosted with gray, with curious bluish-gray eyes that now have the drollest quirk of merriment in their corners, and again stiffen and gleam until they seem to pierce the very uniform of the trembling patrolman who tries to stand before them. At such times the blood leaps into the Caliph's face, until you think of red flame showing through smoke.



Witnesses.

In a sputter of words, faster than an auctioneer's sing-song, the old clerk read:

"Officer-Michael-Murphy-Ninety-ninth-precinc'-off-post-an'-found-in-liquor-store-on-night-of," etc., etc.

Out from the blue-coated phalanx, preceded by his roundsman who had caught him "off post," and who made the complaint against him, the delinquent patrolman marched to the bar.

"Complaint correct as read, Rounds'?" asked the Caliph, and the roundsman solemnly nodded his head. It was a great moment for the roundsman. Basking in conscious rectitude, erect, austere, with chin in, weight resting on one leg, and his hands crossed on his stomach, he awaited, with a fine Olympian tolerance, the progress of the case. The Caliph turned his eyes on the patrolman—a look that took in every detail from the state of his complexion and his

The Big Chief.

uniform to the man's ability to tell the truth.

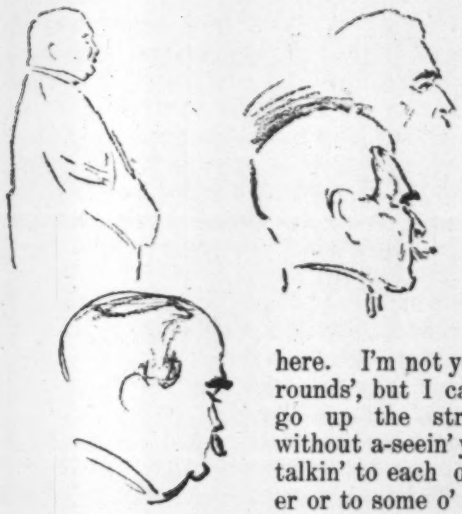
"What you got to say, officer?" he put bluntly.

"On the night in question," began the patrolman, with the air of one about to demonstrate a proposition in advanced geometry, "I was tryin' doors along me post when I was suddenly took with cramps. I——"

"Look a-here, young man! How long 'a' you been in the business? Three months, eh? An' you're a-havin' cramps already! You're a quick learner, you are. Where 'ud you a-been in case of a murder or fire or burglary or anything requirin' quick action touchin' on a casuality? I'll fine you ten days' pay. You stay on post!"

As the young patrolman scuttled out of the trial-room the Caliph rumbled out:

"It's only you young men what won't do your duty. I don't see none of the old men here. I'm not your rounds', but I can't go up the street without a-seein' you talkin' to each other or to some o' the young ladies on your post. You won't walk the sidewalk at all. I've seen the day when, with fly cops an' all around, I couldn't a-leaned around the corner of a bay-window without gettin' a complaint."



Types of policemen.

The "cramps excuse" which the young patrolman ventured to use is one of the several traditional pleas which have been handed down through generations of "off post" policemen like precious amulets. The "man on the sidewalk" lacks the creative imagination. He must be started with a plot. In descriptive imagination, in the convincing laying-on of local color, he comes out strong, and once possessed of the cramps *motif*, or one of the few others in his repertoire, he laboriously proceeds, solemnly certain that he is secure.

Genius springs triumphant, however, from the most unfallow ground. There was once a patrolman——

"Why, it was just this way, Mr. Commissioner," said he. "On the mornin' in question, at about twenty-seven minutes to three o'clock I heard a citizen shoutin' 'Fire! Fire!' about two blocks off me post. I ran to the spot thinkin' to turn in the alarm or assist in wakin' the tenants in the house, when I found a milkman callin' out for to wake a customer on the third floor of a flat-house. That customer's name was 'Myer,' an' the milkman was yellin' 'Myer! Myer!' I was just after hearin' this when me roundsman rapped for me."

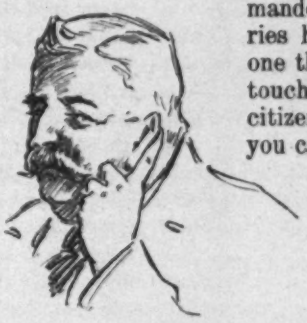
The complaint was dismissed. This was before Devery became a trial-judge, and the man who thus rewarded a patrolman's skill as a raconteur now presides over a more august and less diverting body—the United States Senate.

Presently the clerk read a complaint which stated that So-and-so was found several blocks "off post" in a dazed condition, "unfit to perform *po*-lice duty, and standing in front of a cigar store." The patrolman had had a fresh shave, and he seemed to be feeling pretty fit, and so, instead of giving the stock story about having been seized with chills and having taken quinine and whisky with untoward results, he tried to bluff it through—spoke darkly of a mysterious vertigo and the presages of his physician, and of a couple of suspicious persons whom he thought best to watch from the shadow of a cigar-store door. The Big Chief's gray eyes, peering out above his puffy cheeks, saw everything, but he chose, for a moment, to dally with his prey.

"Um," he murmured deeply, "why didn't you get your side partner to cover for you? All you had to do was to jing your stick on the sidewalk or give the double rap." Then all at once his mildness left, the flame came into his face, and his eyes grew hard as they flashed out toward the man who stood with quaking knees and

hands rubbing nervously one over the other.

"Stand up!" he roared. "Stand up an' have some nerve about you! What do you come down here an' lie to me for? You ought a-hire out as a cigar-store Indian. I know you, an' I know what you're a-doin'. You're a-bendin' your elbow too much. D'you hear that? You stop bendin' your elbow!" And then he rapped on the fine.



"Listened attentively."

In Devery's vivid vocabulary "bendin' the elbow" means "drinking"—the elbow being bent to convey to its owner's mouth the cup that does more than cheer. The trick of suddenly turning on the men who come before him with some piercing accusation, which his intuition or his knowledge of every crook and corner of the "business" gives, is one of his strongest weapons. I have seen him order a young patrolman to show his profile, and thereby identify him as the leader of a gang of boys that he had run up against in the old days when he, too, was "on the sidewalk." Once I heard him flatly blurt out:

"Where's your moustache?"

"I shaved it off—for the summer," stammered the policeman, looking as though he saw a ghost.

"Um—I see—I see. Gettin' too *warm* for you, eh?" And then Devery showed that he knew perfectly in what sense it was getting too warm for the man. For very good reasons that policeman was trying to hide his identity. It seems sometimes, indeed, as though the Caliph knew the inside history of every bluecoat from the Battery to the Bronx.

The Caliph stared glumly at his list of charges while the clerk read off the complaint of a citizen who averred that without provocation he had been pelted with blasphemous language and brutally clubbed. It wasn't the sort of thing that interested the Caliph. He regards citizens who complain of being clubbed with about the same enthusiasm that the school-ma'am aforementioned regards the sort of parents who always make a row when their children get spanked. What the newspapers and the "better element" call brutality, and what, in all truth, *is* brutality, the Caliph sees as only that necessary firmness without which any sort of policing force, from an army of occupation to a boarding-school proctor, must lose its prestige.

"Why didn't you lock this man up?" demanded the Caliph, when both stories had been told. "There's just one thing for a *po*-lice officer to do touchin' on a case like this. If a citizen does anything wrong, why, you can lock him up for violatin' a law or for interferin' with a *po*-lice officer in the performance of his duty. If he don't do nothing wrong, why, you ain't got no right to club him. I'll fine you five days for not lockin' this man up." The patrolman departed with a furtive grin working behind his mouth, and the citizen, flushed and disconcerted, walked slowly from the desk trying to decide whether or not he had got the best of it.

The Caliph showed again his hatred of weakness in the performance of police work when a patrolman came up charged with having let his prisoner escape him. The man told feelingly of a fierce fight in a dark alleyway and showed the scar on his temple from the thug's "black-jack."

"I drew me gun an' fired in the air to show that I meant business, but the man kept on runnin' an' escaped."

The Caliph grunted.

"Twenty days' pay for not hittin' him. Next time you hit him."

Then the clerk read something about being caught "skylarking," and two human mastodons marched into the hollow of the horseshoe desk. They were Broadway "cops," their deity showing, like Venus's, in their gait, and the word "skylark" seemed almost blasphemy. Moreover, one of them had a black eye.

A complainant.

On trial for discharging revolver.

"What you got to say, Donnelly?" asked the Caliph.

"Well, Chief, it was just this way. There was two dogs a-fightin' at the corner of Canal Street an' Broadway. A large crowd of citizens gathered about the scene, creatin' disturbance an' interruptin' traffic. I was after separatin' the dogs, whin Klonberg comes along an' touches me up in the seat of me pants with his stick. I turns around naturally, bein' interfered with in the performance of me duty, an' as me arm comes back me elbow hits his eye." As a matter of record, both men had been on the sick list for eight days following this playful *rencontre*, and a concourse of citizens had watched the fight with all the awesome delight with which a party of Mound Builders might have viewed the struggle between a couple of prehistoric pachyderms.

"Did you touch Donnelly up?" demanded the Caliph.

"I did, sir," replied the Human Mountain.

"Uh!" grunted the Caliph, the most curious quirk imaginable creeping into the corners of his eyes. "If he was the Donnelly of old an' you'd a-tried that, he'd a-put both your eyes on top of your nose. I'll fine you ten days' pay. An' you, Donnelly, I'll fine you ten days', too, for lettin' him touch you up without you a-blackin' *both* his eyes."

When the more serious cases come, the man Devery breaks through the thin veil of judgeship, of Deputy-Commissionership, or what not, just as surely as in these playful ones, but with the fun all left out. Blind as he may be when once the flame has got into his face, it does not come easy to the man to hit a blow in cold blood. When a heavy fine is to be rapped on, the Caliph behaves somewhat after the manner of a certain kind of fireworks — the sort which burns and burns, seemingly feeding its fierceness with its own sparks until all at once it goes off with a bang. In the case of the Caliph the bang is the thirty days' fine—or worse. I have seen a shifty lawyer, whose years of checkered service in the Headquarters' courtroom had taught him that something more human than the law of the books wins a case before the "Big Chief," goad him with the name of a man who had nothing whatever to do with the matter in hand, but whose work at that moment was making the police the laughing-stock of the town, until the tide of the Caliph's passion swept his reason clean away. A patrolman had so abused his wife and children that he had been thrown into jail for three months, and now he had come before the departmental judge. Everything about the case seemed to stir the Caliph's prejudice against the man in blue. That he would be "broke" seemed sure, when the lawyer mentioned the name of a certain justice who had given the policeman his civil sentence and who, as it happened, was then almost daily raiding gambling places under the noses of police captains who swore that gambling didn't exist.

The first mention of the name made the Big Chief start in his chair as though stung with a picador's dart. For half an hour that lawyer "sparred for wind," and with every half-dozen sentences, with all the insinuation of the "honorable men" in Antony's speech, he flaunted the hated name before Devery's face as he might flaunt a rag before a bull. And at last the baiting succeeded. The Caliph surged up in his swivel chair. He forgot the case before him, forgot that his was the name signed at the bottom of the complaint-papers, and he told the patrolman to go.

"There's a lot of little tin soldiers with guns on their shoulders shootin' 'em off in the streets an' raisin' riot an' rebellion an' degradin' the positions they hold. Complaint's dismissed! Judge Jerome ain't goin' to run New York!" And the whole roomful of sympathizing men did what had scarcely ever been done in that room before—broke into headlong applause.

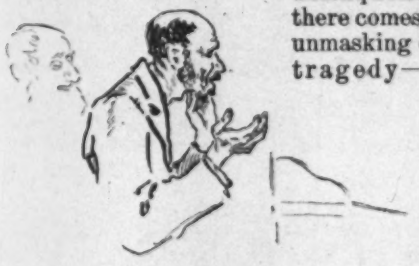
Devery is perhaps most diverting when, less the Big Chief and more the Caliph, he comments on cases which lead him from the departmental path into the broader fields of manners and men. I don't happen to recall any one phrase, of the many spoken and written at a time when "vice," as it is some-

what technically known in New York, was receiving its periodical airing, that went nearer to the mark than one of the Caliph's. A young man, gentle-mannered, who spoke without his "r's," complained of a patrolman who had refused to arrest a woman of the streets whom the young man said was bothering him. The Caliph listened attentively to the complainant, the patrolman, and the witnesses. Then he turned to the young man.

"An' so," said he, "you were disappointed. You were out for a good time that night an' you didn't get it, an' so you thought you'd take it out on a cop. If you'd a-wanted to you could a-got away from that girl, an' you know it. It takes two to solicit, a lady an' a gentleman"—the Caliph's glance went clear through the mild young man as he spoke this sentence—"an' that lady wouldn't a-solicited you unless you'd a-made those goo-goo eyes."

The complaint was dismissed.

Now and again in the regular round of delinquencies there comes the unmasking of a tragedy—no



Push-cart peddlers.

less a tragedy because of the grotesque puppets and the furniture with which the scene is set—wherein some unwilling bluecoat lifts the curtain and gives a glimpse of one of those heart-wrenchings which, so very real to that Other Half, must ever be, for the most of us, unfelt and unseen. It may be anything from the case of some Yiddish push-cart peddler, whose precious beard has been pulled out by a gang of "muckers" before the very eyes of a patrolman, who has laughed, "To hell wit' the Jews!" to that of a young girl who has been playfully treated by a man in brass buttons because it was her fate to live in a part of town where the manners of some young women are free.

A young Yiddish woman once came up to the Caliph's bar. She was scarcely more than a girl, but the black of her dress was mourning for the husband who had died within the year, and she had come to beg that the Caliph would protect her from the

"For a time they talked low together."

hulk in blue and brass buttons, who reviled her and dragged her off to a station-house cell every time he met her in the street. With quick, shivering glances from the patrolman's face to the Caliph's, she told her story, gesturing vehemently and hurrying along in the sputtering throaty accent of her race. The big patrolman had courted her as soon as he was put on his post in the Ghetto. Even while her husband was alive he had come to the house—and her family had known it. The husband didn't count for much at his best, and toward the end he was stricken with quick consumption beyond relief. It had been understood all round that so soon as he was mercifully taken away the big patrolman was to assume his place. And against that time the young woman, proud above her grief that the Irish policeman should deign to notice one of her race, gave him her trust, her homage, and every cent she earned.

The Caliph leaned forward on the desk, beckoning the young woman nearer, and for a time they talked low together.

"Yes, everything," the young woman whispered, drooping her head and almost closing her eyes, and as the two spoke together little rivulets of sweat rolled down the patrolman's face, and you could hear the crick-crack of his finger-joints as, one by one, he pulled them in and out behind his back.

"Here are the letters he wrote me, and the picture he gave me," and she put a cluttered little packet into the Caliph's hand; "the letters asking me to meet him on his off-days. And then—after—he was different. And when I went out to see him, he told me to go along. And when I tried just to get my watch and my rings back, he pushed me by the shoulder—like this—and

arrested me and locked me up in the station-house."

She glanced shiveringly at the patrolman and huddled closer to the Caliph's desk, and as she started to speak her voice quivered with fear and appeal.

"And now I want you to protect me from that man. Three times he has arrested me and locked me in jail, and when the judge discharges me he locks me up again. He follows me everywhere, Mr. Judge, and slaps my face and calls me names and arrests me, and I dare not go into the street for fear of that man!"

The big Caliph rolled back in his chair, low, volcanic rumblings sounding from within his chest. Then he turned to the patrolman, who, still cracking his finger-joints, could only say that the woman lied.

"An' so," said the Caliph, no longer the promoted policeman, but the sophisticated Caliph, cynical yet chivalrous withal. "An' so you got tired of her. You had your fun an' you went your distance—an' you got tired. She gave you everything, even every cent she earned, an' when you got all you could get you threw her down. She comes out on your post to get her things back—comes out on the sidewalk to bother you a little to get a little of what you've took off her, an' you club her an' throw her into a cell. *I'll* settle your case. I'll recommend that you be broke."

"Broke" that patrolman was, and those who saw the Caliph that day knew then, if they did not know before, that chivalry is not monopolized by the Launcelots and the easy sonneteers, and that the Big Chief has another side from that shown in the caricatures.